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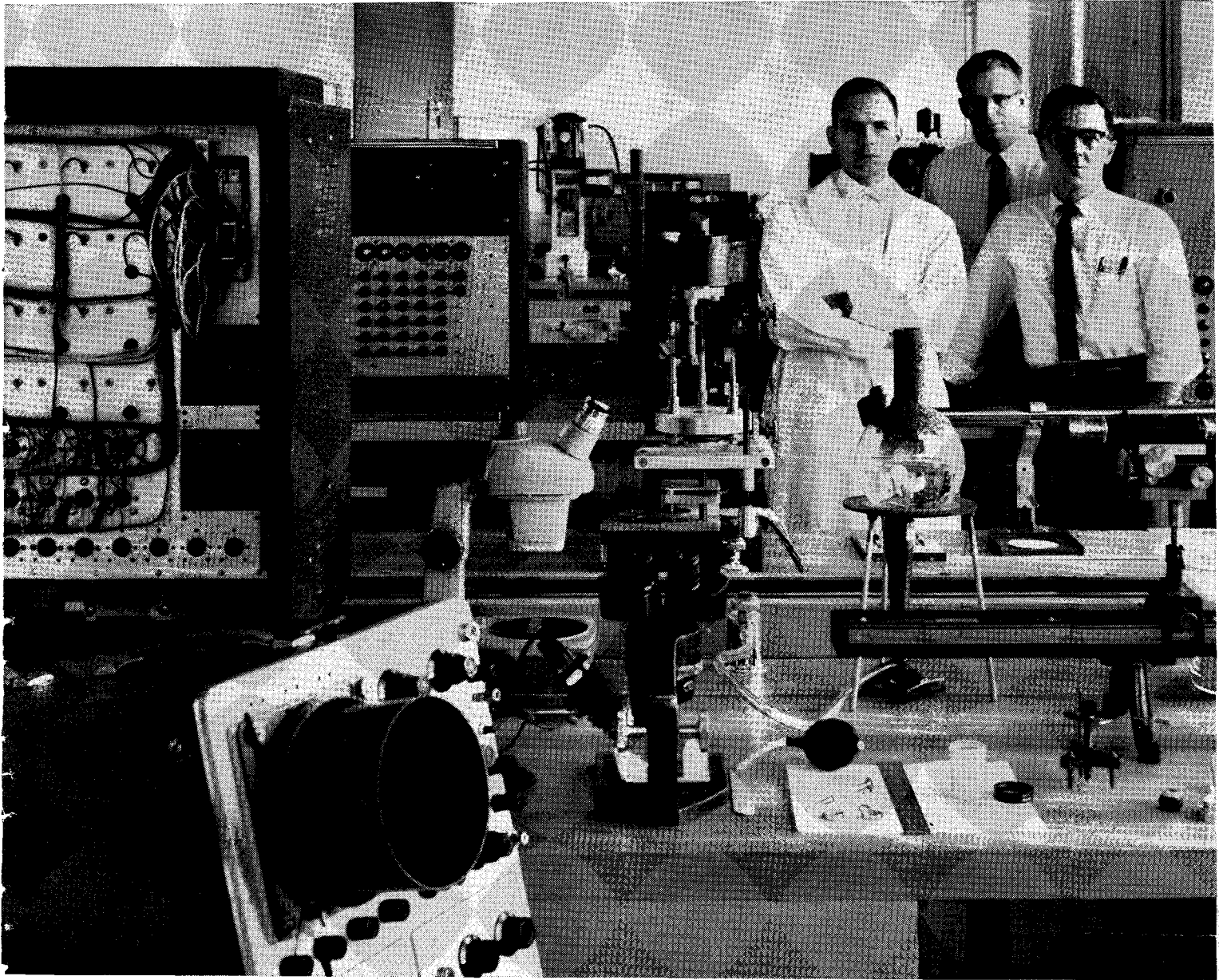
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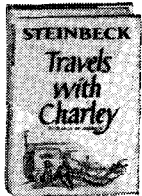
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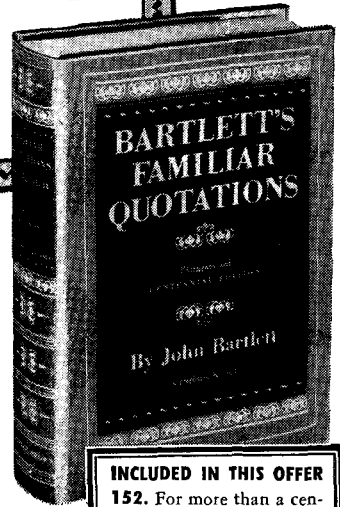
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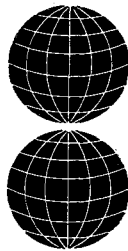
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WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT Kennedy has said that this is the time of the year when newspapers ominously report that Congress has done almost nothing since it convened in January and is unlikely to accomplish much before it adjourns in the summer or fall. This year the start was particularly slow, especially in the Senate, but the President continues to predict success for his tax bill and for the bill to provide health care for the aged under Social Security.

Both bills must go through the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee, and the latter will not consider either measure until it has been approved by the Ways and Means Committee and the House. This means that on a measure as complex and controversial as the tax bill the Finance Committee will wait on the sidelines for perhaps the first half of the year. It rejected a proposal that it begin work before the bill passes the House. It refused to hold joint hearings with the Ways and Means Committee.

Besides the intrinsic interest in these bills, they are important because they throw new light on the organizational and structural resistance the President faces in getting his program through Congress. Early in the session, recognizing that the Finance Committee was heavily weighted against the President and was the key Senate committee this year, some Administration leaders attempted to expand the committee's size to make it more representative of the political complexion of the Senate.

It should be emphasized that the political division and the size of congressional committees vary from session to session according to the strength of the two parties. An attempt is made to give Democrats and Republicans representation on committees approximately equal to the propor-

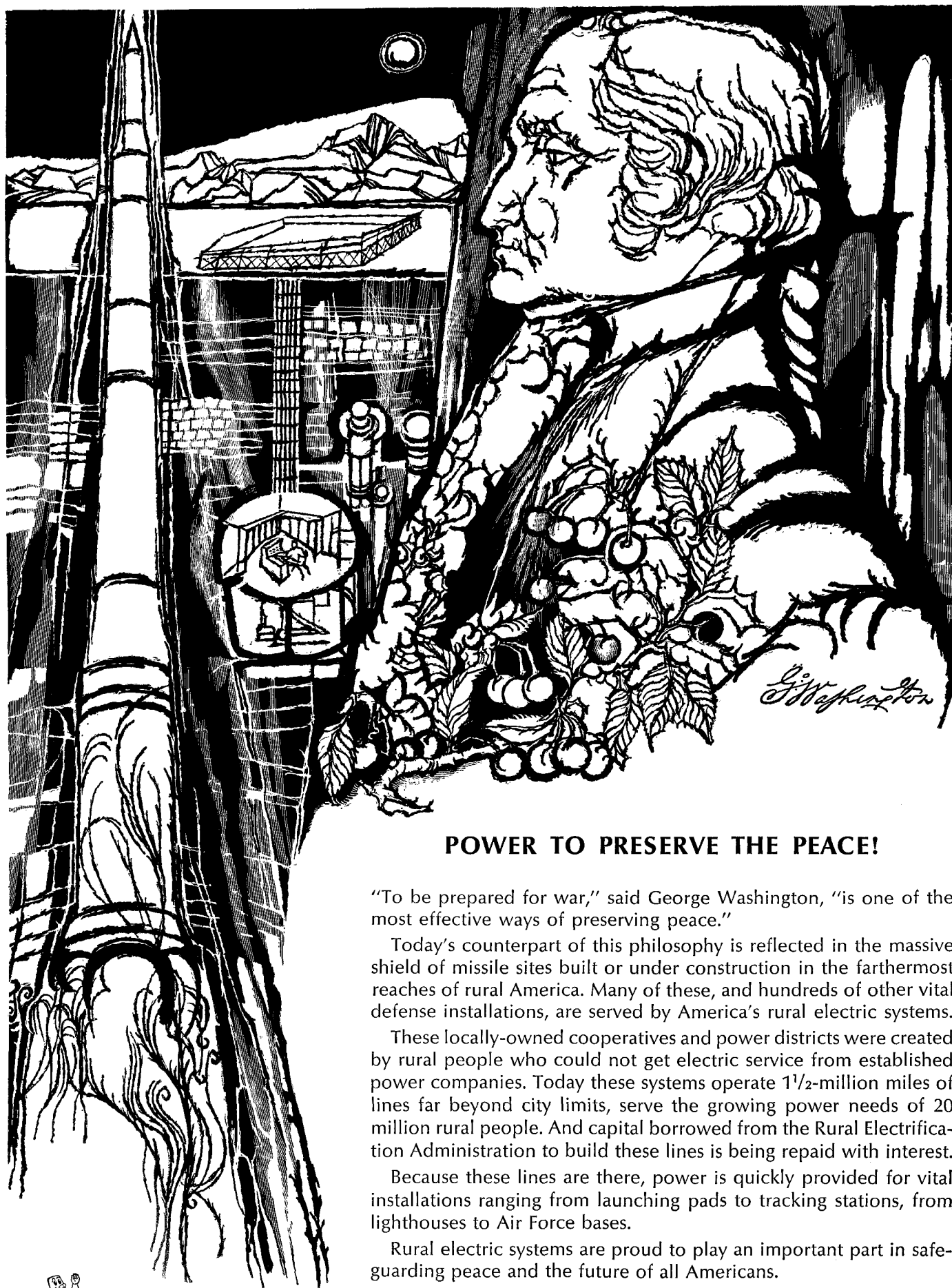
tion of seats they hold in the total membership. There is always a great deal of skirmishing to give labor a favorable voice on the Labor Committee, business a predominant voice on Finance, conservatives a stronghold on Judiciary, and non-partisanship the dominant voice on Foreign Relations.

With 67 Democrats and 33 Republicans in the Senate, the Democrats should have a slightly better than two-to-one majority on committees. But this is not so on Finance. There the old ratio of 11 Democrats to 6 Republicans was retained to make certain that the conservative domination continued. A proposal to put 14 Democrats and 7 Republicans on the committee died aborning in the Democratic Steering Committee, despite the efforts of Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield.

Senator Clark's feud

The refusal to bring the Finance Committee more in line with the division in the Senate was called inexcusable by Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania, who has been engaged in a feud with what he calls "the Senate establishment," as represented on the powerful Steering Committee. Clark said that the establishment stacks the committees to maintain the continued control of the Senate by the conservative coalition.

He told the Senate, in one of his recent attacks on the establishment, that although a majority of Democratic senators were Kennedy supporters, this is "not a Kennedy Congress, and it seems to me that it is not going to be a Kennedy Congress. The principal reason why it is not going to be a Kennedy Congress, so far as the Senate is concerned, is, in my opinion, that we are operating under archaic, obsolete rules, customs, manners, procedures, and traditions — and because the



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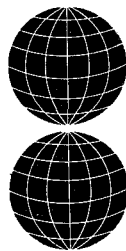
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Report on Washington



operation under those obsolete and archaic setups is controlled by this oligarchical Senate establishment, a majority of members of which, by and large, are opposed to the program of the President."

Clark said that of the 15 members of the Democratic Steering Committee, which appoints the various Senate committees, 9 are conservatives (7 are from the South). Yet, he argued, 40 or 45 of the Senate's Democrats support the President. When it came to passing out new committee assignments this year, Clark noted, 75 percent of the non-freshman senators who voted with the establishment against changing the filibuster rules got the assignments they requested, while only 7 percent of those who voted to change the rules got the assignments they requested.

When the Steering Committee took up the question of the size of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee it decided to increase the number of Democratic seats, despite the protests of Chairman J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, who was willing to have fewer Democrats than called for, to maintain the spirit of bipartisanship that has made the committee unique since the days of Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg.

In the last Congress, the committee numbered 11 Democrats and 6 Republicans. Some Democrats and some Republicans wanted the ratio to be 14 to 7, so that additional members supporting the bipartisan approach might be added from both parties.

But the same Steering Committee that refused to increase the Democratic representation on the Finance Committee voted to increase it on the Foreign Relations Committee — and to take a seat away from the Republicans. The Steering Committee voted for 12 Democratic seats and 5 Republican seats on Foreign Relations and gave the Democratic vacancy to Senator George A. Smathers of Florida. Republicans gave a vacant seat to Senator Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota. Neither Smathers nor Mundt can claim more than a parochial record on foreign policy. Their appointments to this important committee shocked a good many senators, as well as many close observers of the Washington scene.

For almost a quarter of a century, the Foreign Relations Committee has been composed of outstanding men who insisted on a nonpartisan approach to foreign problems. In recent years, partisan and parochial considerations have influenced the choice of committee members. Each party has mobilized its forces to keep off the committee highly qualified men like Senators Clark, Cooper of Kentucky, and Javits of New York. Instead, assignments have gone to men like former Senator Homer Capehart of Indiana, and Senators Williams of Delaware, Long of Louisiana, Lausche of Ohio, and Dodd of Connecticut.

As the Senate is organized, so does it work. Clark warned that the whole Kennedy program is in danger because the Senate is under the control of the President's opponents, chiefly the very shrewd, very able Southerners who run the Steering Committee, under the direction of Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia.

Clark pointed out that Woodrow Wilson would not have got his reform programs through Congress in 1913 and 1914 had he not been successful in putting his men in the key positions. President Wilson organized the committees in such a way as to give his men control, even violating the seniority rule to do so. Wilson was able to organize the Senate because the Wilson Democrats cooperated with him to win control of the party machinery. They insisted on using the committees as the President's instruments. In 1913, the Democrats also resorted to the binding caucus in the House, and for a couple of years there was responsible party government. Today, with much larger Democratic majorities in Congress than there were in 1913, it can hardly be said that a responsible party structure exists in either the House or Senate.

Cuba and the Communist threat

The partisan debate over Cuba, which began in the 1960 campaign and is almost certain to be an issue in the 1964 campaign, haunts the President, disturbs our allies, and causes deep concern in both parties.

It is no defense of President Kennedy, who employed the Cuban issue to his own advantage in the 1960 campaign, to say that Fidel Castro will be a political threat to any Administration in Washington. Neither is it a defense of a do-nothing policy to say that Castro is one of those irritants that must be suffered as long as he is no more than a political threat. We know from last October's experience what will be done when he is a military threat. And we know that as long as Cuba is a center for Communist propaganda and the training of saboteurs, vigorous countermeasures should be taken.



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Report on Washington

But several observers feel we ought to recognize Castro's limitations, and also America's inability to do away with him, short of an overt attack. His police system is well organized and has the support of Russian experts. The chances are that Cuba will be a Communist country for a long time.

A strong guard must always be kept against the possibility that Cuba may become a military threat again. At the same time, in the opinion of a number of experts in the Capital, we should recognize that the hemisphere may learn from the unhappy experience with Castroism. A Venezuelan newspaperman recently in Washington said that Communist failures in Cuba have given the hemisphere a decade more than it otherwise would have had to meet its problems. It was his opinion that the unpopularity of Castro's brand of Communism has been a major setback to the Communist movement in Latin America.

President Kennedy's trip to Costa Rica was undertaken primarily to express this country's support for the Central American Common Market. According to Felipe Herrera, president of the Inter-American Development Bank, Latin-American countries can solve their economic problems only if they combine their resources in one or more common markets. He believes that unless Latin-American development is integrated, "it will inevitably find itself condemned to vegetative growth or hopeless stagnation."

Under the spur of Castroism the United States and most of the Latin-American countries are beginning to think much more realistically than heretofore in terms of joint defense, closer political cooperation, and integrated economic systems.

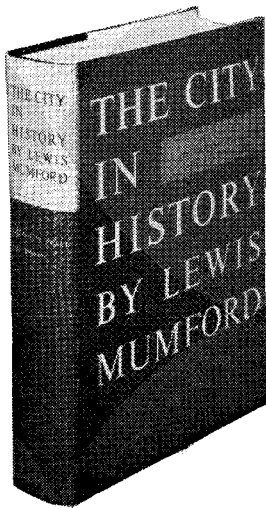
Gilpatric leaves the Pentagon

When President Kennedy was putting his Cabinet together, he asked each prospective member to be prepared to remain in the government for four years. The result has been a remarkable degree of stability at the top. In over two years, the only Cabinet officers to leave have been Abraham A. Ribicoff, Secretary of

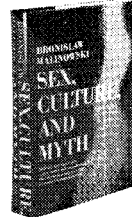
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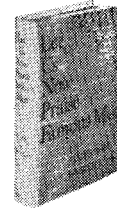
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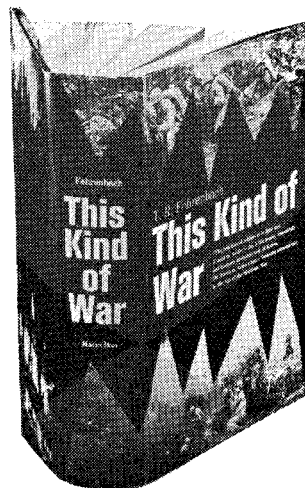
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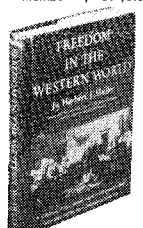
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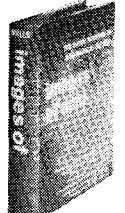
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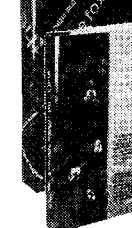
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Report on Washington

Health, Education, and Welfare, who resigned to run for the Senate in Connecticut, and Arthur J. Goldberg, Secretary of Labor, who left to accept appointment to the Supreme Court.

There have been more changes in the sub-Cabinet group; and Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatric is scheduled to return to his law practice shortly. While Secretary McNamara has received more attention than any other Cabinet officer (except possibly the Attorney General) and has seemed to run his department almost single-handedly, he has had unusually strong and able men to help him.

None has been more important than Gilpatric, who knew the department and the ways of government well from previous experience and proved himself an even-tempered and able administrator under McNamara. Gilpatric's resignation emphasizes once more the curiously wasteful aspects of a system that makes it necessary for a man with his talent for government to feel that he can serve only from time to time.

Mood of the Capital

After the harshest winter since 1936, Washington is welcoming spring with more joy than usual. Spring is a glorious season everywhere, but nowhere more than here. The cherry blossoms, which are by no means overrated in the Board of Trade literature, are only a part of the Washington spring. Azaleas, tulips, hyacinth, and dogwood abound to make one forget the winter snows and the political doldrums that settled down over the Capital shortly after the 88th Congress convened.

Perhaps it was partly the weather, but other events also combined to make the winter a bad one for the Kennedy Administration. De Gaulle, Cuba, the tax-bill arguments, the wrangle over "managed news," the confusion over the proposed multilateral nuclear force, and the breakdown of the Geneva negotiations on a test-ban treaty undermined confidence in the Administration's ability to deal effectively with the problems it faces. It will take more than spring to dispel these doubts.

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David Rockefeller standing, George Champion seated. Photographed in the Chairman's office by Mark Shaw.

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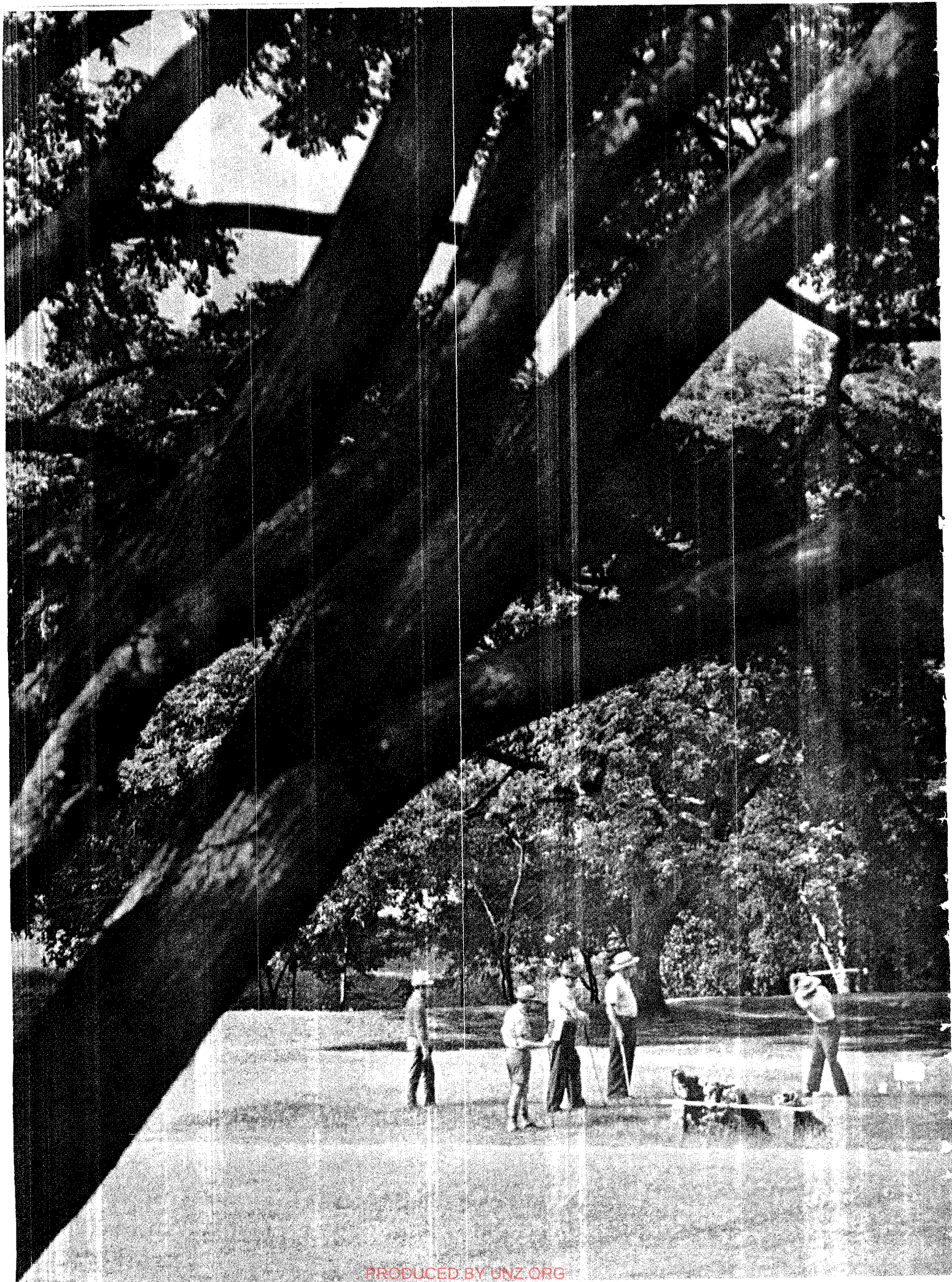
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Executives of Union Carbide and Brunswick speak out after a round of golf

721 U.S. plants in Puerto Rico are *averaging* 28 percent annual return on investment. Such prosperity might make you think their executives have no time to play. Set your mind at rest. Our photograph shows Union Carbide and Brunswick executives at 6 P.M. on a weekday *in winter*.

UNION CARBIDE makes petrochemicals in Puerto Rico. Brunswick makes sporting goods. They compete only on the golf course.

To get an idea of the life their executives lead, we talked to these golfing rivals at the 19th hole.

Contented executives

"If you come here to live, throw away your winter woolies," says Ken West, Brunswick's General Manager. "I haven't felt the itch of long johns since I came here ten winters ago."

Union Carbide's Bob Sollenberger believes in being prepared. "Always keep your golf clubs and swimsuit in your car," he says. "You'll often want to take a dip or play a round of golf on your way home from work."

The sheer ebullience of Puerto Rico is what impresses Carbide's John Anthony.

"We've got mountains, beaches, rain forests, lakes, and some of the best fishing in the world. But sports apart, there's so much going on in the arts, in town-planning and in community education. You'd have to be a confirmed homebody to miss it all."

Is there a language problem? Oscar Castro, Jr., Brunswick's Personnel Manager

is adamant on the subject. "Forget it," says this native-born Puerto Rican. "You don't need Spanish here any more than you need it in Chicago. We all learn English at school!"

The enthusiasm of these executives has its workaday side, too.

When you are fighting commuter trains, they are breezing to work by car. When you are trudging back from lunch through slushy streets, they are taking a post-prandial sunbath. When you are *searching* for skilled workers, they are *choosing* from a labor pool screened for *their* needs by the Commonwealth Government.

Puerto Rico leaves no stone unturned to help manufacturers prosper.

Blue chips in Puerto Rico

Union Carbide, Brunswick, Parke-Davis, Sperry Rand, American Can, and Shell Oil are among 47 blue-chip firms already in Puerto Rico. They make excellent neighbors and good people to challenge at golf.

For manufacturers: "Puerto Rico '63"—a report to industry on productivity, profits and special incentives. Write on your firm's letterhead to: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 1B, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Union Carbide takes on Brunswick at the attractive new Ponce Country Club in Puerto Rico. All four of these executives are less than 15 minutes from their desks. Photo by Tom Hollyman.

The Atlantic Report BRUSSELS



FIVE years ago, the European Common Market opened shop in Brussels on a street auspiciously called l'Avenue de la Joyeuse Entrée. The name seemed to befit an enterprise intended by its authors to be the kernel of a subsequent and greater United Europe. But since last January, when the door was slammed on Britain, local wits in Brussels have been suggesting that the time has come to rename the less than auspicious street l'Avenue de la Triste Sortie.

Since the fateful January 29 which put an abrupt end to negotiations that had been going on for almost a year and a half, harsh words and dire forebodings have been uttered.

Addressing a European rally at the Hague on February 22, Dr. Sicco Mansholt, a forthright Dutchman who is vice president of the Common Market's nine-man Executive Commission and who was the man most deeply involved in the agricultural negotiations with Britain, labeled General de Gaulle and his supporters "authoritarian gravediggers." Four days later the Belgian Foreign Minister, Paul-Henri Spaak, in a long speech to the Belgian Senate, likened De Gaulle to a "left-wing Socialist called Mussolini who was converted to a virulent nationalism."

What particularly irked Spaak and aroused his alarm, as it did that of the Dutch and the Italians, was not the veto of Britain's entry into the Common Market but the simultaneous conclusion of an exclusive Franco-German treaty which, if it was not redundant in view of West Germany's existing ties with its Common Market and NATO partners, could only be regarded as a potential threat to the future life of the Community. The Paris-Bonn treaty was prepared in such extraordinary secrecy that Spaak, like his other Common Market colleagues, was informed of its exact provisions only three hours before they were communicated to the press.

Britain's admission to the Common Market, followed, as it would have been, by the entry of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and Austria,

would unquestionably have transformed the character of the European Economic Community and imposed immense new problems on an already hard-worked staff of some 2500 technicians who have found it difficult to coordinate the complex industrial and legal regulations of six highly different states.

Decisions which in the past have necessitated as much as two years of painstaking and detailed negotiation would in the future have taken three or four, and the entire schedule of economic integration and tariff lowering, which was laid out in detail in the Rome Treaty of March, 1957, would have had to be so thoroughly revamped that it would in effect have meant rewriting the original treaty. English would have taken its place alongside French as another, and perhaps even more important, working language.

Such a prospect held no particular appeal for Spaak, who has never bothered to master the Flemish spoken by more than half of his countrymen. But Spaak knew, from the time he began championing England's candidacy a year or more ago, that Britain's admission to the Common Market would bring long-range advantages far outweighing the initial inconveniences and disturbances in the Community's life.

It would at one stroke have made Western Europe — a Europe of 300 million producers and consumers — not only the largest trading unit in the world (which the Common Market already is) but the largest producer and exporter of manufactured goods and the largest importer of agricultural products. It would also have given the weaker Common Market members, Benelux and Italy, an ironclad guarantee against domination by Germany and France, which in the present context means De Gaulle.

Spaak versus De Gaulle

Spaak's private war with De Gaulle is anything but new. The two men have known each other for the past twenty years, ever since the misfortunes of war brought them together as exiles in

Shedding those excess pounds is never easy, but you'll enjoy a longer life if you succeed

OBESITY HAS BECOME a major health problem in the United States. It is estimated that more than 20 per cent of the adults over 30 years of age in this country are obese, with a much higher percentage being classified as overweight. The mortality rate increases as excess pounds accumulate. Among people who are 25 per cent or more overweight, the mortality rate is 50 per cent higher than for people of normal weight.

How people become overweight is a matter of simple mathematics. If a person consumes 500 calories more per day than needed for energy expended, at the end of the week there is another pound of fat tucked away in those embarrassingly conspicuous rolls around the mid-section of the body. And it isn't difficult to toss those 500 unneeded calories down the hatch. Three martinis at a businessman's luncheon will do the job, or, if your taste runs to things sweet, a quarter pound of fudge serves the same purpose.

We know *how* we get fat, but many times we really don't know *why*. Some of us develop childhood eating habits that can only result in obesity if we don't change them. The old tale that a fat child is a happy child should be forgotten, and parents should consider one of their primary obligations to be to teach their children to consume diets that are well balanced in both quality and quantity.

Many of us overeat to satisfy psychological needs that we may not understand and which we have not learned to handle in more satisfactory ways. Eating is seldom simply a matter of stoking the furnace to keep the fires burning. We attach much psychological value to food and to the process of eating the food.

Obesity is a National Health Problem

Obesity is a major health problem and must be attacked energetically if millions of Americans are not to cut their lives short and to live out those shorter lives less happily than their less weighty fellows. Today it is increasingly embarrassing to be a "fatty." The age when "everyone loves a fat man" is dead and gone, and we'll all be healthier for it—if we learn to keep weight under control.

Speaking purely from the mechanics involved, there are two ways to lose

weight. You can reduce total food intake to the point where the body fat is called upon to supply calories. The other way to shed pounds is to increase physical activity enough so that the calories expended daily exceed the calories consumed in the food. It now appears that, for most people, a combination of these two methods—less food intake and increased physical activity—works best.

Plan Sensible Weight Control Programs

There are several very important points to keep in mind if someone in your family is concerned about weight reduction or weight control:

1. *Motivation:* Assuming that the overweight person does not have psychological problems which may require treatment first, everyone in the family can be important in providing the motivation needed to change eating habits to lose weight. There are many positive goals toward which the weight reducer should move. He can concentrate on reducing the risks of early death or serious illness arising from overweight. He should be encouraged to consider his personal appearance and how it might be improved. Weight controllers need help and encouragement, and much of this can be furnished by the family. A start might be to list all the reasons in favor of losing weight.

2. *Medical Supervision:* Weight can be controlled without the help of the family physician, but there are many good reasons why medical supervision of the weight control program is the wise way. Your physician knows you best, from the health point of view, and can help you set a reasonable goal for your weight. He can check your general health and make sure that you are losing weight without damage to your general health.

3. *Exercise:* Any person not physically handicapped, and whether worried about weight or not, should have a regular program of daily physical exercise. The human body functions better if the muscles are used regularly.

4. *Well Balanced Diet:* Avoid the crash and fad diets for losing weight, for they

seldom succeed in keeping weight down. Often they are dangerous because they do not provide necessary food nutrients. A well balanced diet is one that provides all the different food nutrients—protein, minerals, vitamins, fat, etc.—needed for good health, but *balance also means quantity as well as quality*. You don't need special foods on most weight control diets. You should eat every day from the four basic food groups: (1) milk and milk products; (2) meat, fish, poultry; (3) fruits and vegetables; (4) breads and cereals. Select from all these groups, adjusting total food intake to the number of calories necessary to maintain or to reduce weight, depending upon your goal.

Dairy Foods Fit Well In Weight Control Diets

Some people think they must reduce or eliminate milk and other dairy foods to lose weight. If you are interested in losing weight *healthfully*, keep this in mind: *two 8-ounce glasses of milk per day provide for an adult man 25% of the protein he needs, and this is very high quality protein; 71% of the calcium—adults, like children, need calcium to maintain good health; 46% of the riboflavin; 15% of the vitamin A; 10-12% of the thiamine; plus other nutrients in less important quantities.* (These are among the essential food nutrients listed as recommended daily dietary allowances by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council.)

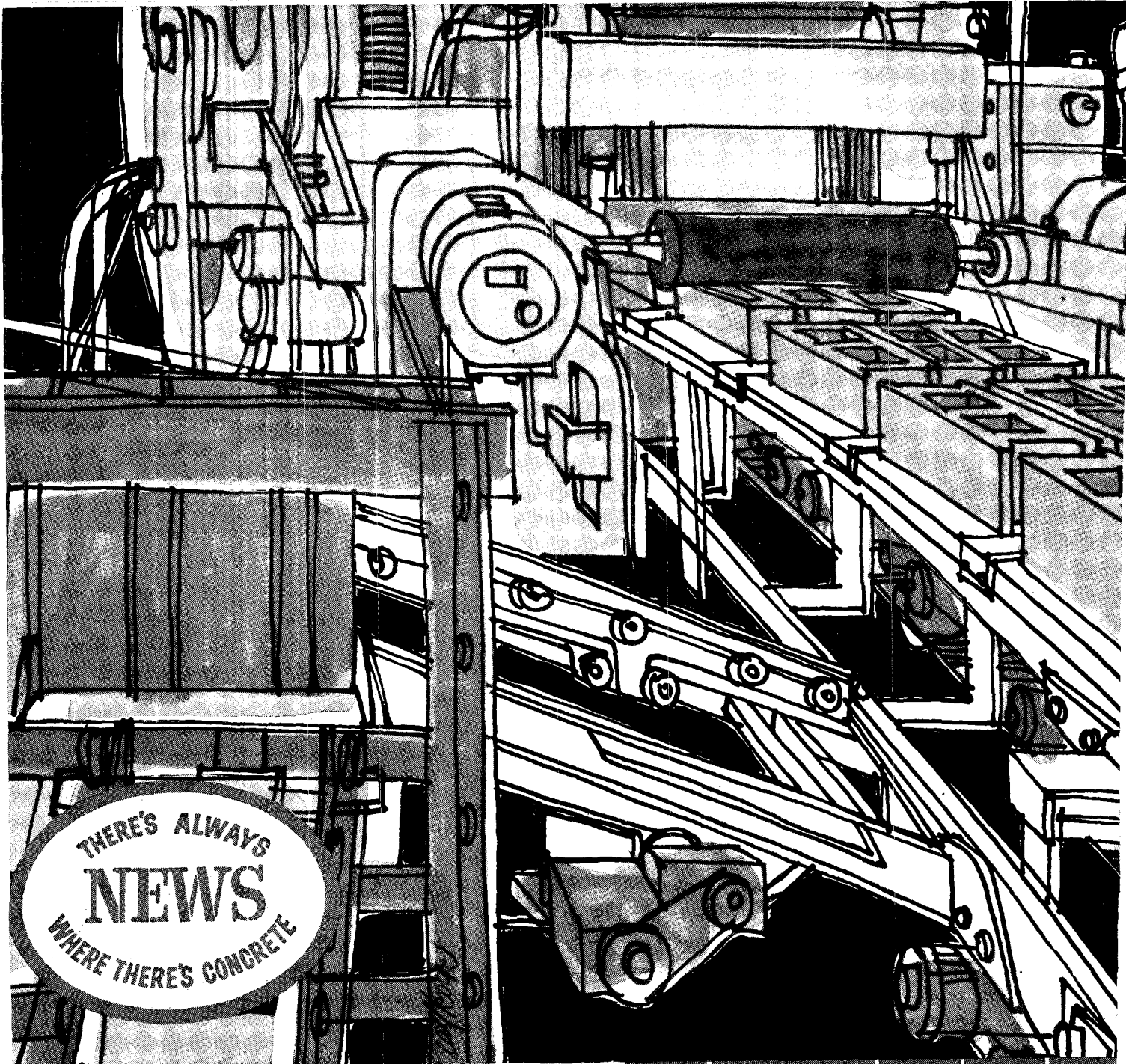
Milk provides all these *essential adult nutrients* at a calorie cost that is low when compared with other foods that would supply equivalent amounts of these nutrients. Two 8-ounce glasses of whole milk supply about 320 calories. If your doctor has recommended an extremely low calorie diet for you, skim milk, which has about 90 calories per 8-ounce glass, may be substituted. Ordinarily this is not necessary in the weight control diet designed to establish a new eating pattern.

Reprints of this statement and a booklet, *Family Feeding for Fitness and Fun*, are available at no charge. Write to American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois.



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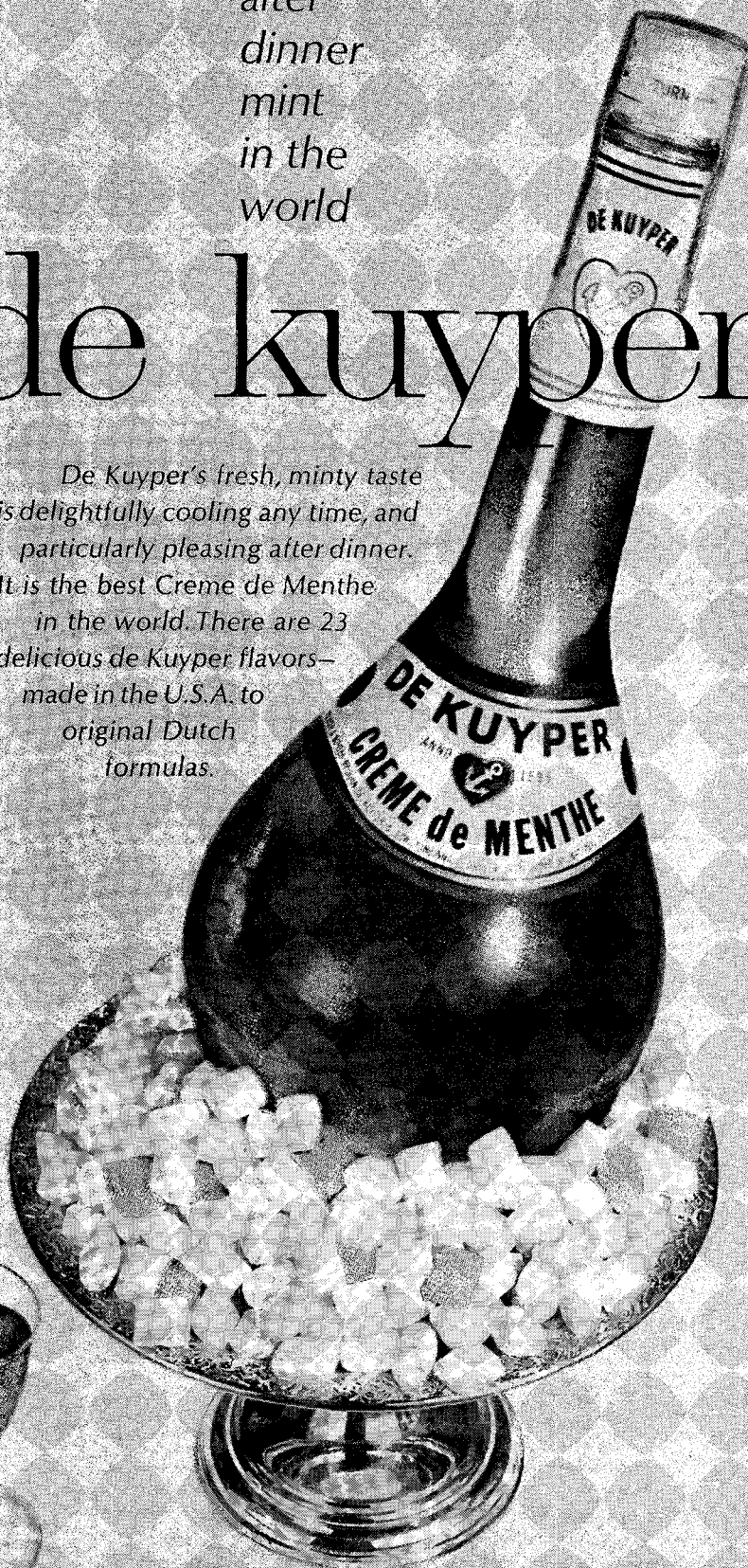
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Report on Brussels

London in the early forties. They have never hit it off, Spaak being practical and down-to-earth with little trace of visionary romanticism. Though he can, when protocol demands it, put on a top hat, he remains a man of the people, a lifelong Socialist who once declared, in his more intemperate and antiroyalist youth, that he was willing "to follow the Communists to their uttermost follies." Whereas De Gaulle is an introspective person who dislikes argument, Spaak is an ardent debater who has risen to the top through the rough-and-tumble of party caucuses and parliamentary exchanges. A born politician, he invariably improvises his speeches rather than memorizing them, as De Gaulle does.

The American shield

The principal difference between the two today, however, lies in their respective views of Europe. Spaak's is, essentially, a small-power view, reflecting the limitations inherent in a land of just over 9 million inhabitants. Western Europe is not now able to defend itself unaided against the Soviet Union. It may one day achieve sufficient strength to do so if the various countries can overcome their ancient antagonisms and national prejudices through economic and political integration. But until that day dawns, Europe must rely on the American protective umbrella. Choosing any other course is bound to be dangerous diplomatically and economically, and like De Gaulle's erstwhile Finance Minister, Antoine Pinay, Spaak is convinced that it is foolish for Europeans to try to duplicate, at immense labor and expense, what it took the Americans years of costly effort to achieve.

Economically, this view is undoubtedly realistic, and for Belgium it is also good politics. By placing its faith in collective security and the American nuclear shield, Belgium has been able to reduce its term of compulsory military service to twelve months (compared with a projected eighteen in France) and to devote a smaller proportion of its budget to defense than does Britain, West Germany, France, or the United States. This willingness to rely on American protection likewise explains why,



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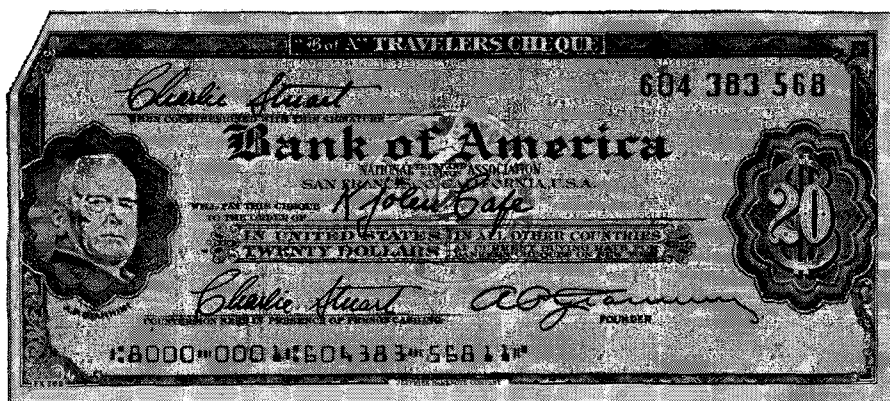
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Report on Brussels

in early March, the Belgian Senate voted with near unanimity (111 votes and 13 abstentions) to keep the Belgian government from engaging in negotiations on the multinational Polaris submarine force without prior consultation with the Senate. The vote was intended to tie Spaak's hands, in case he might succumb to the temptations of the Polaris offer; it also revealed a deep-rooted skepticism about the feasibility of trying to form polyglot warship crews in a country where two linguistic communities periodically come to blows in a far less congested space.

Linguistic chauvinism

It might seem an anomaly that in an age of supersonic jets, short-wave radios, and atom bombs language disputes can still generate as much heat as they recently have in Belgium. Last October there was a mammoth protest march of 50,000 Flemish on Brussels which necessitated the mobilization of 4000 policemen. In Flemish-speaking Antwerp, there were riots around a church where sermons continued to be delivered in French. And as recently as March, French-speaking and Flemish-speaking students at the Catholic University of Louvain clashed violently over the further splitting of the university into separate linguistic entities.

Critics may regard these manifestations of linguistic chauvinism as parochial, but they reflect a sociological phenomenon which has erupted with varying intensity in Switzerland, Canada, Spain, the Italian Tyrol, and South Africa.

The conflict, in the case of Belgium, goes back to the relatively recent origin of the country. In 1830 the kingdom of Belgium was formed from the southern provinces of the Netherlands to keep them from being annexed by France. Partly because Belgium came into being as a result of a revolt of the French-speaking people against the Dutch, partly because of the superior cultural attraction of the land and language of Victor Hugo, Dumas, and Balzac, French was the dominant language for the first hundred years. Not until the early 1930s was Flemish given official status as a second language in



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Report on Brussels

administration, and this official sanction was extended to the law courts in 1935 and to the army in 1938.

The friction aroused by the determination to put Flemish on an official par with French increased during the war, when the German occupation authorities, in a move to exacerbate local tensions and to weaken the country further, released the Flemish-speaking officers and soldiers to prison camps in Germany.

In fact, quite a few French-speaking Belgians, especially those with Flemish names, managed to pass themselves off as Flemish. The existence of this distinction led the Walloons, once the war was over, to claim that they were the only true resisters and that the Flemish were all collaborators — an issue, brought to white heat by the Socialists and the Walloons, which resulted in King Leopold's forced resignation in 1950.

Today the antiroyalist issue is virtually dead, and King Baudoin, through the simplicity of his manner and the charity of his Queen, has managed to make himself so popular with his people that he is being increasingly compared to his grandfather, the beloved King Albert of World War I. The scars have failed to heal, however, over the linguistic conflict, even though Belgium is no longer plagued by the unemployment which inflamed the problem several years ago.

One of the reasons for continuing friction is that the Flemish-speaking inhabitants of Belgium now form a clear majority — 4.5 million, as opposed to some 3.5 million French-speaking Walloons and another million people living in and around Brussels who are so intermingled as to make any exact demarcation impossible. Brussels is, indeed, the only part of Belgium today where a measure of real linguistic integration has succeeded, and it has succeeded there chiefly because the Flemish inhabitants have picked up French, not because the French speakers have learned Flemish. Those who speak French have resisted all attempts to make Flemish a compulsory second language in the primary and secondary schools of Wallonia.



LIANG MEI GETS A GLASS SLIPPER

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An orphan, Liang Mei lived with a widowed stepmother in a squatter's hut, 12 x 12 feet in size, in which three other families existed. This was in a section of Hong Kong where three to five people sleep to a bed, with a population of 2,000 to the acre, where TB is prevalent, and thousands of children are unable to attend school.

Liang Mei begged for and collected garbage ten hours a day and acted as a baby sitter for two or three extra hours after she returned to what she called home. It was true that she was not quite as bad off as some refugee children because she had first pick of the garbage which was really pretty much what she lived on.

But she deserved a glass slipper because she is by nature a sweet, bright and interesting child. It was not difficult to make a little lady out of this tiny, ragged garbage collector. She was

"adopted" into a CCF Home and soon transformed into "a beautiful princess."

But there are thousands of other orphan children as needy as Liang Mei, many of them suffering greater hardships, with no one to love them or care for them. Hong Kong, a British possession adjacent to Communist China, in 1947 had a population of 1,800,000. Today the flood of refugees from Red China has increased the population to more than 3,500,000. The Hong Kong Government is doing a noble work in trying to assist these freedom-loving newcomers but the task is gigantic.

Children like Liang Mei can be "adopted" and admitted to the nine CCF Homes in Hong Kong, which include Children's Garden, largest cottage-plan Home in the Far East. The cost is the same in Hong Kong as in all countries listed—\$10 a month.

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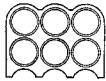
PAUL MASSON'S SECTIONAL STATUS SYMBOL

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An admirer said of Jane Austen that she had "that sanguine expectation of happiness which is happiness itself." It's probably true that people who are optimistic by nature and look forward with pleasure to new experiences are generally happy people.

Still, life isn't quite so simple as that. Most of us need some of the things that cost money in order to be happy. Jane herself valued money for the comforts and pleasures it gave her—the satisfaction of ordering a new gown from the seamstress, taking the coach to London to visit her brother, buying some gloves for Cassandra.

In point of fact, we all need some money unless we propose to live like hermits in caves. And many of the things we want most, tangible and intangible, are on the costly side: house, travel, education, medical care, for example. That's why many people put their surplus money to work in stocks and bonds, taking the risks of investing for the sake of the potential rewards and hoping to improve their standard of living.

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Report on Brussels

The Flemish part of Belgium—the area north of Brussels, embracing Ghent and Antwerp to the west and Limburg to the east—has been growing progressively richer, while Wallonia, to the south, has been stagnating. Although coal mines of the Borinage and around the industrial city of Charleroi, near the French border, have slowly been closing down, newer and more productive mines have been opened in the Limburg area, near Holland.

The economy picks up

The program of modernization, undertaken with the active encouragement of the European Economic Community, has begun to reap dividends, with the result that Belgium, which three years ago was beset by unemployment, is now plagued by a shortage of labor. Much of this favorable change can be explained by the growing success of the Common Market. As the country with the highest per capita rate of exports in the world (in 1961, \$412 for Belgium, compared with \$204 for Britain and \$112 for the United States), Belgium is unusually sensitive to foreign market conditions and fluctuations. Intramarket trade has been a mighty stimulant, increasing by 15 percent in 1961 and 13 percent last year.

While this new wave of prosperity has taken a certain amount of the steam out of the linguistic conflict, the Walloons continue to live in fear of being discriminated against by an ever richer and more powerful Flemish majority. Two years ago, when unemployment in Wallonia was rife, these apprehensions erupted into the creation of a dissident Socialist splinter group called the *Mouvement Populaire Wallon*.

Its founder was a dynamic union worker named André Renard, who was largely responsible for dragging Belgian labor into a series of turbulent strikes which looked as though they might degenerate into anarchy. But since Renard's death last July, the *Mouvement Populaire Wallon* has lost some of its secessionist drive, and its leaders insist today that it is only a pressure group which has no intention, for the time being, at any rate, of becoming a political party.

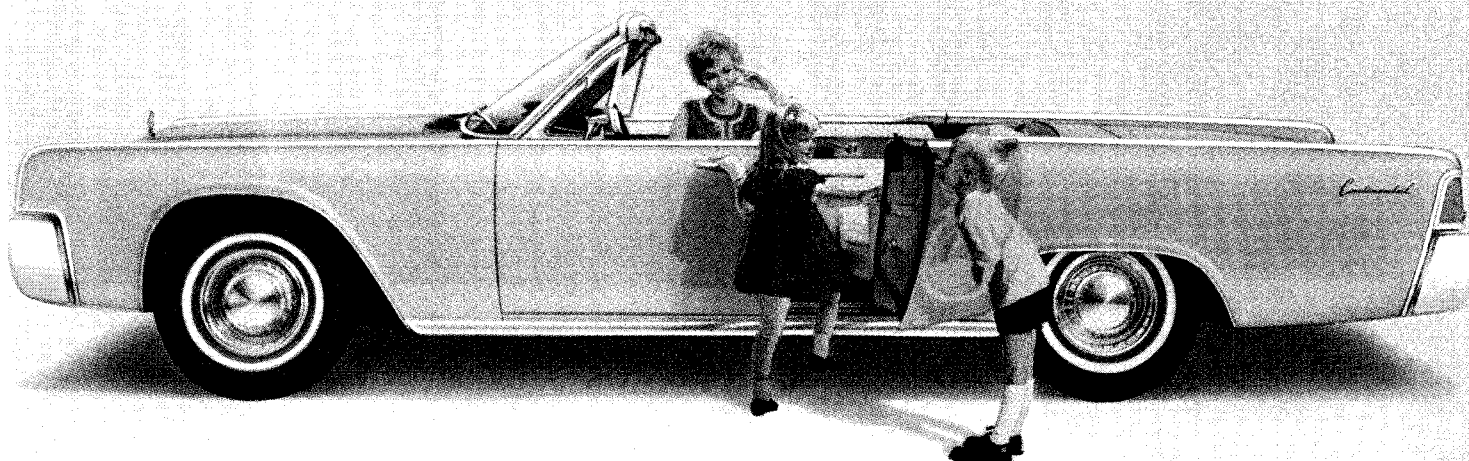
For the moment, Belgium is ruled by the same uneasy coalition between the two largest parties as took office immediately after the precipitated elections of March, 1961, when the country was faced with wide discontent at home and chaos in the Congo. The coalition is formed by the Social Christians, the former Catholic Party, led by Prime Minister Théo Lefèvre, and the Socialists, who have usually been anticlerical and agnostic, led by Paul-Henri Spaak. So long as conditions both within and outside the Common Market go on favoring Belgium's present prosperity, the government is likely to flourish.

A new start in the Congo

Spaak himself remains the country's foremost political figure. Even his opponents give him most of the credit for restoring Belgium's prestige in the Congo by steadfastly pursuing a policy of backing Cyril Adoula and, in general, the policies of UN Secretary U Thant. The success of this policy was illustrated by Premier Adoula's official visit to Brussels in March, a visit which Spaak has been invited to reciprocate by visiting the Congo in June.

While Spaak's own Socialist past undoubtedly made it easier for him to reach an understanding with the Congolese Premier, a former unionist who got his labor training in Belgium, most of Spaak's success has been due to his ability to persuade his countrymen to bury past grudges and start out anew in the Congo. One of his first acts on taking office in 1961 was to recruit new people who had no previous ties with the Congo and who could be more objective and impartial in their judgments of a highly emotional issue.

With the towering figure of Charles de Gaulle, Spaak has a more formidable problem to tackle. No one knows it better than Spaak, who has made no secret of his forebodings. So far, however, he has found no remedy for the situation, save to do his best to keep the Common Market from grinding to a complete halt through the covert sabotage of its increasingly irritated members. For the worst thing that could happen would be to prove that De Gaulle was right when he said that Western Europe was not ready for integration.



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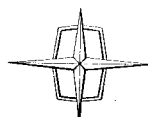
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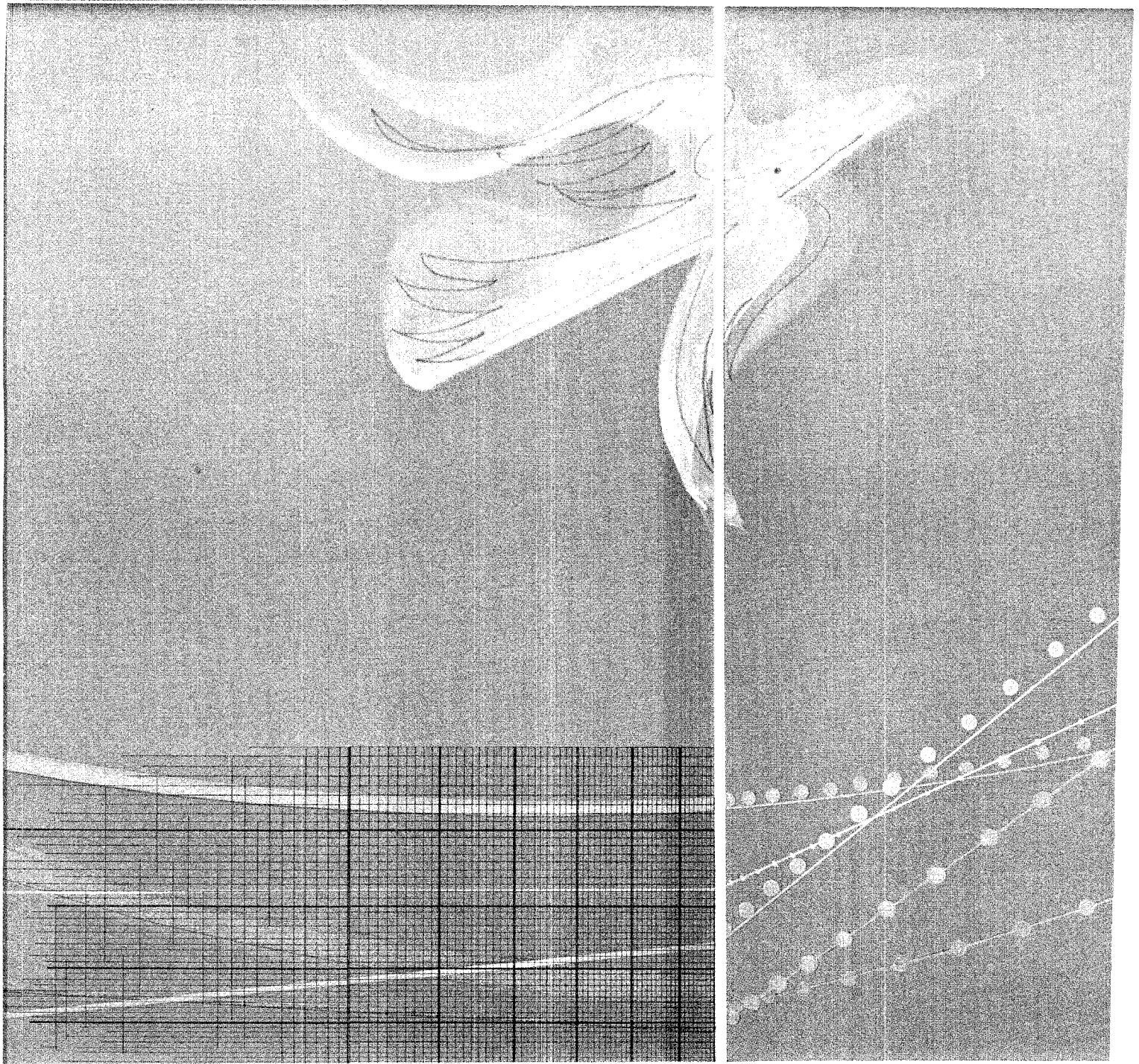
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EVERYTHING in Venezuela right now stands under the sign of the presidential and congressional elections slated for the end of 1963. Like all the other Latin-American countries, Venezuela is much more highly politicized than the Anglo-Saxon or Continental European nations. This is not so much the product of the Latin temperament — Venezuela's nearly 8 million people have a substantial amount of Negro blood among them — as of the fact that governments in Latin America are relatively much more powerful than they are in the United States and Europe. Therefore, the business of government is more important to the people, and the prizes of politics are larger than they are in developed countries.

Of course, there is a possibility that the elections will not be held at all. The Communist-dominated FALN terrorist organization, whose members stole paintings in Caracas and pirated the Venezuelan ship *Anzoátegui*, is doing its best to create such chaos that voting will become impossible. The members of the FALN raid government offices daily, rob and assault private citizens, leave scare bombs in hotels, and harass the countryside.

While there can be no question about the cold cynicism with which the Communists direct the FALN, it is also a fact that many of the young men in it are genuine, if misguided, idealists, and some of them, operating in the Andean regions of Venezuela, have gained the reputation of being Robin Hoods. The young idealists of the FALN feel that their terrorism serves to highlight the stark contrast between rich and poor in Venezuela and that it expresses the discontent of the urban and rural masses with the squalor of their existence. The naïve members of the FALN think that problems of economics, politics, and social organization can be resolved overnight if the right principles and the right people prevail.

The extremists of the left and the right

The Communist manipulators of the FALN naturally have quite different aims in mind as they use the arms and funds that they receive via

Cuba and as they exploit the idealists. It is not unlikely that they hope to provoke an army coup, staged with the avowed purpose of restoring law and order. An army coup would serve Communist purposes well. Either the military men who made it would turn out to be so repressive that they would provoke much wider popular resistance than the FALN is able to organize, or the military men, in order to stay in power, would swing the country very sharply and quickly to the far left. Either outcome of a coup would help the Communists take over at a later stage.

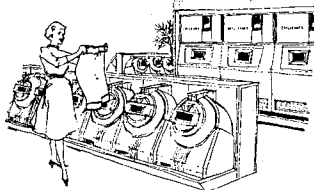
As usual, the Communists have the sympathy of the far right insofar as their opposition to the constitutional Betancourt government is concerned. The extreme conservatives in Venezuela are not numerous. Indeed, one very shrewd American political observer has said that he found the Venezuelan business community as a whole more progressive than many contributors to the Democratic Party in the United States.

The far right in Venezuela cannot forgive President Betancourt the fact that he was a Marxist long ago and cannot bring itself to believe that he has broken with Communism. The thesis of the far right is that Betancourt wants to attain complete state socialism but that he chooses to pursue his goal by more gradual means than the Communists would like; and the rightists are fond of quoting Betancourt's remark to Dominico Alberto Rangel, the left leader of the MIR (Movimiento de Izquierda Revolucionaria), which split off from Betancourt's AD (Acción Democrática), "We want the same thing that you do."

Rightists cannot appreciate the political-tactical context of Betancourt's statement, when he was desperately trying to avoid the left-wing MIR break from the AD, nor can they appreciate the pressures that Betancourt is under to bring progress to the Venezuelan people. Rightists, like the Communists, would like an army coup; but the far right does not understand that an army coup would be much more damaging to conservative interests than to Communist ones.

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Report on Venezuela

If elections are held as scheduled, this achievement of constitutionalism and orderly succession will be important to Venezuela. The country is sufficiently disorganized that such normal succession will not necessarily bind it, but the precedent will be useful in establishing the idea that a governmental transition ought to be made democratically and peaceably.

There will probably be three candidates, one from the coalition of the Acción Democrática and the Social Christian Party, COPEI; another from the democratic opposition, which consists of a non-Communist group that split off from AD and the URD (Unión Republicana Democrática), a polyglot outfit of independents; and a third from the Communist-front MIR.

The independents organize

A very interesting new factor on the Venezuelan political scene is the recently created Asociación Venezolana Independiente. AVI is composed of the Venezuelan well-to-do, from the self-made Eugenio Mendoza, the richest man in Venezuela, on down through many businessmen of lesser wealth but greater family tradition. AVI is not a political party but hopes to influence the elections in several ways. It would like to impose its candidate on the AD-COPEI coalition or, failing that, at least persuade the coalition to put up a man acceptable to AVI.

AVI is also talking with the democratic opposition parties to get them to nominate a candidate to its liking. Under the best of circumstances, AVI would like to be able to say to the Venezuelan public, in effect: "Thanks to our pressure, you have two good democratic candidates to choose from. Vote as you please, as long as you don't vote for the Communists." But in all probability, AVI will have to decide whether to go along with the government coalition or with the opposition.

The extent to which AVI will have real influence remains to be measured. There is at the present very little money in the AVI treasury, and without money to con-

tribute to the political parties, AVI is not going to be very effective.

Just as important as money will be the size of the following that AVI can attract. AVI is trying to mobilize the independent vote by a series of meetings throughout Venezuela. If AVI can rally votes, that will give it much more leverage with the political parties than the social status of its members does. When they let their hair down with AVI members, the working politicians of Venezuela always come back to the same question: "How many votes can you people produce? That is all we are interested in."

The nation builders

As important as the end-of-the-year elections are, they are not everything to Venezuela. The most important things, as in every underdeveloped country, are the jobs of improving the lot of the people and of nation building. Perhaps the most interesting and exciting development is IVAC (Instituto Venezolano de Acción Comunitaria). IVAC is a development foundation, conceived by the Venezuelan business community and handsomely financed by both foreign and national private enterprise. Before 1963 is out, IVAC will have trained some 1500 village leaders, both men and women, in seven-week courses where they learn handicrafts, public speaking, and civic organization.

The graduates of the IVAC courses return to their villages and organize the people for do-it-yourself projects in the construction of housing, aqueducts, roads, schools, and community centers. More important, the IVAC trainees give their fellow villagers a sense of civic consciousness and civic pride, so that they all feel that democratic self-help and self-determination are the way to progress, rather than extremist solutions.

IVAC's village leaders are not left solely to their own devices. In each state capital there exists a volunteer team of engineers, doctors, dentists, electricians, and the like. Once a village has made its improvement plans, it can call on the specialist team for expert technical assistance. This process brings not only material benefits to the villages, but it also closes the social gap



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The people of India are very much like you, proud of their country and their traditions. They have a lively interest in knowing more about *your* country, how you feel about today's world and everything in it. Come to India—maybe this year, maybe the next—your Indian friends will wait for you.

Report on Venezuela

between country and city and between rich and poor. As time goes on, IVAC should become one of the most significant factors which contribute to domestic tranquillity in Venezuela.

IVAC is but one example of the increasing enlightenment and progressiveness of Venezuela's business leaders. Early this year, a hundred Venezuelan executives and foreign businessmen with interests in Venezuela met for four days in Maracay to discuss the expansion of private and corporate philanthropy. The habit of giving for civic purposes is not nearly so well developed in Venezuela and the other Latin-American countries as it is in the United States. From the Maracay meeting and subsequent discussions there is expected to emerge an understanding among Venezuelan businessmen that, say, one percent of their corporate profits will henceforth be regularly earmarked for things like IVAC, private education, and public health.

A substantial amount of private money is already flowing into education at all levels, from the elementary schools of the Fe y Alegría (Faith and Happiness) organization to the Catholic University Andres Bello in Caracas. This private education is essential because the public school system is so heavily Marxist-infiltrated. A decade or so ago, the Communists captured the nation's principal teacher-training institute, and as a result thousands of school-teachers dispense Marxism with the three R's.

The Betancourt government has made a valiant effort to reduce the infiltration of the school system, but this is not the sort of thing that can be corrected overnight. Meanwhile, the private educational system serves to protect the young from insidious indoctrination.

Students in turmoil

The blackest spot on Venezuela's educational record is the Central University in Caracas, at which more than 15,000 students are enrolled. An aggressive Communist minority, both on the faculty and in the student body, keeps the univer-

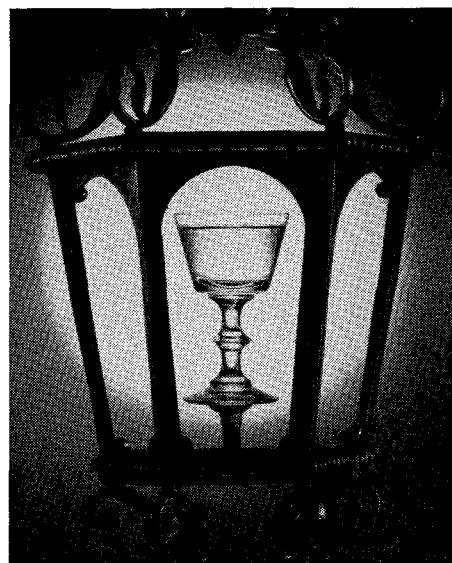


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sity in constant political turmoil. The Communist students have arms in their dormitories, and when the mood strikes them they fire into the streets around the school.

At other times the Communists stage such wild demonstrations that classes have to be suspended for weeks at a time. Furthermore, student agitators refuse to do assigned reading and insist that examination questions must cover only what is contained in the classroom lectures. These various unsavory practices keep the intellectual level of the university down to the point where disciplined Marxist teaching provides the only body of coherent doctrine that many students ever experience. But even the Marxism at Central University is third-rate, since there is not one really competent Communist intellectual teaching there.

The university enjoys autonomy, which is to say that its grounds are off limits for the police and the military. However, the Betancourt government is taking cautious steps to abridge an autonomy that is both destructive for the university and for the peace of Caracas. The non-Communist students and teachers are also becoming impatient with the constant disruption of academic life.

Despite all the political turbulence, Venezuela is making progress. In the countryside, a constructive agrarian reform program is creating thousands of new landed proprietors. The agrarian reform is based on solid sociological and economic studies rather than on political expediency, and the program is sufficiently well financed so that the new landowners receive the tools, seed, stock, and operating credit that they need.

In the cities, industrialization is proceeding apace, and the town of Valencia is booming with new plants and investments. Oil, the greatest source of Venezuela's wealth, continues to flow in abundance and to finance the bulk of the government's programs, and a new iron and steel industry is springing up. An orderly political transition through elections will do a lot to consolidate the progress that Venezuela has shown and to provide the framework for more progress in the years ahead.

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WHAT happens at Aswan during this decade seems likely to make or break Egypt's revolution. The High Dam four miles south of Aswan is the focus of all economic planning. On its success depend all the schemes for reclamation and extended irrigation and for industrialization. These future projects involve moving millions of Egyptians to new places where they can make a living. And time is pressing. This year there will be about 28 million Egyptians to feed. There are already some five million unemployable people in rural Egypt. With 800,000 births each year, Egypt's demographic problem is overwhelming.

Two approaches to a solution are being tried. One is the expansion of acreage which can be made productive. The other is a vertical expansion of production by means of increasing output per acre. The High Dam will help both these efforts and will make industrialization possible.

Progress on the High Dam is now measurable. Working on a round-the-clock schedule, some 20,000 people are involved in its creation. Of these, about 800 are Russian engineers holding supervisory jobs. Several hundred Egyptian engineers work with them. The minister for the High Dam, Sidky Suliman, is Egyptian. In addition, a number of Egyptian army engineers are assigned to work at Aswan. Finally, Egyptian and Nubian laborers make up the crews blasting by day and hauling away by night the mountains of solid granite which must be moved to create a 300-foot-deep diversion channel for the Nile while the High Dam itself is under construction.

The cost of the High Dam is estimated at one billion dollars, nearly one third of which is being lent by the U.S.S.R. for equipment and personnel. The rest must come from Egyptian resources. Final authority rests with the Egyptian Ministry for the High Dam.

A turning point in construction was celebrated in January, when the first stone blocks were placed in the river to start one of two coffer dams which are scheduled to control the Nile's flow into the

diversion tunnel by June, 1964. At the present rate of effort, the target date can be met. To ensure success, extra British and Swedish equipment has been added to that from Russia for some of the heaviest rock moving. Once the river is diverted, work can begin on the High Dam structure. Opinions differ as to how long its construction will take. There are responsible estimates that it will be completed by 1970, and the remaining hydroelectric installations by 1973.

Meanwhile, new reclamation areas and industries have been started with the water and power available from the present Aswan Dam. Of these, the experimental Liberation Province has already reclaimed 25,000 acres for fruit growing and agricultural industries. When the High Dam is completed, it is expected that some 800,000 acres can be brought into cultivation there.

A second venture is under way in the so-called New Valley in the Western Desert. At the site of ancient desert oases, artesian wells have been established with sufficient promise of sustained flow from underground sources to encourage great hopes. But pumping on an extended scale awaits the availability of hydroelectric power from the High Dam. Consequently, the plans for resettlement of several million peasants in the New Valley hinge on developments at Aswan.

Symbol of industrialization

The beginnings of a complex of industries around Aswan have already been made. Iron ore from this region is being shipped to Helwan, near Cairo, where Egypt's first steel mill is in operation. Plans for further utilization of Aswan ores are under discussion with American companies. The Kima fertilizer plant, completed at Aswan in 1960 by West German technicians, is producing 1600 tons of nitrate fertilizer a day. Kima runs on power from a hydroelectric plant built at the existing Aswan Dam by Swedish and Swiss engineers. It has already doubled the electric power production of Egypt. The High Dam, however, will give Egypt five times more power at a fraction of its present cost.



For 14 years Bob Thompson (right), has helped Jack McCarley with electrical projects designed to make farming easier and more profitable. Here Thompson, district agricultural development engineer for the Carolina Power & Light Co., chats with Jack and grandson Johnny on the McCarley farm near Wilmington, N. C.

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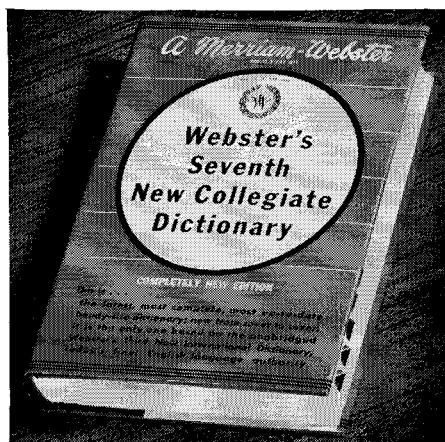
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Report on Aswan

These basic facts explain the anxiety over the dam throughout Egypt. When officials speak of it, they do so in terms of imperatives. It must and will be built. Moreover, there is a modern mystique about the dam. It is the foundation for a new way of life. It symbolizes the country's rise to a position of strength in the modern world. Its scale is greater than that of the pyramids and its purpose more lofty, in the opinion of today's Egyptians.

While Russian participation is openly acknowledged, it is not emphasized in propaganda about the dam. Egypt's responsibility is stressed, and its determination to see the project through. When President Nasser spent a week at Aswan in January, it was to celebrate Egyptian success there since the work started in 1960. The Russians received credit. But it was the Egyptian laborers who were featured, and all workers in Aswan Governorate were given a 10 percent bonus to celebrate their visible progress.

Boom in Aswan

Normally, Aswan is a quiet town, where the Nile flows silently around Kitchener's Elephantine Island and the smaller islets of the cataract region. The tomb of the late Aga Khan overlooks this tranquil scene from its site on the hills east of Aswan. To Ismaili followers of the Aga Khan, Aswan is a holy place. Historically it was a way station for caravans en route from the north to Mecca and Medina. It remains the site of many Fatimid tombs dating from the eighth to the twelfth century.

Aside from its historical interest to tourists, Aswan has an ideal winter climate. Generations of health seekers have repaired to its Kipling-esque Cataract Hotel in retreat from Europe's cold winters. Today another sort of visitor is discovering Aswan. He is the European or Asian businessman seeking contracts in anticipation of an industrial boom at Aswan. A new Cataract Hotel, air-conditioned and streamlined, now invites these newcomers, who help to give the town a surprisingly cosmopolitan air. It is surprising because at Alexandria foreigners are

being pushed out in a drive for Egyptianization of business. Oddly enough, at Aswan Europeans are being urged at the same time to invest in Egypt's tourist business, in its projected local steel industry, and in the numerous services suddenly in demand in Upper Egypt.

There is, of course, a great influx of Egyptians, attracted by new job openings. Aswan's population has grown from 28,000 to 53,000 in ten years. Housing for workers at the dam site and at the Kima plant set a new standard. Playing fields, swimming pools, schools, and health centers are multiplying. The new air-conditioned flats are rented at subsidized prices to employees. A local technical institute is planned to train young Egyptians for local technical jobs. Such decentralization is designed to shift the pattern of urbanization and attract competent professionals to Aswan.

Relocating the Nubians

There is little local concern at Aswan over the fate of the 50,000 Egyptian Nubians who will have to move out of the way of the impounded Nile waters sometime next year. These people, descendants of the first Nile settlers centuries ago, are being moved to thirty-three new villages under construction near Kom Ombo, the sugarcane country north of Aswan. The plan is to persuade the Nubians to become sugar cultivators by giving them land and housing.

Like many plans conceived in the name of progress, this one is not altogether well received by those it is designed to benefit. It has been against the tradition of the Nubians to mix with the Saidis of Upper Egypt. They have lived separate, proud, poverty-stricken lives in their rocky hovels along the upper Nile. Heads of families have been in the habit of going to Cairo for work and sending money to their families back home. It is a question of whether they can be induced to take up new lives on the land, even on better land.

The fate of the threatened antiquities in Upper Egypt is simpler to decide. Many are being moved to safety for later display in new settings. Philae, which stands between the present Aswan Dam and the

High Dam, will re-emerge in all its beauty when it is protected by a small dam promised at U.S. expense. Abu Simbel, site of two rock temples, will be submerged, to the distress of many.

Meanwhile, the new international atmosphere of Upper Egypt extends all along the Nile to the Sudanese border, as archaeologists from a dozen countries work against time. Some are on contract with the Egyptian government; some are on educational grants from scholarly institutions. Their task is to dig up everything of archaeological importance before the flooding of Nubia begins in 1964. As the water behind the High Dam rises, it will eventually create a lake 365 miles long, extending over all of Egyptian Nubia and into the Sudan. This means the submerging of what was historically a buffer region between Egypt and the rest of Africa. The Sudanese Nubians face loss of identity and homes with even more resistance than their cousins in Egypt. Some 50,000 of these Sudanese Nubians are being moved farther south, partly at Egypt's expense. Their temples and religious paintings, many of which are Christian, are being moved to safety at Khartoum.

Egypt between East and West

With work on the High Dam project obviously progressing, the question arises of what the Soviets are gaining by their vital contribution to it. To the extent that it becomes a symbol for many poor countries in Africa and Asia, the Russians will surely receive reflected glory. So far, however, there has been little direct political benefit to the Russians. Paradoxically, the Communist world would seem more likely to benefit from failure at Aswan. For then Egypt would face starvation and anarchy and become vulnerable to complete takeover.

President Nasser's regime, meanwhile, has taken pains to mend relations with the West. It has paid ahead of time the \$81,200,000 agreed on between it and World Bank President Eugene Black in 1957, as due the stockholders of the former Suez Canal Company. This payment has cleared the atmosphere between Britain and France and Egypt. Trade relations with both countries are improving. Moreover,

following the Algerian settlement, Egypt has made trading approaches to some of the Brazzaville countries, apparently ignoring its political involvement with the strongly nationalistic Casablanca powers.

In Europe itself, Egypt is seeking some sort of consortium aid to help finance its industrial expansion. There are indications that French banks will join British, Italian, and West German interests in this proposed form of aid. In this way Egypt hopes to balance its dependence on the Eastern bloc and to ensure its European cotton market.

United States aid to Egypt continues to be in tangibles. A three-year credit of \$160 million to be paid in Egyptian pounds permits Egypt to count on American surplus wheat for this period. Credits for specific economic enterprises using American equipment continue to be available. But the United States is not paying for Egypt's part in the war in Yemen. The costs of that effort have to be paid out of Egypt's cotton income and by the Egyptian taxpayer.

Coming in the **JUNE ATLANTIC**

THE LAST MARXIST PARADISE

by James Cameron

An English correspondent who has visited every Iron Curtain country, including Red China, comes up with an irreverent view of Albania.

THE UNDERTAKERS' RACKET

by Jessica Mitford

ENDURE THE NIGHT

by Loren Eiseley

A famous anthropologist discusses the thoughts and fears which besiege him in the solitude of the night when sleep eludes him.

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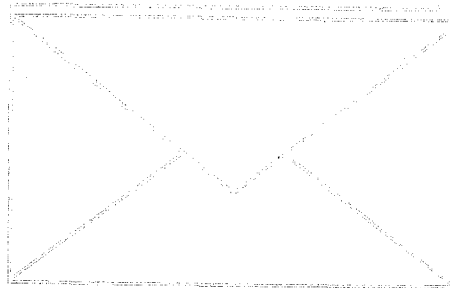
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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Must we hate?

SIR:

Archibald MacLeish's sensitive and moving article "Must We Hate?" in the February *Atlantic* was a most exquisite reading experience. He reminds us that a good American cannot be distinguished solely by the alignment of his hates, no matter how inimical to our democratic institutions are Communism and fascism and all "holy causes" imposed to compromise the sanctity of the free spirit of man. Our democratic institutions represent far more than a touchstone for negation. They are an affirmation of the dignity of all men. And a more eloquent plea than Professor MacLeish's — that we grasp to our minds and hearts all that our democratic heritage affirms — I cannot imagine.

DR. J. R. LEIBOWITZ
Pittsburgh, Penn.

SIR:

If today's generation had been brought up to believe in America and not in that vague generalization, anti-Communism, we would then understand that "the American idea of equality is not a rhetorical proposition but a realizable cause." Today's generation has been so filled with anti-Communist views that we are hardly aware of the actual meaning of democracy. We do not know what the word "America" truly means. We only know that Communism is to be feared. It is something trying to take away our freedom; therefore, we must fight against anything which happens to contradict the beliefs that have been instilled in us by generations of our forefathers. Definitely, it is up to us, the

younger generation, to mend this growing split in our nation. We shall have to learn to think objectively; and by so doing, perhaps we can re-establish Mississippi and the South as an integral part of the whole United States of America.

PATTY LOU HUTCHINSON
Mississippi State College for Women
Columbus, Miss.

SIR:

Archibald MacLeish is a great poet and dramatist but a poor historian and constitutional lawyer.

The Declaration of Independence, ideal as it is for a Fourth of July oration, is not and never was the law of our land. Article VI of the Constitution reads: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme law of the land." No reference is made to the Declaration of Independence.

The Supreme Court spoke in 1954. Its pronouncement became and is the law of the land, but it was not the law of the land prior thereto, the Declaration of Independence notwithstanding.

STANLEY M. ARNDT
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Indiana dunes

SIR:

I want to congratulate you for "The Indiana Dunes and Pressure Politics" by William Peeples (February *Atlantic*). A thorough and revealing article, it gives insight into the real struggle to save the dunes, a battle unpublicized and practically unknown to the American public.

A native Chicagoan, I am deeply

grateful for any news of the dunes. Chicago newspapers seem to refuse to acknowledge their existence and the fine work done by Senator Douglas and other conservationists to preserve this unique area for future generations. What a boon it would be for the city dwellers of the Chicago metropolitan area to have "green space" with fresh air and sandy beaches only an hour's drive away.

JUDITH ALICE LONNQUIST
Evanston, Ill.

SIR:

It is a fair measure of the low estate of Chicago journalism that it takes an editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* writing in the *Atlantic* to bring us the true sordid facts about the rape of the dunes.

But not just the dunes are in real and present danger. The supporters of conservation were all but routed during the past Administration. (If only we had had sense enough to propose golf courses in every National Park!) I see no encouraging signs of significant recovery under the present Administration. We'll probably wake up some morning to find bulldozers gleefully leveling Stone Mountain and shipping the dirt to one of our richer diploma mills. Senator Douglas is a lone voice for the wilderness.

GLENN B. MEAGHER
Glencoe, Ill.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

The *Atlantic* Report on Finland in the March edition was superb. Nowhere else have I read such a clear appraisal of the existing political sit-

uation in Finland. It is good for Americans to reflect a while on the problems of other liberty-loving lands. Certainly the Finns have more cause to be alarmed at the actions of the Soviet bear than we do. But just the opposite seems to be true.

R. C. McCALL
Ishpeming, Mich.

SIR:

Thank you for your revealing Report on Washington and its Negro problems (February *Atlantic*). It is significant that the Northern press played down the District's Thanksgiving Day race riot. In my opinion the federal government must press for integration in the South now or this problem will cease to be national. Instead it will become regional — in the North — as young Negroes continue to leave the South in droves.

ROBERT C. CUTLER
Rock Hill, S. C.

SIR:

Let's make Margaret Bennett's recommendations in "The Telltale Art" (February *Accent on Living*) mandatory. As a rallying cry for all suffering art viewers who share her sentiments, I suggest "Imposterous!"

Let's expose the artless ones with fervor and without hesitation.

CLARENCE L. MARTIN
Monson, Mass.

SIR:

It is unfortunate that Margaret Bennett cannot distinguish between works of art and the dribblings of chimpanzees. The requirements she would impose on artists, of proving that they can duplicate the function of a camera, would be like subjecting a poet to a grammar test.

ROBERT SCHAFER
Chicago, Ill.

Lord Russell's billions

SIR:

Please inform letter writer Raymond Hennessy (February *Report*) that Lord Bertrand Russell has not forgotten his arithmetic. The following has been published in textbooks many times: In the United States the word "billion" represents the sum of one thousand millions; in Britain "billion" represents the sum of one million millions.

HAROLD G. MITCHELL
New Philadelphia, Ohio



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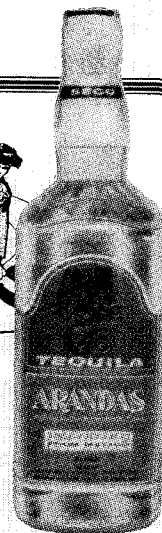
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The refined eye of Tomiko

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From childhood, Japan Air Lines hostesses like Tomiko Tsuchida have lived in a world of subtle visual delight. A moss-grown rock is exquisite garden statuary. A garden of raked sand has the flow and coolness of an upland stream. Through chanoyu, the tea ceremony, and ikebana, the art of flower arrangement, comes Tomiko's wonderful awareness of a beauty to be seen even in the least of things.

With such a refined perception, it is easy for Tomiko and her sister hostesses to add still another superlative to the pleasures of flying Japan Air Lines. For JAL excels in every requisite of jet age travel, with convenient schedules, delicious refreshments and Continental cuisine, and modern DC-8 and 880-M Jet Couriers in superbly trained hands. But the refined eye of Tomiko, as of Japan itself, likes the delightfully unexpected . . . the sudden new vista at the turn of the garden path.

You see it the moment your kimono-clad hostess welcomes you aboard. Suddenly the cabin of a sleek JAL Jet Courier becomes Japan itself. Here are shoji screens, traditional brocade motifs, carpets patterned after classic gardens of raked sand. Your hostess proffers the refreshment of an o-shibori hot towel, and the welcoming warmth of sake served in its fragile cup. Most of all, your every un-



spoken wish is almost magically fulfilled by a charming hostess who seems to serve you alone.

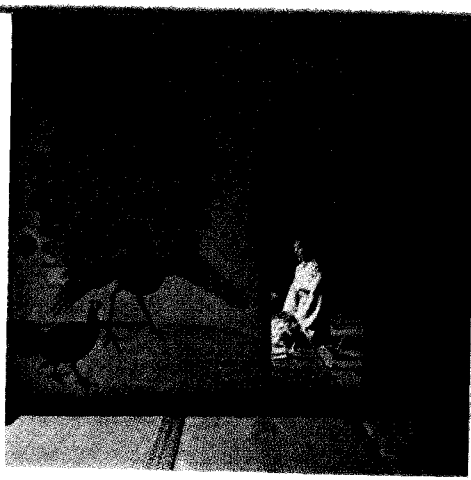
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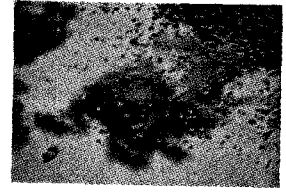
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JAPAN AIR LINES





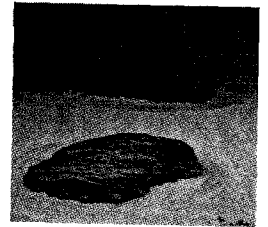
Setting for graciousness: a classic Japanese interior



JAL hostess Tomiko Tsuchida



Art and nature blend like flower and vase



At every turn, a new vista of beauty



Autumn finery enhances an outdoor tea ceremony

“Send me a man who reads!”

International Paper interviews the Flight Director of Project Mercury at Cape Canaveral

Christopher Kraft is the man who guides the space flights of America's astronauts. Here is why he believes reading is so important.

Christopher Kraft controls our manned space flights from the time of lift-off until the capsule lands in the Atlantic Ocean. He guided the history-making flights of Alan Shepard, Virgil Grissom, John Glenn, Scott Carpenter, and Walter Schirra.

Two kinds of reading

Kraft estimates that about ninety percent of his job centers on *reading*. He says that much of this is detailed technical material—charts, reports and flight plans.

But Kraft also devotes time to the *general* reading that gives him an awareness of things beyond his specialty, and a sense of perspective toward his work and his co-workers.

He reads the daily newspaper. A weekly news magazine. A weekly technical magazine. An occa-

sional general-interest magazine. And novels.

Kraft says that good novels relax him, fascinate him, enlighten him. And never bore him. He has read four or five novels in the past year—a good number for a man who has very little time to sit back and relax.

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INTERPRETER

Slide rules and petticoats . . . what a combination! Incongruous? Yet this home economist, who is employed by the Frigidaire Division of General Motors, is involved with each. She wears many "hats" . . . tester, designer, writer, demonstrator. She conducts classes in home economics in schools and companies—teaches how to get the most out of new GM-built household appliances.

She and her counterparts spend full time interpreting the desires, needs and habits of American women in the kitchen and laundry room. Her department, for example, will bake enough cakes to make a stack 125 feet high just in testing a single oven design! In checking a new washer design, thirty tons of clothes are washed. In fact, she's "the voice of women" to the men who engineer and manufacture these appliances.

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“MOTHER DOESN'T DO MUCH”

The Ambassador's Wife in India

BY CATHERINE A. GALBRAITH

CATHERINE A. GALBRAITH took her A.B. at Smith and her master's at Radcliffe and was a lecturer in German at Harvard, 1957-1960. She is the mother of three sons, an eager horsewoman and skier, and the wife of one of the most successful ambassadors in our diplomatic corps.

THE children of the fourth grade at the American International School of New Delhi were required to write an essay on what their parents did. Our youngest son, James, said the following: “My father is Ambassador to India, or the chief United States official here. He does many different types of work. He writes reports for the United States Government on Indian conditions. He has conferences with the Indian Government to improve diplomatic relations. And also Dad makes speeches to make a little better the understanding between the U.S. and India and he represents the President on official occasions. Mother doesn't do much except arrange entertainment and administer the household.”

He has a point. I don't rush about doing housework and errands. From 1951 until November, 1962, when we moved, the official residence of the United States ambassador to India was a one-story white bungalow set in a bright-green garden in a pleasant residential section of New Delhi. On the staff at this residence were three bearers, two cooks, a sweeper, a laundryman, a driver, three gardeners, and three watchmen — fourteen regular servants for a six-room house. The new house, being much larger, requires more. In addition I have a Darzi to sew for us, and our housekeeper from the United States looks after the boys.

In running my household I give the instructions, then check up and recheck. Sometimes we have

too much help. One day my husband wanted a badminton net in the garden. Our three gardeners summoned six more helpers to put up two light bamboo poles. Another day, to hang three small photographs our bearer called the carpenter, who came with two assistants; one brought a tape measure, one a hammer, and one nails.

In an Indian household the mistress of the house not only supervises the servants she employs, but she looks after their families as well. As our cook said one day, “Madam is the mother of us all” — that meant fifty children at last count. We must care for them when they are sick, settle an odd quarrel, and keep a strict watch on their work. A gentle hand doesn't pay — now and then I have to lay down the law. On the whole, though, they do well; also, they can organize extra help to handle our heavy schedule. We must be impartial in our favors; whatever is done for one must be done for all. We give a glass of milk and cookies to the children every day, tea to the servants, new saris to the wives at Diwali, small gifts and money at Christmas. All of these things, plus medical bills, run into quite an expense. I have wanted to set up a cooperative medical health insurance plan for the domestic employees of the American community, but the initial costs for this are high.

My day, in the hot weather (which is most of the time), begins about six o'clock. It is the only

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possible hour for exercise, so I go horseback riding. After a Hindi class at the embassy I consult with our secretaries and then return to the residence to check the day's arrangements with the head bearer and cook, make out our accounts, and decide any other matters that arise. The brass nameplate on the gate is tarnished; must the sweeper or the watchman polish it? Should bougainvillea be planted instead of the old cedars in the garden? Which gray should be selected for slipcovers for the official car? What books are we to present to the children's ward at Safdarjang Hospital? May the second bearer have a chit to order his new shoes at a special store since his feet are so big? Should the ladies wear gloves, hats, and stockings to our Newcomers' Teas? In a six-room house, where do you hang thirty-one paintings on loan to us from the Museum of Modern Art? On that I had lots of advice, all different; these paintings have attracted lively comment, much favorable.

The rest of the day there are calls and callers, meetings, interviews, receptions, dinners. We either go out or have guests, often both noon and night, almost every day in the week. Arranging the entertainment is a constant occupation. I have heard of one career ambassador's wife who, on her husband's retirement, gave away all her clothes except slacks.

WE HAVE given parties for a remarkable variety of American visitors and Indian guests. We had been in Delhi six weeks when Vice President and Mrs. Johnson, Stephen and Jean Kennedy Smith dropped in for three days. The temperature was just under 120 degrees, but they bore up nobly. Since then we have had the Harvard Glee Club, the Davis Cup players, the Joe E. Adams troupe, the World Council of Churches, the World Medical Conference, the Bairds and their marionettes, Mark Robson and José Ferrer, who were here to make a film on the death of Gandhi, the American polo team, Henry Luce, Winthrop Aldrich, museum directors, zoo directors, Nobel Prize winners, several senators, the presidents of Harvard and Princeton, two young girl graduates hitchhiking their way around the world for two years on \$500 each, the Peace Corps, the crews of our C130's, who came to fly Indian troops and supplies to Nefa and Ladakh, James Farley, Yehudi Menuhin, Louis Untermeyer, Angie Dickinson, Averell Harriman, Luther Hodges, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Orville Freeman, Lowell Thomas, Norman Rockwell, Barbara Ward, and, of course, Mrs. Kennedy.

Her visit was a major event of the spring, eagerly awaited, much enjoyed, and not without

problems. One was the number of people with an ironclad claim to meet her. She could see only a few thousand, and I was afraid we would not have a friend left in India. Yet in the end almost everyone was happy. Another problem was where she could stay in Delhi, since our house was too small; we rented a secluded little bungalow across the road. Word came that when alone she liked toasted cheese sandwiches for lunch. A selection of cheeses was sent from Beirut, and the Indian cook practiced until the result was judged to be exactly like a drugstore sandwich at home. We held our farewell dinner for her at the new Edward Stone Chancery. Since this is strictly an office building and had never before been used as a dining hall, we held a dress rehearsal with the same menu two weeks ahead.

In arranging guest lists, I have help. Indeed, I often do not know until a few minutes beforehand just who is coming for lunch or dinner, and the seating plan and place cards are sent over by our social secretary. It is quite a different principle from arranging a dinner in Cambridge, Massachusetts. There the seating is largely determined by who should talk to whom to make a pleasant evening. And the guests are people we know well or hope to know better. In Delhi there is protocol. Usually this is not my headache, since it is all worked out at the office. But not everything goes according to plan.

One noon we were having a luncheon for some generals. The number of acceptances had risen during the last hour before lunch from fourteen to sixteen. Fourteen was all our regular dining-room table would hold, and so at that point we had to shift to two round tables each seating eight. The guests began arriving at one fifteen; at one twenty I found myself meeting a general and his wife who were not on the guest list, and the total number was obviously now eighteen. What to do? There was no time to change from two tables of eight to three of six, so I told the bearer to remove the butter plates; this way we could fit in nine at each table. I thought we had concealed the error, but I heard later that our unexpected guests had noticed that the handwriting on their place cards was different from that on the rest.

Another day our eager staff set up a luncheon for a visitor to Delhi described as "the Civilian Assistant to the Secretary of the Navy" (I slightly disguise matters here). Suitable admirals and other top-ranking officials were invited. Our guests of honor seemed a bit overwhelmed by all the brass, and they thanked us effusively for our kindness to them. During the course of luncheon I discovered they were an elderly couple on a world tour and that their son had once been in charge of some sea scouts.

Many of our housekeeping difficulties have been due to the size of the residence. Now we have moved to a beautiful new mansion next door to the Chancery, also designed by Mr. Stone. In April, 1961, when we arrived, construction had already begun, and since the United States government was in charge and the experts had long ago made the plans, I did not expect to be involved. However, I soon found out that, like Blandings, I was building a house.

The servants' quarters lacked windows and bathrooms; we redesigned them to provide both. I was asked to suggest what to put in the garden and set about learning the names and characteristics of the flowering trees and shrubs that make New Delhi so lovely. The local press noted that full-grown trees were being hauled in by bullock cart. Transplanting at this stage is not usual in India, possibly with good reason; though now everywhere else the landscape is lush and green, our new trees look like November in Vermont.

The new residence was built by hand. Stonecutters chipped away at rocks; plasterers and painters hung from apparently precarious scaffolding made of bamboo tied with rope; and beautiful straight-backed Rajasthani women in red swirling skirts and silver anklets carried away countless baskets of earth from foundations, swimming pool, and sunken garden, and lifted trays of cement into the house and up the spiral staircase on their heads. And they patiently planted thousands of tufts of grass to make our lawn, with their children squatting beside them.

Our first party at the new house was for those five hundred workers who toiled night and day for a year and a half to get it completed only a few months behind schedule. It was a gay afternoon of song and dance, and we joined them in a strenuous Punjabi number called the Bhangra. There were Coca-Colas and sweets, toys for the children, and speeches. Mine, in Hindi, brought a warm response, since it was brief and the only one they could understand.

Our new house gives us space. We can once more live under the same roof with our children, and it is easy to entertain in.

MY CALLERS usually come for some purpose. An Indian student may want to know how to apply to an American college. I am asked to visit a welfare center, a clinic, or to help with a fair. The Americans in Delhi have many projects in which we take an interest, including the construction of the new American International School. That, too, is taking longer and costing more than expected, but the architect, Joseph Allen Stein,

an American who has been working in India for more than ten years, has created a most imaginative building, one which may well become a model for future school design.

I am often invited to go to the theater, to concerts, dance programs, and art exhibits. A troupe hopes to tour in the United States; I must find out how they should go about it or give an opinion as to how an American audience would react. This can be delicate. Once in a while I get in over my depth. I was told I should hear a famous South Indian singer, so I went. She sang devotional songs I could not understand, for more than four hours without a break. The Indian audience was ecstatic.

A small part of the day is devoted to mail. I am wary of the letters that begin "Gracious Lady Galbraith" or "Beloved Mother." One young man wanted me to treat him as a son and send him ten lakhs of rupees (over \$200,000) for a purpose he would tell me about later. A man from Kerala merely wanted me to build him a house. Another asked for books for a children's library; we discovered that the library was his own. A Bible Society heard that an embassy car was for sale and hoped I would buy it for them to use to distribute Bibles, instead of their 1932 jalopy. The mother of a little girl who cannot speak would like to send her to the United States because there is no speech therapist in all of India; I could tell her that our medical program includes plans to bring a speech therapist to the All India Medical Institute in Delhi and to send Indians to the United States for this training.

We have attended impressive state functions — banquets for heads of state held under the regal



portraits of former viceroys, receptions in the Moghul Gardens of the Rashtrapati Bhavan, national festivities such as those for Republic Day or the inauguration of the new President. These ceremonies are conducted with great dignity and style, for the Indians have carried over the pagantry of their past into their new national life. The ceremonies are also conducted with great sobriety; because there is semiprohibition the toasts are drunk with fruit juice.

IT is exciting to be in India now, for one can see the old beside the new. India's history goes back thousands of years. At the time the Pilgrims were building log cabins in Salem, Shah Jahan was building the Taj Mahal. But India became an independent nation a decade and a half ago. The contrasts are striking. In Delhi, buses, scooter taxis, and bicycles weave in among the tongas and oxcarts. New housing developments spring up around old tombs and ancient forts; those monuments are so familiar and numerous that no one can tell you for whom or when they were built. You go to a village, even on the outskirts of a city, and you see how life has gone on in the same way for centuries. There are the same wooden plows and plodding bullocks, the same cow-dung fires and Persian waterwheels, the same bright saris bending over the rice fields — though the ubiquitous black umbrellas used for sunshades must have come in with the British. You think there has been no change, and then you discover that the village now has a small dispensary, very simple by our standards; a handful of nurses and a doctor serve thousands of patients. Or there is an eye clinic, set up in tents so that it can be moved from district to district; two hundred thin old men and women lie on charpoys waiting for operations for glaucoma. Each operation takes about ten minutes, and the doctors are busy all day. Or a farmer comes proudly to show off his new crop of peas; they are much fatter and sweeter than before, because of improved varieties, irrigation, and fertilizer.

But it has become a time of peril for India. Its problems are very great. With half the area of the United States, it has nearly three times the population. People are everywhere — in the lonely jungle, clinging to the steep Himalayas, sleeping on the city streets, and clustered all over the plains. Most of these people are poor, customs are diverse, and many tensions have threatened to disunite the nation. India so far has kept a full parliamentary system of government, its heritage from the British, but the Chinese have already marched. In its plans for development India counted on peace. Will the cost of war to a poor

country be disaster, or will the need for preparation hasten progress? Right now people are donating their gold bangles, their life savings, their blood; women are forming knitting parties, and girls in saris are training on the rifle range. In the villages the people are asking what they can do. There is a sense of urgency and national purpose, and also, initially, bewilderment. The Chinese action was a great jolt.

Since Independence progress has been made, though the answers to India's problems are not simple. For instance, DDT has checked malaria, but the decline in disease has raised the birth rate. The solution to poverty can start with small things — a new well, better seeds, an outside market for village handwork, a teacher and a little school. It can also start with big things — dams and power plants and factories. The United States has helped with both.

One of our great privileges has been the opportunity to travel and to see what is going on. Usually we fly in one of our embassy planes — a Convair if the airfields are 4500 feet long, otherwise a DC-3, which can land even on the meadow in the narrow Kulu Valley. The Convair is comfortable for long distances. In addition to seats for sixteen passengers, it has a rear section for the ambassador, with two couches, a large leather lounge chair, a table and desk.

When we arrive at the airport on official visits we are garlanded, photographed, and driven off to the governor's mansion or the state guesthouse. Usually a police inspector rides in the front seat. (Once, outside Calcutta, our protector jammed his finger in the car door and fainted; my husband picked up his bodyguard and laid him gently on the nearest table.) We call on the governor, the chief minister, the mayor; attend receptions, cultural programs, and dinners at which we forgather in good academic fashion, men on one side, wives on the other. We shop hurriedly for handicrafts at the government emporium, and, if we are lucky, have a little time for sightseeing. I may have a special schedule arranged by worthy women's organizations. There are press conferences, and my husband often speaks. By now he has lectured at most of the leading universities in India.

At major functions my husband makes the speeches while I sit quietly on the platform and share the garlands. But if he is not around to talk, then I must. *This can happen without warning.* The first time was at a girls' school in Cochin, where, having been invited to pay an informal call, I was led to the platform in front of the entire student body, seated on a red plush chair between the principal and the archbishop, and handed a printed program which read "Speech by Mrs. Galbraith."

Twice I have presented mobile kitchens (jeeps with trailers) from Wheat Associates to be used to teach the village women how to cook the wheat we give them when the rice crop fails. I have judged floats in parades, distributed sweets to children, awarded prizes. In one village, after inspecting a neat little hospital, I was handed a baby spotted deer which promptly began to munch the flowers around my neck.

I have even undertaken trips on my own, to celebrate, as a state guest, the harvest festival in Kerala, when they have the wonderful snake-boat processions and the noisiest fireworks, and to visit the first Peace Corps group in the Punjab. That was in August, and it was hot. But despite the wearing heat, minor discouragements, and a few amoebas, they were hard at work raising chickens, designing housing for villages, teaching, studying and demonstrating methods of farming. Every one of them was enthusiastic about being in India, and no one complained of the simple living conditions. They were a good group, glad for what they were learning and eager to be of more service. They have already won the regard of their Indian neighbors.

Our travels have covered most of India, from the lush coconut groves of Kerala to the cool valleys of Kashmir, and from the monumental Gateway of India in Bombay to the small Naga villages beyond Assam. Our two weeks in April, 1962, near the Northeast Frontier now seem to have been planned with special prescience.

On this trip we stayed at a cinchona plantation near Kalimpong and feasted on roast goat and beer made by pouring hot water over millet in bamboo mugs; it ferments while you wait. Next we visited the Maharaja of Sikkim in the tiny mountain capital of Gangtok, where we were protected by five-foot palace guards in uniforms which make Hollywood seem real. In Shillong, the capital of Assam, we stayed with the governor in a large Tudor-style mansion, and then we crossed the Brahmaputra River to go to a game preserve just over the border in Bhutan. This little frontier country is so remote that it did not then even have a postal system; the first Bhutanese stamps were issued last October. We thought we would be roughing it, but we found that three hundred people had worked fourteen days to build us a camp on a bluff above the rushing Manas River. Out of split bamboo they had created a village of basket-weave houses which they had furnished with real beds, new sheets, full-length-mirror dressing tables, all brought in by dugout for our two-night stay. We, too, were poled up the river in dugouts and were met on the opposite shore by six large elephants who carried us the rest of the way along a path lined with

bright prayer flags. The riverbank on which we stayed is now one of the danger routes into India. It all seemed very peaceful then.

Our final stop was Manipur, in the green hills by the Burmese border. It was here that we saw polo played by men on little ponies, and danced with the Naga tribes, my husband wearing a headband with peacock feathers and I a golden cardboard crown. The Naga tribes, not long ago headhunters, are mostly in the hills. The valley people are a different lot, easygoing and gentle. Their women do all the work, but they also control the purse strings and, being independent, are free to change or discard a husband when convenient. They were a happy, graceful people, fond of bright clothes and dancing. Now they are close to the fighting.

WE TRAVEL in order to get acquainted with regional problems and politics, and also to highlight American aid. Of course, this help is not new; Americans have been contributing for years to agricultural and industrial development, to medicine and to education, through our government, our foundations, and other agencies. We do not believe, however, that such work should be done in secret. In Kerala, the most literate and the most unsettled politically of all the Indian states, my husband not long ago announced a loan for two vast dams which will more than double the present supply of electricity. In Calcutta, too, a loan was announced for a thermal power plant. On this occasion everything went wrong with the ceremony. It began with a cloudburst. The two speakers, my husband and the late Dr. B. C. Roy, got there by jeep, but the audience bogged down in the mud, so the speeches were not made. The teacups blew away, and when my husband planted the symbolic gulmohar tree he dug with such enthusiasm that the silver trowel broke in half. He symbolically watered the tree while it rained an inch an hour. However, all these disasters served to make a better story.

Some of the most heartwarming work is what we have done for children. This is largely accomplished through CARE. In Mussoorie, in the mountains north of Delhi, I visited a Tibetan refugee camp; the triple-decker cots, as many as seventy in a room, and much of the kitchen supplies had come from CARE. In Madras we met a ship which was unloading four million pounds of powdered milk from the United States government for CARE. One of our most beautiful mornings was spent at a school just outside Trivandrum in Kerala which was inaugurating a school-lunch program for several hundred children, with food

also provided by the United States government through CARE. Girls in bright-blue skirts and white blouses greeted us with coconut lamps, flower petals, and garlands, and under the shamiana (colorful awning) which had been set up for the ceremony were chandeliers made of fragrant white tuberoses. Meanwhile, outside, little boys and girls sat patiently in rows, their leaf plates and brass cups in front of them, waiting for the end of the speeches so that they could eat. We were told that the school lunches do away with the truant officer; sometimes this is the only meal these children get in twenty-four hours. The program starts with the first grade, and poor parents have been advancing the ages of their four-year-olds to get them into school early so they will be fed. We have recently also opened another school-lunch program for 500,000 children in Rajasthan.

In early October we went by special train through central India on a ten-day U.S. A.I.D. tour. Our party of fifty included twenty-eight Indian and American journalists, for by showing them our projects at firsthand, we thought they would become aware of the contribution of the United States to Indian development. Our train had nine cars — three of air-conditioned bedroom compartments, two dining cars, two baggage cars, a car for the officials of the railway accompanying us, and the ambassador's special coach, belonging to the president of the railway. Divisional superintendents were instructed to ensure "stabling" at quiet sidings, to keep platforms and surroundings scrupulously clean and the staff on duty tidy, to supply chilled boiled water and ice, and hot water for baths, good food, laundry facilities, and a doctor "equipped to meet any emergency" throughout the journey.

To go across India in this way, just after the monsoon, protected from the hubbub of the highways, is in itself a delightful experience. As the sun rises in the rain-clear sky you see the farmer already out in the bright-green rice fields driving his white bullocks and the women in blue or red or green saris coming from the well with shining brass water jugs on their heads, and in the remote stretches where only the railway tracks pass, the villages with their red-tiled roofs look very well kept.

We were busy. We visited power plants, a coal washery, the docks at Bombay where American wheat was being unloaded, training centers for teaching the use and maintenance of heavy equipment, a district experimenting in raising food production by putting into practice modern agricultural techniques, and the new Indian Institute of Technology, now being started with the help of some of our leading professors, that aspires to equal

MIT. South of Hyderabad we inspected a huge dam which, except for two tall U.S. cranes, is being built like the pyramids of old, by thousands of workmen, some of them children (though that is illegal), carrying concrete on their heads up zigzag bamboo ramps. For buildings up to the height of 120 feet we were told that human labor is cheaper than machines. It must always be remembered that this is a country of many poor people, and many people need jobs.

We also paid a visit to Literacy Village in Lucknow, the dream come true of a remarkable American, Mrs. Welthy Fisher, now over eighty. Here young women are trained to go out into the villages to teach reading, books are written, and ways of communicating new ideas to illiterates are devised. A favorite method is through puppets. We were treated to a skit on family planning, the romance of Birju and Chanda, whose happy marriage turns to despair when in five years they have five children. The bride has become an old woman, the children fight, and one who is ill vomits yellow liquid over the edge of the stage. When Chanda whispers to Birju that she is expecting yet another baby, he rushes out to hang himself, but is rescued by the village-level worker, who sends him to the doctor at the block headquarters for much-needed advice.

The trip accomplished its purpose. Many articles were written about our work in India. A week later the Chinese marched into the Northeast Frontier. After that, there was hardly any need to emphasize American aid. When my husband went to the Lok Sabha one day, even his car was garlanded, and strangers rushed up to thank him as though he were providing the assistance from his own pocket. But the appreciation of U.S. generosity and compassion is no sudden thing. It has existed for a long time, even in out-of-the-way places. On our way to Bhutan across the hot dusty roads of Assam, where we had not met another car for miles, my husband was dozing in the back seat of the car with his shoes off when I noticed ahead of us crowds of people gathering as though for a fair. But they came to see us. In this poor little village they had heard we were passing through; they stopped the car to give us a letter, written in longhand and framed, expressing their warm friendship for the United States.

In spite of differences of opinion that arise, our relations with India rest on respect. The Indians know that we help them not because we are richer and want power but because we care and because we believe, as they do, in the value of human life and in the freedom and dignity of the individual. It is to our mutual advantage and interest to stand by one another since we hold the same faith.

SKELETON OF A UNION

JOHN L. LEWIS AND THE MINE WORKERS

BY A. H. RASKIN

In this second article of a series on labor, A. H. RASKIN of the New York TIMES examines the leadership of the United Mine Workers of America and the dangers now facing this union. In his next article Mr. Raskin, who has specialized in the labor-management field, will deal with Walter Reuther and the United Automobile Workers.

My daddy was a miner
And I'm a miner's son,
And I'll stick with the union
Till ev'ry battle's won.

Thirty years ago this defiant war cry rang through the sere valleys of eastern Kentucky as coal diggers and their wives and children used guns, clubs, stones, and dynamite to defend the United Mine Workers of America against the coal operators and their allies, the company-owned upholders of the law. Today, in valleys rendered even more somber by the decline of the coal industry, many of these same miners have taken up guns and dynamite again, but this time it is to fight off the union they once fought to build.

The despair that marches across the gray, gutted Kentucky hills, leaving its footprints in blood, economic privation, and the threat of civil war, is an extreme expression of the troubles that afflict the UMWA; troubles that raise ominous questions for other basic labor organizations and for society in a period when technological innovation is smashing established industrial patterns with such speed that Secretary of Labor Wirtz suggests history ought to be arrested for reckless driving.

The miners under the leadership of John L. Lewis did all the things most of us applaud as enlightened, forward-looking, statesmanlike, socially minded — pick your own adjective to connote union cooperativeness in fostering industrial efficiency and cutting costs to the consumer. This was not the depressingly familiar story of a union

fighting a rear-guard action against progress by insisting on the retention of men long after all need for their services had evaporated, or by otherwise frustrating employer efforts to achieve increased productivity.

The Lewis approach was precisely the reverse of this foot-dragging technique. He put all the energy, ingenuity, and even ruthlessness he had formerly applied to conducting epic strikes for higher wages and more generous welfare benefits into the perfection of new instruments for speeding the mechanization of the mines, assuring continuity of supply for the electric utilities and other big burners of coal, and expanding markets for coal in its war of survival against the competitive onsurge of oil and natural gas. Without this altered focus of union policy, it is doubtful that there would be any coal industry left today, or any jobs for coal miners.

Yet the human cost of the shift has been so staggering that few other unions, surveying the desperate men in the rotting communities in the coal-rich hollows of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Kentucky, are likely to be inspired to go and do likewise when their employers appeal to them for comparable cooperation in installing automated equipment.

For the UMWA the fruits of cooperation have been almost as equivocal as they have been for its members. Its welfare fund still takes in \$10 million a month in royalties; its welfare reserves come to more than \$100 million; and it has another \$100 million in its own treasury, most of it invested in

coal companies, coal-carrying railroads, coal-burning utilities, and other enterprises. But the incubus of need among the jobless in the coalfields is monumental.

The pioneer UMWA welfare and retirement fund, which has distributed more than \$1.5 billion in benefits to miners and their families since its establishment just after World War II, has had to scale down its pension payments from \$100 a month to \$75, and also to impose much tighter eligibility rules for medical and hospital care. Now it is preparing to close four of its ten hospitals, the proudest of all the union's contributions to better health protection in regions in which the absence of decent medical facilities was once a national disgrace.

The volume of nonunion coal is creeping up. It represents more than one quarter of the national total, and in the embattled zones of eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, it is closer to half. This erosion in union strength is doubly disturbing because mechanization is continuing to gnaw away at the industry's manpower requirements, and thus at the union's membership potential. In the soft-coal fields, where 700,000 men worked after World War I and 500,000 after World War II, not many more than 150,000 are needed now to produce all the coal the country consumes.

How successfully the union will sustain the squeeze, no one is sure. The upheavals in Kentucky and Tennessee and the sporadic mutterings in other distressed areas come as the UMWA goes under new management for the second time in three years. W. A. "Tony" Boyle, a longtime Lewis lieutenant little known by anyone else, moved into the union presidency when Thomas Kennedy died in January. Boyle wears the protective mantle of Lewis' sponsorship, but the patriarch is eighty-three and his health has been too erratic to provide any assurance of sustained activity in support of his protégé. So long as Lewis is around, of course, there will be only one top man in the organization; he remains the Dalai Lama in the union hierarchy. The question is, what will happen to the structure when its massive main prop is removed?

Interestingly, the most acute worries on this score exist among the major coal producers. Fifteen years ago they would have welcomed the inner stresses in the union as an opportunity to move for wage cuts, or even to engineer a large-scale union-busting campaign. Now the heads of the principal coal companies have no desire to capitalize on the vast pool of unemployed miners or the tensions in the union for fear that they will

re-create the conditions of industrial chaos which almost killed coal as a competitive fuel a little over a decade ago.

The coal operators, whom Lewis used to assail as "the most corpulent of our native fat cats," have no hesitancy these days in acclaiming him as the industry's savior. What distresses them at least as much as it does anyone in the union is the prospect that the very policies that meant salvation for the industry will ultimately spell destruction for the union. "Perhaps in the end the United Mine Workers will become nothing but an investment trust," is the lament of one of Lewis' most ardent admirers on the management side.

If such anxieties exist in the union high command, they are carefully repressed. Lewis himself still serves as chairman of the National Coal Policy Conference, a post in which he succeeded George H. Love, chairman of the Consolidated Coal Company, largest of the commercial coal producers. The conference is a unique combination of labor and management in all the industries that have a substantial stake in coal (mining, manufacture of mine machinery, railroads, and utilities) to "speak with a common voice in the interest of coal, and thereby in the public interest of the nation." The industrial participants in the conference have a combined capital of \$32 billion.

This alliance, now engaged in a feverish fight at the White House and on Capitol Hill to curb imports of low-cost residual oil from Latin America, is expressive of a philosophy that has impelled the union toward ever closer partnership with the giants on coal's corporate front. The costs of mine mechanization have grown so enormous that the union has done everything in its power to encourage the pooling of companies into larger and larger aggregations of capital. Far from opposing mergers, it has exhibited so much antipathy to the continuance in operation of unstable small producers that one of its most vexing problems now is to repel charges that it conspires with the industrial titans to freeze the marginal mines out of business.

THE UMWA's headaches are of extra moment because the Lewis union and the Lewis image played such a pivotal role in the organization of all the mass-production industries and in establishing the pattern for collective bargaining in the New Deal-Fair Deal periods. The miners poured \$7.5 million of their own money into the old CIO and the unions it spawned in steel, automobiles, textiles, maritime, rubber, glass, electrical manufacturing, and other bastions of the open shop. The core of the organizing staff came out of the UMWA, and the visible symbol of the whole drive

to install industrial democracy in the billion-dollar corporations was Lewis himself.

There was majesty in the man, a majesty he has not lost even today. The imperiousness that made it impossible for him to take second place to anyone, from the President of the United States down, long ago estranged him from the mainstream of American labor. But no one who remembers the days of his glory can be oblivious to the imprint he and his miners have made on the fabric of unionism.

His indomitability in the face of the mighty made him the ideal spokesman for the army of coal-daubed warriors who backed him so unswervingly in his jousts with the operators, the White House, Congress, the courts, and all the outraged instruments of public opinion. The miner is a special breed, inured to working deep underground with death as his constant companion and disdainful of the lesser mortals who toil in the sunlight above his Stygian abode. His view of the rest of the world is as black as the coal he digs.

"The public does not understand, and I think never will," Lewis was wont to say in the years of his torment, "that almost spiritual fealty that exists between men who go down into the dangers of the mines and work together — that fealty of understanding and brotherhood that exists in our calling to a more profound degree than in any other industry. The public does not know that a man who works in a coal mine is not afraid of anything except his God; that he is not afraid of injunctions, or politicians, or threats, or denunciations, or verbal castigations, or slander — that he does not fear death."

Lewis' strength was his ability to give magniloquent expression to the sense of isolation of men working in an industry that was a mortician's paradise — men who had lain, as he did, in a tunnel with shirts pulled over their heads, faces buried in muck, and the roar of a mine explosion signaling the imminence of doom. Even with the improvements that have taken place in mine safety, the accident toll remains appalling. Last year 289 men were killed in the mines, and the fatality frequency rate was among the worst since the war.

IN SPITE of all these hazards, however, the miner is never sadder than when he becomes an examiner, all hope for another mine job gone. No industrial worker finds it harder to readjust. This is a difficulty that goes beyond the acquisition of new skills and the search for new fields of employment. It entails building a new life in a new world, the very world the miner has contemned and shut out through all his years underground.

His father and his father's father have been miners. He lives in a mine patch, in which all his neighbors are miners. His talk is of the mines: of the days when the companies owned everything, including the miners, and exercised their ownership with brutal disregard for human values; of the changes the union has brought; of the arcane pleasures, the serenity, the inner strength a man finds in Mother Earth's bosom. Uproot him, and he is afflicted by a strangeness, even terror, he never knew when he elbowed death aside in the mine.

That is why there is a special dimension to the human tragedies inflicted by mass unemployment in the coal states. Visit the anthracite fields of northeast Pennsylvania, where the number of mine jobs has shrunk from 170,000 to fewer than 10,000, and talk to a miner who has not worked in four years. "This valley is dead, but the woman is working in a cigar factory, and I had enough put by so we could dig into it when the two kids needed clothes for school or there was a doctor's bill to pay."

Travel to the bituminous fields in southwest Pennsylvania, and the story is no more cheerful. Three miners stand ankle-deep in "red dog," a mixture of slate and ash and mine waste, and discuss their future now that the mine has closed for good. Two are old enough to qualify for pensions. The other is still short of forty, but he has already resigned himself to failure in finding a job outside coal. "I'm just waiting," he confides, "till I can get lucky like these two fellows and draw my old age."

In Charleston, West Virginia, an unemployed coal-cutting machine operator, forced out of the pits ten years ago at the age of twenty-nine, describes the losing fight for decent subsistence he and his family of six have been waging ever since. He switched to work in a Bluefield lumberyard at less than half his pay as a mine worker. His new job went up in smoke when the yard caught fire, and he has been taking work on a catch-as-catch-can basis ever since, while his wife undergoes one costly operation after another for a ruptured spinal disc and relatives care for their children. "They'll be work; they's got to be," he says in a tone that is half threat, half prayer. "You'll see a lot more robbing and stealing if they ain't."

Hopelessness grips even the youngsters. Many, recognizing that the mines offered no security, left the coal towns before the 1959-1960 recession to seek employment in the steel mills of Pittsburgh, Youngstown, or Cleveland, or in the Detroit auto factories. But the combined impact of the business slump, automation, and their low seniority standing speedily shook them out of their newfound

careers. Now they are back, still barely of voting age, vegetating with their parents in the defeat that grips whole sections of West Virginia. The slow pace of job stimulation by such Kennedy-created agencies as the Area Redevelopment Administration has done nothing to lift them out of their despondency.

In Perry County, Kentucky, one family in every three is "on commodities." In somber silence the displaced persons of the mines queue up at the Hazard railroad siding and hold out their empty sacks for their government dole of surplus cornmeal, beans, canned meat, and butter. It is here in eastern Kentucky that the frustrations of the miners have found their most violent expression.

Roving bands of pickets, disowned by the UMWA, make sporadic forays across the mountain ridges. Their aim is to force a shutdown of the small mines — "dog holes," the miners call them — that are operating at wages far short of the union's basic scale of \$24.25 a day and that pay no royalties into the union welfare fund. Starvation is the spur that impels lifetime members of the union to work in these mines at half-scale. And starvation stirs the bitterness that drives their brother unionists to burn mine tipples and wreck trucks in defiance of union orders. Union leaders have no kind words either for those who work in the nonunion pits or for the self-anointed battlers who defend the union scale. They feel both are equally hurtful to the union's reputation for responsibility.

THESE conditions of near civil war are an ironic by-product of Lewis' effort to stabilize and civilize industrial relations in the coalfields. Even in the years when he was conducting long national strikes, he preached the necessity for making the mines more efficient through mechanization as the key both to the industry's competitive survival and to the raising of labor standards.

"The American coal operators never would have mechanized their mines unless they had been compelled to do so by the organization of the coal miners," he declared more than a decade ago. "The UMWA holds that labor is entitled to a participation in the increased productivity due to mechanization. We decided the question of displacement of workers by mechanization years ago. We decided it is better to have a half a million men working in the industry at good wages and high standards of living than it is to have a million working in the industry in poverty and degradation."

One result of this policy is that the American miner produces seven times as much coal in a day

as do the miners of Western Europe or the Soviet Union. The union wage rate here is more than triple the highest rates abroad, yet coal can be sold at one third the price that must be charged in other coal-producing countries. Indeed, most of our trade partners in the Common Market and other overseas industrial nations have found the delivered price of our coal so much lower than their own that they have established rigid import quotas and other exclusionist devices to protect their product in their own markets.

It is incontestable that the low prices made possible by mechanization have kept the industry alive. Without them, coal would have lost the customer that has become its mainstay and its one real hope for future expansion. This is the electrical utility industry, which now burns nearly 200 million tons of soft coal a year. Its consumption has nearly tripled since V-J Day, and it now accounts for almost half of all the coal used in the country.

What makes price so pivotal a consideration is that most big utilities are equipped to shift almost instantaneously from coal to oil or natural gas. Which fuel they use is determined by two factors, cheapness and assurance of uninterrupted supply. The accent on dependability of delivery to guarantee that there will be no break in power generation has been a potent element in persuading the UMWA and the major coal operators that peace makes more sense than strife in their relations.

By the time the last big conflict ended in 1950, after nine months in which the industry alternated between union-enforced three-day weeks and no-day weeks, several of the biggest utilities in the East and Middle West let it be known that they were prepared to write off coal permanently unless they could feel reasonably confident that coal would always be in their storage piles when they needed it. The flamboyant battles that culminated so often in government seizure of the mines, judicial no-strike orders, brownouts in the big cities, and legislative hysteria were ended. A new negotiating machinery was established, and labor-management cooperation was focused on expanding coal's markets. The union even set up its own research and marketing department to consult with the industry on advertising, transportation policy, and other measures to spur both efficiency and sales.

To be meaningful, however, as an incentive to increased utility orders, the stability of coal production had to be hitched to price economy. The dividends of cooperation in this direction are reflected in the fact that the mine price of coal today is lower than it was in 1948, despite an increase of \$10.20 in daily wages for the miners. A doubling of productivity in the last decade was chiefly re-

sponsible. Put in starker terms, one mechanized miner in 1960 could turn out as much coal as two could in 1950. The trend is still upward, with no real sign it will abate. Last year 15 million more tons of coal were mined than in 1961, with 3 million fewer man-hours of work.

A new pushbutton miner, already in use, can tunnel eight hundred feet into a coal seam and bring out more than a thousand tons of coal in one shift without a single man going underground. An operator at a remote-control panel in an air-conditioned cab outside the mine runs the machine via blips on a radar screen that tell him whether it is cutting coal or rock. Even this performance is puny by contrast with that of a giant stripping machine installed by the Peabody Coal Company to provide coal for a Tennessee Valley Authority power plant at Paradise, Kentucky. Taller than a twenty-story building, this machine is capable of uncovering 14,000 tons of coal a day — more coal than a thousand men can dig in the average mechanized deep mine. Yet just one man is required at the controls as the mammoth scoop gobbles up a mountainside of fuel.

Enormous as the savings have been from the man-displacing machinery, the pressure is constantly on from the utilities for still lower prices. Residual fuel oil from the Caribbean is so plentiful and so cheap on the East Coast that such companies as Consolidated Edison in New York have served what amounts to an ultimatum on the coal producers to bring down their delivered cost or see their market drown in oil.

Railroads, which derive more of their revenue from hauling coal than from any three other commodities combined, have been cooperating by authorizing sharp cuts in freight rates on large-volume shipments. The coal industry hopes for even greater economies in delivery if Congress will go along with a recommendation by President Kennedy for approval of a pipeline to carry pulverized coal from West Virginia to the Eastern seaboard. Here, however, the railroads are fighting against the industry as avidly as they are seeking to aid it through lower rail delivery rates.

These developments in transportation do not eliminate the drive to reduce prices at the mine — a drive that is fostered by the steel mills as well as the utilities. Steel is coal's only other big customer, even though its purchases have dropped by one third in the last five years. The railroads, which burned 130 million tons of coal a year in the war period, now use diesel oil almost exclusively. With price so crucial in retaining the markets coal now has and in expanding "coal by wire" — the conversion of coal into electricity at energy centers in the mine fields and its transmission over high-voltage lines to distant cities — more mech-

anization and more concentration of output in big mines seem probable. In other words, more coal with still fewer men.

WHERE does all this lead, for coal and for the union? The industry's prospects, after five lean years, seem brighter unless a fresh flood of residual oil washes away its utility sales. Coal will never climb back to the dominant position it held at the turn of the century, when it was the source of nine tenths of the country's energy. But it is unlikely to suffer a shrinkage in the one quarter of energy it still supplies, and the tonnage should climb modestly each year back toward the 500-million-a-year mark the industry now regards as the promised land.

The outlook for the union is bleaker. It forces difficult policy decisions on Tony Boyle, its new president, as the day approaches when Lewis must relinquish the scepter. Tom Kennedy never had to make these decisions, because illness kept him from functioning on any sustained basis from the time he assumed the top post at the age of seventy-two until his death three years later.

Boyle is an enigma to his associates in the union and to the industry. The fifty-eight-year-old leader has bushy red eyebrows and a fiery oratorical manner, but neither his eyebrows nor his prose style match those of his predecessor. He is essentially an administrator, who for twelve years served as a headquarters assistant, rendered almost invisible by the aura that always surrounded Lewis. Boyle's career started in the Montana mines, and this makes him an outsider in a union that has been dominated by the Appalachian districts since the Pennsylvania anthracite mines sank into virtual oblivion. Whether, once Lewis goes, a cabal of Appalachian district directors will undertake a palace revolution, no one can predict with certainty.

In the year and a half before the next convention, Boyle must shore up his hold on the throne by quelling the revolts in the border states, arresting the drift toward nonunion operation, and demonstrating his qualities as an independent leader. The question is how to do this. If Boyle seeks to make himself a hero by reopening the wage agreement for the first time since 1958 and pressing for higher wages or welfare payments, he courts disaster. The major producers, under the double pinch of utility demands for price cuts and the low-wage competition of nonunion mines, say they would have to meet any union call for higher labor costs with a counterdrive for reductions or outright abrogation of the contract. A good many might wind up operating nonunion.

The union wage is still among the highest in any major industry. It averages \$3.15 an hour in direct wages, and fringe payments bring the total labor bill to \$4.25 an hour — a rate higher than either auto or steel rates. In any event, the real concern in the mine regions is not a higher wage but greater assurance of employment — more jobs, not more money. This is the matter of most profound soul-searching in union ranks, because here again there is no good answer.

Lewis founded the welfare and retirement fund in the belief that it represented an adequate bulwark for the human casualties of mechanization. Its underlying premise was that "the care of the human element in industry should run inherently with the cost of production" and that a man was as essential as any other item in production costs. Today the fund, operating on a pay-as-you-go basis, is providing pensions for 66,500 retired miners. It gave \$124 million in insurance, hospital, and pension benefits of all kinds to 181,000 people last year.

This is a titanic burden to impose on the work done by a unionized work force of fewer than 120,000 — a royalty tax of roughly \$1000 a year for each working miner. The welfare fund does not begin to meet the needs of the coalfields; it does not even touch the needs of those orphaned from their pits by the onsurge of the machine. Yet, without mechanization the inadequacy would be infinitely more acute. The operator of the monster surface-mining machine at Paradise, Kentucky, for instance, would theoretically be the depositor of \$5600 a day in the welfare fund for each day that his machine ran at capacity. The eleven tons a day mined by the average deep miner puts only \$4.40 a day into the fund. And even that is mostly the result of the muscle-stretching help of machines. By the European standard of two tons of daily output, the fund would get only eighty cents for each man-day.

Whether Boyle will try to put the brakes on further mechanization is the industry's chief anxiety. He has indicated some fear that the process of displacement has gone too far. This sentiment emerged with special force in the testimony he gave in hearings after thirty-seven miners had perished in a methane dust explosion at United States Steel's big Robena mine in south-west Pennsylvania last December.

"This disaster," Boyle declared, "has confirmed the belief that I have held for some time — that we may be mechanizing the coal industry past the point of safety. Concern for production should not outweigh the industry's protection of the precious human lives in its custody."

The operators do not quarrel with the thesis that lives should not be sacrificed on the altar of

efficiency, but they are prepared to fight if it is translated into a general assault on further mechanization. They are convinced that the worst is over in terms of the squeeze-out of personnel through machines, a judgment that is not widely shared in the mine areas.

The explosive force in the coal states is not the dynamite the rebels carry to blow up the little wagon mines. It is the misery of wasted lives, of hunger, and of despair. "The people are not fighting the United Mine Workers," says Michael F. Widman, Jr., a longtime Lewis aide. "They're still wholeheartedly for the union. But we haven't found a substitute for eating in this country, and when the mines close a man goes into business for himself, even if it means undercutting everything he helped to build."

"Take a proud man who has spent all his life digging coal and tell him he must live on charity the rest of his life — that's a terribly destructive thing," is the comment of Widman's assistant, Joseph P. Brennan, a Notre Dame graduate and son of a district president.

"What has happened in bituminous," he warns, "will have to be multiplied by ten thousand for the whole sweep of the economy as automation takes hold. We must adjust socially to the technological changes that have taken place. The Industrial Revolution spawned the greatest prosperity the world has ever known; it also spawned the 'isms.' What will we have this time?"

This is the paramount question confronting our industrial society, and it finds its grimmest evocation in coal. The country, which reacted so viscerally to the long strikes in coal fifteen and twenty years ago, shows a remarkable indifference to the vastly greater waste of productive energy in the human junk piles of the Appalachian states. If America is to move with maximum speed toward the benefits technological innovation promises for a general lifting of living standards and for our maintaining a position of leadership in an increasingly industrialized world, there will have to be much more assertive evidence that we know how to deal with the problems that have arisen in coal.

To pretend that this is solely the challenge or the responsibility of the United Mine Workers or that all of it can be handled as a charge on the industry is hypocritical evasion. President Kennedy made West Virginia his special ward in the election campaign. He made the calamitous condition of its people graphic to the nation. Now two and a half years have passed, and it is questionable that we have even kept pace with the growth of need in this and all the other states in which tens of thousands of abandoned miners and their families are paying a grisly price for progress.

Sunday Evening

BY TED HUGHES

The sparrow whets
His stub weapon
And swites at a whistle —
Determined.

Everything prepares. The poplars, their leaves, their
Limp-necked spade-hands, feeling all round inside the air for
The comings and goings of apprehension.
Tree by tree they menace each other with the rumor —
Then stand trembling.

Nothing is ready, the sparrow curses, flings down
Things from the gutter.

While the sycamores are venturing to grow, to spread their
Nurseries of scissorwork, their huge webbed hands, and breathing deeply, preparing,

Their lizards spread enormous ruffs —

How much longer?

I have only to turn my head and the leaves crash, whole trees
Recoiling
On lolling springs — but at once, streaming they powerfully
Recover and are stilled
Like a football crowd at a near goal.
Then they lean their torn vast airless masks toward me —

Where?

The sparrow snaps all
His affairs shut in a
Tight case and goes off,
Furious.

I stand among puddles
Beneath these trees filling and brimming the air,
These staggering bouquets nobody knows how to accept.

THE SPLIT BETWEEN RUSSIA AND CHINA

by Edward Crankshaw

"Within the great drama of the Sino-Soviet struggle," says EDWARD CRANKSHAW, "the Moscow Conference of 1960 in its secret proceedings offers us a glimpse of the beginnings of a far greater drama — the transformation of Communism." Mr. Crankshaw, a leading authority on the U.S.S.R., is the author of CRACKS IN THE KREMLIN WALL.

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV first attacked Mao Tse-tung personally at the Bucharest Conference in June, 1960, but it was not until the autumn of that year that the great dispute between China and the Soviet Union was publicized within the Communist movement as a whole. At the Moscow Conference of eighty-one Communist parties from all over the world, held that November, Khrushchev denounced Mao as another Stalin; the senior Chinese Party secretary told Khrushchev to his face that his ideas were all wrong and that he was a revisionist; Enver Hoxha of Albania stood up in the Kremlin council chamber and called Khrushchev a trickster and a betrayer of Lenin. The quarrel then revealed was so bitter that even some of those who fully accepted the existence of a Sino-Soviet rift could hardly believe their eyes.

Since then more material has reached the West, largely through French and Italian Party sources, which throws light not simply on the Sino-Soviet quarrel, but more particularly on the strategy of Moscow Communism, on the preoccupations of the various fraternal parties, and on their relations with each other, with Moscow, and with Peiping. The whole future of the world Communist movement is bound up with these matters.

There were 108 speakers at the Moscow Conference, and some of them spoke twice. The obvious line of division was between the parties belonging to the Soviet bloc and those outside it. Within each category, another division made itself apparent — a division between those parties with a relatively strong and independent leadership and those which had no idea of independence. Thus, within the bloc the outstanding leaders were Gomulka of Poland and Kadar of Hungary. Both showed themselves completely in accord with Khrushchev in the matter of the Sino-Soviet dispute, but also capable of adding to the Moscow line and giving it their own gloss. Their speeches contrasted strongly in vitality and tone with those of the Romanian Georgiu Dej and the Bulgarian Zhivkov, who simply echoed energetically

the Khrushchev line; above all, with the abject performance of Ulbricht of East Germany, who repeated Khrushchev's actual phrases. Outside the bloc the differences were far more complicated.

The men who blurted out a large part of the truth, which everyone else was carefully ignoring, were the delegates for the Dominican Republic and Haiti. Both of them said that the bad relations between the Chinese and Soviet parties were the result of bad state relations between the U.S.S.R. and the Chinese People's Republic; the Chinese could prove their good faith by settling their state differences with the U.S.S.R. Nobody else touched on the heart of the matter — namely, great-power rivalry between the Soviet Union and China. All the rest, except those few who sided with China or adopted an attitude of neutrality in the dispute, played the game according to the rules.

The rules were laid down in advance by the Russians. Many of the delegations from parties outside the bloc were resentful of Soviet pressuring and lobbying and entered St. George's Hall in the Kremlin in a slightly mutinous mood. If the Chinese — to say nothing of the Albanians — had been more subtle, tactful, and devious, they could have won for themselves far more support. As it was, by conceding nothing; by attacking the Soviet comrades with almost brutal violence; by refusing to admit the least justification for the least criticism of their conduct; by their terrifying contempt for the consequences of nuclear war; most of all, by their glorying in the charges of "fractionalism" (the worst crime in the Communist calendar) flung at them by Khrushchev and others, they alienated all sympathy and turned some of the delegations who were most angry with the Russians into fervent supporters of Khrushchev's cause.

I do not propose to recapitulate the account of the Chinese, Albanian, and Soviet speeches which provided the immediate spectacular element of the conference. Since then their substance, if not the more personal items of abuse, has been repeated many times: by the Russians in their attacks on the Albanians; by the Chinese in their attacks first on the Yugoslavs, then on the Italians. But it would be well to summarize the main points of the doctrinal quarrel, as outlined in a special commentary by Suslov, of the Party Presidium, which was given to all the delegates. Suslov's argument did not go into personalities or into the power aspects of the differences already revealed to many of the faithful at the Bucharest Conference in the summer of 1960, but it did set out with some clarity the general lines of the ideological quarrel:

The Chinese have wholly failed to appreciate

the changes which have taken place since Lenin's day, particularly in the relationship between political and economic forces. They are thus incorrectly interpreting the basic principles of Lenin.

They oppose the Soviet thesis that the forces of socialism can prevent war. Only a short time ago they were saying that, given fifteen years of peace, war could be banished forever from the face of the earth. Now they have reversed themselves; it is impossible, they say, to prevent the imperialists from making war.

This exposes a contradiction. While the Chinese nominally support the thesis of peaceful coexistence, in the same breath they insist that war is inevitable. They cannot have it both ways. Either we have war or we have peace; there is no third way. "The Soviet Union cannot allow the capitalists to destroy humanity."

The Chinese also say that the Soviet Union is helping the bourgeois nationalists to seize power in many countries. But without making war, there is no other way. The fact that the present course of the struggle for Communism involves a certain maneuvering does not at all mean that the Soviet Union has lost sight of its ultimate objective.

The Chinese talk about the desirability of local wars; but local wars can lead only to world war.

The Chinese attitude is leading to the isolation of China and the Communist countries. Above all, the Soviet Union deplores their refusal to sit down at the same table with bourgeois delegates at one congress after another. This only weakens the campaign to win more adherents in the struggle for peace.

Finally, the Chinese have spoken with reservations on the fight against the cult of personality. They have done this in spite of the fact that other Communist countries regard this matter as settled.

So much for Suslov. It was left to Khrushchev, Gomulka, and others to inject into their speeches the more dramatic and picturesque charges with which we are now familiar.

The obvious grouping of the extra-bloc parties was by geographical area, and indeed there were marked differences in the attitudes of the Asian, European, Middle Eastern, and Latin-American parties. (The failure of Communism in Africa was brought home by the fact that in all that great continent the only parties represented were those of the Union of South Africa, Sudan, and, in the north, Algeria, Morocco, and the United Arab Republic.)

On the whole it is fair to say that Asia, apart from India and Nepal, showed itself either on the Chinese side (Burma, North Korea, Malaya) or neutral (North Vietnam, Thailand, and Japan). Interestingly, both the Australian and New Zealand Communist parties were also pro-Chinese.

The few Arab parties (especially those of Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq) were the most violently anti-Chinese, but at the same time indicated a certain concealed resentment at Moscow's championship of Nasser. Algeria was rather a special case, markedly pro-Russian but not viciously anti-Chinese. The European parties outside the bloc were to a man anti-Chinese. The most interesting situation of all revealed itself in the Latin-American group: here all the official delegates were solidly anti-Chinese, but so deeply concerned with their own internal problems that they were not prepared as a body to endorse uncritically everything said or done by Moscow.

Yet, within this general pattern there were variations, and the local and national preoccupations and problems concealed by the bleak, bland front of the international Communist movement came out with startling clarity and force.

LATIN AMERICA

The Latin Americans ranged in type and character from the Brazilian Prestes, with his elder-statesman calm, to Mora of Costa Rica, who opened his speech by saying that he felt rather intimidated by this vast array of experienced Party leaders, and a little dazed, "rather like a peasant up from the country to visit a big city for the first time." Prestes, at the other end of the scale, spoke easily and discursively about the particular problems of Latin America as a whole, not only for Brazil. He had a real contribution to make to the understanding both of Moscow and Peiping, and he knew it. He spoke like a man quietly disillusioned but confident and determined still, and with all time before him. He did not seek to flatter the Russians, though he acknowledged their experience. There were problems, he seemed to imply, which he and many other lesser Communists had to live with every day, problems undreamed of in the palaces of the Kremlin: never mind, they were quite capable of looking after themselves. He did not abuse the Chinese. He said they were making mistakes, and he would like to point out to them, very gently, that they were not being very clever in Latin America; too often, no doubt out of ignorance, the comrades they chose to back were the ones most likely to bring the cause into disrepute and slow down the advance of Communism.

What he was talking about was revealed more clearly in speeches from the delegates for Argentina, Bolivia, Uruguay, Mexico, Venezuela, Paraguay, Colombia, and, again, Costa Rica. The last four said they hoped to profit much by the conference, because they were suffering within their own parties precisely the sort of dissension that

now existed between the Soviet Union and China. The delegate from Paraguay said his party had been split from top to bottom, and it was all the fault of China. The others were less recriminatory, but their general tone was very much against China's advocacy of revolutionary violence. The Costa Rican delegate said that his own party had been shattered by the Costa Rican civil war; the delegate from Colombia complained that his party was being embarrassed by adventurist pressure on Colombian youth to engage in violence and partisan warfare; the delegate from Venezuela spoke in much the same vein. Both Mexico and Uruguay came out sharply against the Chinese line. It was the delegate for Uruguay who first imported the word "Trotskyite" into the discussion. "Only Trotskyites," he said, "opposed the struggle for peace." The delegate for Mexico denounced the Chinese for impeding the progress of Communism and all humanity.

The general Latin-American feeling was best summed up by Escalante of Cuba. Cuba, he said, had indeed succeeded, where others had failed, by violence. But Cuba was a very special case. There would certainly be need for violence in some countries, but for others to copy blindly the Cuban method might be a very grave mistake. Only the delegate for Guatemala boasted with wistful pride that his party still had a nucleus of armed warriors.

A rather different tone began to manifest itself deeper in the Caribbean. The delegates for Martinique, Guadeloupe, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic came out firmly for Khrushchev but were not quite sure about violence. Guadeloupe in particular thought violence might very often be necessary to overturn existing regimes. Martinique and Guadeloupe wanted to go on record as being profoundly grateful to the French party for training, help, and advice. Haiti and the Dominican Republic, as already mentioned, distinguished themselves by insisting that the trouble between the Russians and the Chinese was due to bad state relations — that is, great-power rivalry.

The South Americans as a whole were particularly indignant with the Chinese for their violent criticism of Khrushchev's flirtation with Eisenhower and his visit to the United States. The delegate for Colombia, speaking of China's fury at Khrushchev's calling Eisenhower a man of peace, said, "The Chinese must not confuse diplomatic gestures by a head of state, as in the case of Khrushchev's remarks about Eisenhower, with considered statements of the Communist Party." Mora of Costa Rica said that without Khrushchev's visit to America the Costa Rican party would still have been outlawed. But none of the Latin Americans were as fulsome about Khrush-

shchev as the Europeans. The Latin Americans supported him, but with a cool eye, a mood best expressed by Jesús Faria of Venezuela, who said the Russians as well as the Chinese must do more to maintain unity and prevent further schisms while safeguarding the principles of Leninism. He was not altogether pleased, either, with uncritical genuflections to Moscow. Moscow in the past had made plenty of mistakes, and he thought too much praise was being given to the Soviet party.

THE MIDDLE EAST

The mood changed very sharply indeed in the Mediterranean countries. In the Arab countries the cause of Communism appeared to be hopelessly mixed up with nationalism in general and a burning hatred of Nasser in particular. Since Nasser has been demonstratively helped and patronized by the Russians; since the Chinese have come out so strongly against the idea of Communists' giving help to "bourgeois nationalist" governments of any kind (above all, those of Nehru, Sukarno, and Nasser); since the whole position of the Soviet Union vis-à-vis the Middle East in general and Iraq in particular is equivocal to a degree and clearly concerned with *Weltpolitik* rather than with ideological struggle, it might have been expected that the Arab Communists would turn to China. Probably the main reason for their loyalty to Russia lies in the fact that they see the Soviet Union as a shield against Israel.

Syria and Lebanon were the most violent in their condemnation of China. The Lebanese delegate attacked China for "brutal violation" of the resolutions of the 1957 Moscow Conference. The Syrian delegate went so far as to ask whether the Chinese party should not be cast out from the bosom of the Communist world. But for them, and for the Jordanian delegate, the big issue was the existence of Nasser. Lebanon accused him of murdering prisoners; the Syrian delegate, while charging China with being more nationalist than Communist, of treating all criticism as a declaration of war, of imposing a gigantic burden of toil, beyond human strength, on the Chinese people, spoiled the effect of his rhetoric by adding, "Just like Nasser!" In a word, the performance of the Arab parties was not such as to inspire much confidence in Moscow, which may explain a good deal.

The comrades from the North African littoral were a good deal more stimulating. The Algerian delegate spoke very much to the point on the matter of peace and nonviolence. Nobody, he said, could accuse Algeria of shirking violence, but what Algeria wanted in November, 1960, was peace. The Russians understood why and helped

the Algerians in sensible ways. But the Chinese could think of nothing better to do than condemn them for trying to negotiate with De Gaulle. The delegate from Morocco was also very clearly on the Russian side — socialism would not come through war. A number of countries, he went on, had liberated themselves without war, and others would follow. The Moroccan party had supported the Moroccan bourgeoisie in its anti-imperialist struggle and would continue to do so. It had been deeply hurt by the Chinese attitude.

THE FAR EAST

Even in the Far East there were not many wholly pro-Chinese; but there was a more general leaning toward the violent solutions favored by Peiping. There was also, as among the Arab countries, a fairly complete absence of comprehension (apart from the Indian delegate) of the larger issues. This applied especially to an understanding of the Khrushchev line of supporting any anti-imperialist government so long as it assisted in undermining Western influence.

North Korea, interestingly, formally thanked the Soviet Union for all the help it had given, together with the Chinese, in "the war of liberation"; but the North Korean delegate offered much implicit criticism of the soft Khrushchev line and the Russian attempt to railroad the conference into condemning China. Burma, definitely pro-Chinese, was at pains to elaborate the Chinese case that it was nonsense to accuse Peiping of being warlike. The Indonesian delegate, who had, like the North Vietnamese, set himself up as a mediator between the two parties, agreed with the Russians that the Chinese had erred in seeking to use mass organizations such as the Trade Union and Student Conferences to agitate against the Russians; but he was far more Chinese than Russian in demanding immediate assistance to all those engaged in "wars of liberation," and he considered that, although the peaceful winning of power by Communists was conceivable in some countries, it could happen only in exceptional cases. He maintained, furthermore, that alliances between Communists and bourgeois nationalist parties were dangerous and double-edged expedients. Malaya, as might be expected, was all for violence and very strongly pro-Chinese.

Rather surprisingly, North Vietnam, in the person of Ho Chi Minh, did not come out wholly on China's side. It offered a classical exposition of the problems facing Communist movements in the struggle against colonial and excolonial powers, and the emphasis of this exposition was decidedly pro-Chinese. But Ho Chi Minh ended up by expressing neutrality. Perhaps this was because

he, more than some, was vividly aware of the point made by Khrushchev that China, for all its lofty talk about the iniquity of Moscow in propping up bourgeois nationalist governments, was not above the same sort of activity when it suited it, as in Laos and Cambodia. Perhaps he remembered that for all its talk of violent solutions, China patiently put up with the British in Hong Kong and the Portuguese in Macao.

Great bitterness toward China was displayed by the Indian delegate, Ghosh. In him, nationalism and Khrushchevism walked hand in hand. The Indian party, he said, was supporting Nehru in his fight for peace and would continue to do so. The Chinese were making things impossibly difficult for all Indian comrades. The Indian party had been snubbed by Peiping time and time again, and Chinese action on the Indian frontier had caused deep injury to the Communist cause.

EUROPE

The European delegates lifted the whole debate to a far more sophisticated level, a level only touched otherwise by one or two of the Latin Americans. Within the bloc, Gomulka of Poland and Kadar of Hungary showed conviction, subtlety, and understanding. Outside it, the Italian delegate, Longo, was incomparably the most effective speaker, and also the most radical thinker, though Hagberg of Sweden and Vincent of Switzerland indicated clearly that they too had independent minds. All of them, and Thorez of France, expressed sharp impatience with the ossification of Communist thought and jargon. Hagberg even wanted to drop the phrase "the dictatorship of the proletariat." He said bluntly, "This is an unattractive phrase in Sweden. . . . It is wrong to try to analyze the events of the day by recourse to the theories of yesterday. . . . There is no sense in going on repeating what Lenin once said without taking note of the changes since his day."

The Europeans were far more preoccupied with the imperative necessity of avoiding nuclear war, of avoiding any action, including the fighting of a local war, which might conceivably lead to a major war. The American delegate, Jackson, in the understatement of the year announced that he could not possibly go back to New York and try to capture the American workers by telling them that the way to Communism must lie through nuclear war.

All this was understandable and at the same time reassuring. So was the emphasis placed by the extra-bloc Europeans on achieving power by peaceful means, by capturing mass movements of a progressive kind, by infiltrating trade unions.

La Passionara, the Spanish heroine, was particularly contemptuous about the Chinese talk of violent solutions. The Spanish comrades, she said, had been boycotted by the workers for a decade when they practiced, or tried to practice, guerrilla tactics, but now that they were concentrating on infiltrating the unions and helping the workers in their struggle for better living conditions, they were getting on like a house afire. The sense of what she said was supported in a sad speech by the delegate from Greece, who hoped that fraternal parties would profit from the example of the Greek party, which had been ruined and made ineffective for years to come because it had once engaged in a losing civil war.

Gollan, the British delegate, said that each party must follow its own path; the British way would be different from the Russian way. He gave the Chinese a short lesson on what it is like to be English. They failed entirely to understand, he said, the long traditions of the English working class and the strength of the social democratic labor movement. He, with others, underlined the real meaning of the campaign for general disarmament, which was the greatest weapon in the hands of Communists for "paralyzing imperialism." He boasted — a little prematurely, as it turned out — that the British Communists had helped the left wing of the Labor Party to defeat its right wing.

It remained for Hagberg of Sweden and Longo of Italy to state boldly and shatteringly where all this was leading. The Social Democrats, said Hagberg, had been in power in Sweden for many years. The Swedish Social Democrats, moreover, were a typical working-class party. Communists would get nowhere by abusing them. What was more, in the long-term view, the Swedish Communists had no desire to annihilate the Social Democrats; rather, they worked for the day when the two parties would be fused into one.

This epoch-making remark, which a few years ago would have been received as black heresy, was not challenged. It was made on the first day of the conference and it was picked up and elaborated on the third day by Signor Longo.

Longo's speech, or the greater part of it, has been published not only in Italy but also in the Polish press. It was the forerunner of Togliatti's speech to the Italian Party Congress two years later, the speech in which the Italian Communist leader (the Italian party is numerically the strongest in the world outside the bloc, save for the special case of Indonesia) said in effect that the Italian Communists were not interested in theories and dogma but only in achieving a better life for the masses; they did not care how this was achieved, or whom they had to work with; they

looked forward, moreover, not to the victory of Communism as such but to the creation, with the help of all men of goodwill, of a new international order, no matter what it is called.

Togliatti's speech attracted the special wrath of the Chinese and caused them to put out the special article in *People's Daily* on December 31, 1962, entitled "The Differences between Signor Togliatti and Us." It was that article, widely publicized by the Chinese themselves, which stimulated the Soviet response in the *Prauda* article of January 7, 1963. And between them those two articles cover in greater detail than anything else publicly stated before the fundamental ideological differences of the two sides. But the whole of Togliatti's Rome speech had been implicit in Longo's speech to the Moscow Conference.

Already, in 1960, the Italian delegate was speaking like an equal of Khrushchev or Mao, as befitted a leader of the party which invented the concept of "polycentrism." He attacked the Chinese as an equal, too.

The Chinese onslaught, he said, meant an attempt to undo all the good work done by the 20th and 21st Congresses of the Soviet party. He put in better language than anybody else what so many of the Europeans were thinking about the Chinese doctrine that the Communists must still reckon with the possibility of war. "Any idea of this kind," he said, "would sap all impulse and vigor of action from the masses. The masses cannot be made to struggle for objectives which we ourselves declare to be unrealizable. On the other hand, it should be remembered that without precise and energetic action on our part to mobilize the people against imperialist war, the way would be left open to imperialist propaganda, which seeks to blunt and distract the vigilance of the masses and spreads the slander that Communists do not oppose war and that they believe in the slogan 'the worse the better,' because they wish to achieve socialism by means of war. If we do not refute calumnies of this kind with clear pronouncements on the possibility of avoiding imperialist war and do not work continuously to organize the masses for the defense of peace, we risk losing the sympathy of the broad masses, whose highest aspiration is the achievement of peace."

Longo then explained why the Italian party devoted so much time and energy not to propagating Communist doctrine but to fighting for what he called "structural reforms" — that is to say, all reforms calculated to give the workers more power and better living conditions.

This, coupled with the speech of Hagberg, the Swedish delegate, was a revolutionary contribu-

tion. It meant that the Communist parties of Italy and Sweden had embraced, with Khrushchev's approval and in face of the wrathful scorn of the Chinese, the great anti-Bolshevik heresy, reformism. Reformism means working directly and immediately for the amelioration of the poor, the downtrodden, the underprivileged, even if this involves cooperating intimately and indefinitely with the bourgeois. It means putting social reform first and doctrine a bad second. It means turning one's back on the class struggle and working for class cooperation, leading to class fusion. Bolshevism, Leninism, Stalinism mean the reverse of this; they mean working to exacerbate the relations between capital and labor, to reach the better through the worse, so that one day the workers, in desperation, will rise up and overthrow their masters by violent means.

The Chinese thus are better Bolsheviks than the Italians and the Khrushchevite Russians. For Khrushchev, too, is moving tentatively along the Italian path; at home he is more interested, for a variety of reasons, in prosperity than in doctrine, and he is more interested in achieving what he calls Communism (which is not what Stalin meant by Communism, though it is more nearly what Communism should mean) throughout the globe by economic rather than violent means.

Thus, within the great drama of the Sino-Soviet struggle, the Moscow Conference of 1960 in its secret proceedings offers us a glimpse of the beginnings of a far greater drama — the transformation of Communism into something quite different, with the Chinese bitterly standing guard over the Ark of the Covenant.

Signor Longo's speech was not an individual heresy. In December, 1962, Signor Togliatti endorsed it all and added to it. And the latest proof that the Italian Communists are really working on the lines indicated by Longo is their formal attachment to the idea of the Common Market, at first comprehensively denounced by all good Communists, from Khrushchev down, as an imperialist conspiracy against the former colonial countries and the Soviet bloc itself. Moscow has still not sorted out its attitude toward the Common Market. But the Italians have not been denounced for supporting it. And their reason for supporting it, that it is raising the standard of living of the Italian workers (which good Bolsheviks would seek to reduce, in order to force violence), has been accepted quite mildly by Khrushchev. Khrushchev himself has since proved by the new accommodation he has reached with the Yugoslav League of Communists that he, too, is in a thoroughly heretical and experimental state of mind.

A Rough Map of Greece



Mykonos-style

BY PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Travelers have been reading with rising interest the articles about Greece by PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS, a member of the ATLANTIC staff who last spring made an independent exploration of the Greek mainland and the islands. This is the third article to result from her travels, and there will be more.

MYKONOS lay in a horseshoe of yellow light along the black water. Single sparks shot out toward the ship, and the Englishwoman who had spent the trip down from Piraeus discovering that gin and oranges are cheaper in London sighed, "Lighters again."

The lighters were loaded in the normal Greek manner, which combines brisk efficiency with an inordinate bellowing racket, and quickly landed everyone on a stone jetty lined with restaurants and coffee shops. There appeared to be nothing behind these buildings, whose pale facades stood out sharply against a great dark. One green light floated inexplicably in the starless sky, and a hotel sign flickered on the inner curve of the harbor. There was not a vehicle in sight.

The proprietor of the nearest restaurant said, "Hotel Xenía? My son will show you. You'd never find it alone." He yelled for Stavros, and a boy popped out of the shadows and took my bag. It was a little bag, but Stavros was a little boy. In his hand, the luggage barely cleared the ground. He would not part with this unsuitable bag for any persuasion, and set off lopsidedly into the night with the thing banging against his left anklebone.

Away from the glare of the waterfront, things began to take shape in a curious light of their own. We were in a narrow street paved with flat square

stones which canted slightly toward the street's center. From the edge of the paving, blank house walls rose directly, broken by an occasional flight of stairs, a dark doorway, a low balcony. Walls, stairs, and even the stones underfoot shone with a faint nacreous glow. All Mykonos had been whitewashed for Easter, and the paint still lay thick from pavement to chimney pot, catching and reflecting light even under a clouded night sky.

Five minutes' walk through a maze of alleys brought us out on the beach. It was deserted, and the sea rustled sadly in the dark. I began to lose faith in Stavros, for sand infiltrated my shoes and we continued to plod south into limbo. Had the child forgotten his compass? And what possessed his father to let the poor little fellow blunder about a lightless wilderness with a tourist who might, for all proof to the contrary, be a practicing cannibal?

"Here now," said Stavros, "Xenía." We had arrived at the top of a small rise. A sort of tower glimmered ectoplasmically on the right, and straight ahead was a row of sturdy electric lights. Stavros delivered me to the desk with calm dignity and left by the nearest exit, which happened to be a window.

The clerk muttered, "Mykonos-style," and assigned me a key and a guide. The Xenía is a very

new hotel laid out around a sprawling garden and broken up into separate sections — long, narrow two-story buildings, where all the rooms have private balconies overhanging either the flowers or the sea. The doors give landward on open galleries.

The maid and I pattered among oleander bushes and along cool stone paths, and I was soon established in what I considered the best hotel room in Greece. The marble floor sparkled. There were comfortable chairs in light wood and bright canvas, a long marble slab that did duty as desk or dressing table or both, bookshelves, and three reading lamps, including one over the bed.

The *Xenía* is listed as second-class, and all these pleasant conveniences cost, in May, a little more than three dollars a day, with two meals thrown in. They were unusual meals for a tourist hotel. The chef is not addicted to Continental cooking — that buttery bore offered by Greek hotelkeepers in the kindly delusion that foreigners will die without boiled potatoes and five courses. Dinner at the *Xenía* began with a feathery omelet full of interesting trifles; proceeded to a huge salad, generally based on the island's limitless variety of fish; and ended with pastry or fruit. Wine is extra, of course, and so is any other liquor.

I was never able to understand the logic that ranks a charming beach hotel below the nineteenth-century warhorses on the waterfront. It may be the walk down the sand, to which there is no alternative, or the fact that the customer who wants a martini must go behind the bar and teach a waitress how to mix it, or some obscure squabble with the Mykonos authorities.

The manager of the place is an off-islander. I found him behind the desk in the morning, cranking up an antique telephone that hardly matched its glass and teakwood environment. Once the machine was activated, the manager roared into it. The telephone squeaked, tinkled, and quit. He hung up with a crash and tried the crank again. This time something took effect, and a conversation ensued in even louder roars. Hanging up for the second time, the manager shrugged and remarked, "Mykonos-style," in the tone of one who has explained everything. No, he could not direct me to *Vienoúla's* weaving shop. I must ask on the waterfront. Only the natives understand this town.

ONLY the natives understand any town, but viewed from between the squat gateposts of the *Xenía*, Mykonos didn't look formidable. The haunted tower proved to be the first of a row of old windmills. The further mills displayed idling

donkeys and drying wash, but the first one was working. The twelve small pointed sails circled slowly in the wind, and the miller, powdered with flour, leaned out of the upper window looking for an audience. There is no practical reason for running this mill; it works purely to amuse visitors.

The inside of the mill was painted as white as the outside, all the angles softened into gentle curves by years of wear and whitewash. At the top of the narrow stairs, the miller grinned hospitably and pointed to the great wooden shaft running straight across the room, revolving with the turning sails. The wooden machinery creaked and purred like a sailing ship, the stones whispered together, flour hung in the air like a thin fog and frosted every surface.

Having drawn attention to the shaft, the gears, the stones, and the trickling flour, the miller prepared to demonstrate the full glory of a Mykonian mill. The island was once a great milling center, grinding grain brought from all the surrounding islands and far into the mainland. In order to accommodate all this trade, the Mykonians built their mills with movable tops. The entire thatched roof, the sail wheel, and the shaft are set on a circular wooden base which rests on a wooden rim fitted to the top of the stone tower. By the use of bars and a lever, the whole upper works can be made to revolve, and so set to catch a wind from any quarter. There was no seasonal limit to grinding on Mykonos, which always has a wind blowing from somewhere.

The miller explained all this without English, leading me by the wrist from one point to another and working each item of the mill's mechanism very slowly with exaggerated stage motions. His only commercial ambition was the sale of post-cards.

Down the slope beyond the mill, and much closer than it had seemed in the dark, the town blazed salt white in the sun. The skyline rambled in a jumble of block shapes peppered with an extraordinary number of small cross-crowned domes. Mykonos is noted for its excessive supply of churches and chapels, reputedly the result of pious bargaining. Any man in danger on sea or, less probably, land used to vow a chapel to a suitable saint in return for rescue. If he survived, the chapel was built. Some of them are hardly large enough to hold the priest, and most are used only once a year, on the day of their saint. They are scattered through the town and all across the island, perched on rocks and hilltops or cropping up in the midst of pastures and vegetable gardens. There probably isn't a square foot of Mykonos from which some part of some chapel is not visible.

In addition to winds, whitewash, and three hundred churches, the island is renowned for the

neighboring presence of sacred Delos, for a pet pelican, and for handweaving. I had been told also that there were no trees on the place, but this proved to be a traveler's yarn. There are several trees on Mykonos, carefully maintained in back gardens by their fortunate owners, and even one or two on the streets.

The first downhill alley led me to the waterfront. "Alley" is probably the wrong word. The streets of the town, shadowed by vine-hung balconies and ornamented by red or blue house doors and pots of flowers, are quite wide enough for a loaded donkey or a small cart. A two-horse wagon would have to choose its route carefully, not only for general width but for tight corners and outside staircases. The passage of an automobile is inconceivable. There was no thought of such things when the town was built.

Mykonos nonetheless maintains a small bus and several taxis. They roost in the open square behind the harbor, where the road leads off to the lead mine and the villages on the other side of the island.

The harbor glittered peacock green; the town glittered with whitewash and the bright awnings of the restaurants. In the lee of a small church that stood half on the paving and half on the sand, a man with large, bare, sunbrowned feet was working on a fishing net, removing the weakened outer edges. He hooked his toes into the net, anchoring it to the ground, lifted a section in his left hand until the edge pulled taut, and with his right hand ripped away the line of cable and cork floats. He then cut away a foot or so of the mesh behind the ripped edge, dropped the net, raised his foot, brought up another section of edge, and started all over again. The strip of discarded mesh settled in a neat pile beside his unemployed foot. The float cable fell into a coil beyond it. He worked with the steady, unconsciously graceful motions of a man who knows his job and hasn't made a mistake at it in twenty years. He was wearing a hat left behind by some female tourist, a straw bucket encircled with blue satin ribbon and spotted with pink silk roses.

EXCEPT for the net expert, the waterfront offered no action at all. The Sunday jangle of bells had taken the islanders to church, and the Delos boat had removed most of the tourists, who would come chugging back at two o'clock, cultured and hungry, to find every restaurant displaying a mountain of freshly boiled lobsters. The relation between visits to Delos and the consumption of lobsters is worth serious study. Since nobody offered to photograph them, the two tame peli-

cans, bravos fat on free fish, sulked in the shade of a beached dory.

The shipping office was open, however. It usually is. It occupied one corner of a variety store selling postcards, pottery, rugs, brass trinkets, fur hats, hand-knit sweaters, miniature Parthenons made of compressed marble dust, sunglasses, straw hats, skirts with classical key borders in metallic thread, antimacassars, embroidery, and anything that can possibly be made of Mykonian homespun. After a suitable discussion of cabin reservations, the purchase of postcards, and the small cup of coffee without which progress in Greece, though possible, is barbarous, I asked for Vienoúla. "Simple," said the shipping man. "Take the street by the film shop. Follow it to the house where those artist fellows sell their pictures. Turn right, and it's just beyond, on your right. If you come to three trees and a public fountain, you've passed it."

Turning back from the public fountain, I found it. It was the house I had taken for the site of a family party, and in a way I was right. Because of her kindly nature and fluent English, Vienoúla Kousathána is revered as an adopted aunt and a bulwark of defense by the foreign colony on Mykonos, half of which was drinking coffee and gossiping in her shop. The room was cool after the hot street, and the dimness was full of brilliant color and a clattering competition of English and Greek. Below the talk ran a soft bass beat, the creak and thud of a handloom in action.

The walls of the small white room (not so dim after all) were lined with shelves from which bolts of cloth bulged and dripped streamers of bright woolen. Beside the door, a wall counter was piled with hats, aprons, and belts. The wall above it was hung with finished garments, shirts and blouses and pleated skirts. The loom stood to the left of the door, beside the window. A shy-faced girl was weaving. Beyond her, mountains of sweaters, rugs, and bedspreads occupied a chest and a small table. At the back of the room Vienoúla, a large woman with a sweet, clever face and a harassed expression, leaned against a worktable discussing technical problems with a knitter who had gone astray on a sweater sleeve. A second room behind her seemed to be filled with hanks of yarn. In the center of things, a tall Greek with a solid American accent was telling Athenian news to a couple of gentlemen who had the look of the Caribbean about them. A second knitter sat waiting for Vienoúla's attention. Several neighbors chatted with the weaver. Two very thin young persons in blue jeans, jerseys, and short haircuts squatted on their heels against the pile of sweaters, because the chairs were long since bespoken. Everybody except the weaver had a coffee cup in

hand, including two actual legitimate customers who were beating their way slowly but inexorably toward the sweaters.

These sweaters are splendid boxy things made on large needles from a strong, wiry, loose-fibered yarn in natural colors. The wool ranges from thick, creamy white to a dark brown that must have grown on a sheep of bad character. One of the customers, resorting to a boardinghouse reach, took up several of the garments and gasped as the whole pile slid forward over the head of a jeans wearer. The blond hair rose unruffled through the cascade of knitting. "That's all right," said a placid feminine voice. "We have to go anyway." The pair dug out languidly and rambled away down the street.

The customer was contrite, but Vienoúla said it was no matter. This boy and girl wanted a place to live, she explained, but they had no money. She had found them a place for nothing, "but they never sweep. They lie there, and so does the dirt." The landlord took notice, and now they needed another place and Vienoúla had doubts of finding one, with the tourist season coming on. "Let them sleep on the beach," said the tall Greek-American. "They're beatniks and should be used to it."

Vienoúla wanted to know what beatniks were and got conflicting explanations from the Greek-American, the customers, the Latins, and me. She summed it all up as, "Beatniks don't believe in sweeping."

The customers went away with sweaters. The knitters went away with instructions. Vienoúla said she always got behind on Sundays and must now put up her sign. This meant hanging half a dozen shirts, skirts, and hats outside the door after the regular Greek fashion. Every fourth house sported such enticements, stripes of blue, red, green, black, and yellow splashed against the white walls. The open doors beside them invariably gave on weaving rooms.

The friends who had advised me to look for Vienoúla claimed that she knew all about weaving on the island. She agreed, with no hypocritical modesty, that she did and would gladly talk about it. She had got as far as "Weaving on Mykonos—" when her son appeared from the back room and announced, "The wool is here."

Vienoúla excused herself. It was new wool, and she must take it all out of the bags and exanine it before buying. Wool from young sheep, it seems, is too weak, and from old sheep, too stiff to make good yarn. Evidently this wool was respectably middle-aged, for the transaction was soon over and we sat down once more to "Weaving on Mykonos—" This time history was interrupted by a man looking for Stavros.

"The farmer?" asked Vienoúla. No, the artist. A Mykonian artist was an interesting topic, and I wanted to know exactly what Stavros did. It brought down the house. I had collided with the habit of nicknames.

It is island custom for every man to name his oldest son for his own father. Presumably the system dates back to a time when patronymics prevented confusion, but patronymics have given way to family names. At present, when Laertes Ajaxson (if anybody on Mykonos has this improbable name, I apologize, for he is not the man I mean) has six sons, they produce in time six little cousins, all named Laertes Ajaxson. Nicknames are the only way to avoid chaos, and they are concocted with enormous and sometimes comic ingenuity. The case of Stavros the artist, however, was simple. He had been teaching two Latin Americans, both artists, and several of their friends, also artists, to do Greek dances. Hence, by association, Stavros the artist. There seemed also to be an ironic implication that he might better stay home and help his father on the farm, but this sort of thing is hard to pin down.

The next visitor was a flashily handsome young man wearing khaki trousers and a felt hat with a swaggering brim. He rode a pretty mare, and the announced purpose of his visit was the display of the delicate fawn-colored colt that pattered at her heels. Somebody muttered that Stavros the horse was on his way to the waterfront to exhibit his own charms rather than those of the colt, having found shirtlessness a profitable icebreaker with female tourists.

At the moment, he was quite honestly showing off the colt. It was coaxed gently into the room and introduced to the company, and it pricked its velvet ears and sniffed, with a surprised expression, at a hank of salmon-pink wool. There was general admiration. Even the cat woke up and made a brief, unintelligible speech. A voice outside reported, "Stavros, your mare is gone." Stavros bounded out the door and away in pursuit of his animal, the colt scampering after him.

"Weaving on Mykonos—" began Vienoúla, but four customers had arrived. The Delos boat was back, and serious business was about to begin.

I found my way back to the waterfront by another route and settled under an awning. The pelicans were posing for snapshots, turning their profiles like accomplished hams. It took me some time to realize that no Mykonian waiter will disturb the occupant of a restaurant table by asking for an order. They wait to be summoned by hand-clapping. I clapped, feeling foolish, and ordered ΦΙΞ.

ΦΙΞ is beer, by common usage, although the sound actually represents one particular beer and

the name of the brewer imported by one of the German kings who ruled, rather shakily, in nineteenth-century Greece. To induce Herr Fuchs to settle in a beerless country, he was given a long-term royal monopoly, and until recently his was the only beer available. This monopoly has finally expired, and there are now several beer companies, all reputedly in the hands of men who learned their trade with the descendants of Fuchs. The beer is sound Bavarian-style, and it is all called *feex*, for although the Greeks quickly developed a fondness for the brew, they never quite took to the name of the brewer.

WHAT I ultimately learned about weaving on Mykonos took several days and hardly covered the subject. It must have been done, by some means, from the beginning of time, but Vienoúla began with her own mother, who could remember when the first modern loom was brought in. By "modern" she meant the wooden type now in use, the standard flat bed on an upright frame, the harnesses worked by foot pedals and the shuttle tossed between the warp threads by hand. The first weaver was a man, and the islanders made a comic song about the affair, not because he was a man but because his contraption was new. Stoves and radios, in their day, got the same treatment.

At first, the island girls merely wove for their dowries, household items in a traditional color scheme of black, yellow, white, and green with a red background. The arrival of summer visitors, first Athenians fleeing the heat of the capital and then hordes of extravagant foreigners, turned weaving into a genuine local industry.

The weavers work at home, usually on looms that have served several generations. Vienoúla's own loom was a bastard, the upright frame obviously much newer than the mechanism itself. The whole structure was hitched together with string in what seemed to be a makeshift fashion, but I think, after watching the loom operate, that these tied joints are in fact a calculated arrangement to conserve the weaver's strength. The moving parts have so much tolerance that a minimum of effort is required to keep the machine going.

Weaving is done in cotton or in wool on a cotton warp. The cotton thread, in various weights, is imported. Local wool is used while the supply lasts, but much of it must now be imported from other islands or the mainland. It is hand-spun to a fine, harsh yarn that wears like iron and scratches like a briar patch.

A handloom makes only plain weave, but the patterns that can be achieved by the use of color and the trick of leaving the woof thread loose on

the surface for short distances are astonishingly varied. It is also possible for the weaver to lay in separate threads by hand, making isolated medallions without the use of a shuttle.

Mykonos, however, sticks pretty firmly to solid colors and forthright stripes. The finished material is either sold to one of the tourist shops, which may have commissioned it to begin with, or displayed on the doorstep and sold by the weaver herself. A great deal of it is converted at once into straight jackets and loosely pleated or gathered skirts, to be sold ready-made. The woolen skirts have built-in tarlatan petticoats, to ward off the scratch, and all of the tailoring is very simple, because the weave is rather loose and the cotton warp gives the material an alarming tendency to fray when it is cut.

Despite these superficial difficulties, Mykonian woolen is not unmanageable. A little enterprise in hemming edges and installing silk linings brings it under control and makes a straight skirt or a fitted jacket entirely possible. Such refinements are not available on the island, although everything on display there, including sweaters, can be ordered to the customer's fancy and measure. Things will be made up overnight, if necessary, since tourists are forever leaving by the next boat, but they will be made Mykonos-style, straight cut and simple.

Vienoúla's distinction as a weaver is based on her magnificent sense of color. With the help of her son, she dyes all her own wool, producing a range of colors unknown to the average Mykonian weaver. The shelves in her back room were loaded with hanks of yarn in mustard, gold, persimmon, burned orange, taupe, dark dusty blues and greens, and strange grapy violets. Woven up into stripes of subtly varied widths, these colors make an extremely handsome appearance. There is nothing folk-artish about them.

In addition to dying her wool chartreuse and mahogany, Vienoúla defies custom by using colored warps instead of the usual black or white. Her daughter was working with hot pink wool on a blue-green warp, the finished material having a soft iridescence like changeable silk.

Most of the material in the shop is made by other people, for Vienoúla, who opened her own establishment with some diffidence after years of working for the stores on the waterfront, is doing a land-office business. She decides on the nature of the project, explains the pattern, and hands out the wool. The weaver then does the actual work, checked occasionally by Vienoúla, who will not tolerate inaccuracy or sloppiness.

Her customers get fine workmanship and patterns that do not turn quaint when removed from their native ground. Consequently, the customers

are delighted and tell their friends, and all of them send in orders from the ends of the earth. The shop worktable is piled with a jumble of new orders, letters of thanks, account books, address books, balls of string, and pens which get lost once a day. There is a continual wrapping of parcels to be sent off to Stockholm or Melbourne or Liverpool.

Despite her easy English, Vienoúla secretly finds writing in the European alphabet something of a bore. She has evolved a fine method of avoiding it. When a likely-looking customer appears, she brings out the orders for his native land and the list of addresses, professing to be uncertain of the reading. "This gentleman here wrote his name for me, but" — a shrug marvelously combining regret, chagrin, hope, and appeal — "do you think it's Thomas, or maybe that means James?" The customer is soon installed at the table, addressing all the packages.

This is a pleasant occupation on a hot afternoon, for the house is cool. Mykonos has its own method of air conditioning. The walls are thick stonework, and the ceiling consists of a basketwork layer of woven reeds or slats supported by beams and supporting, in turn, a thick layer of seaweed. The upper floor is laid over this insulation.

While I sat addressing packages to Newark and Seattle, I heard Vienoúla's information bureau in action. The beatniks were still looking for a house. A resident American wanted to know whether the carpenter was quoting a reasonable price for the chairs she proposed to commission. The Mexican artist walked down the street carrying a demijohn and said it was "turpentine for the paints" — very probable, since he and his Scandinavian wife are both serious and interesting painters. The Cuban artist, dedicated to good drawing and impish humor, followed on his heels, with a demijohn holding "oil for the church lamps." "You drink too much," said Vienoúla amiably. "Where is the party?"

The party was in an old farmhouse in the hills south of town, the residence of a young man who had just returned from showing his paintings in Switzerland. Everybody tripped and skidded up a rough, narrow track between high stone walls that made the ground invisible, although the sky above was transparent with moonlight. The Mexican brought his guitar. The host had collected a Greek accordion player. Stavros the artist demanded a guarantee that he would be required to cope with only one foreign language. He could stand English, he said, or Spanish, but not both.

It was a very fine party. The house vibrated for a full minute after the end of each stamping, leaping dance. A large abstract painting sprang from the wall and landed on the accordion player. It was rehung upside down. Five glasses smashed,

amid cheerful accusations of carelessness, before it was observed that they walked of their own accord on the slanting table. The oil lamp was captured as it crawled over the edge. Forbidden to speak Spanish, the Latin contingent and the guitar struck up a fast dance punctuated by high-pitched cattle-driving yelps, while the accordion player, flat on the sofa with his hands over his ears, pretended terrible pain. In revenge, he played a round-dance tune, and everyone turned to on one of those Greek affairs — two steps forward, three steps back, down, up, do it again — that look beautifully simple and are knee-spraining hard work for the uninitiate. Besides, the music speeds up steadily all the way. The house not only vibrated, it groaned.

The management of the hotel Xenía has one failing. It locks the place up and goes to bed. This isn't uncommon among Greek hotelkeepers, but usually there is a night man on duty to let in belated guests. No amount of pounding raised a night man, and the glass doors closing off the lobby also closed off the path through the garden. There remained the open terrace, with a three-foot railing and a drop into the flower beds. The Cuban painter, his wife, and I peered down into the darkness. Geraniums would be no problem, but suppose it was rosebushes? Debate being pointless, I went over, Mykonos-style, and it was geraniums after all.

THE PLUNDERING OF CIRCE

BY JACK GILBERT

Circe had no pleasure in pigs.
Pigs, wolves, nor fawning
Lions. She sang in our language
And, beautiful, waited for quality.

Every month they came
Struggling up from the cove.
The great sea-light behind them.
Each time maybe a world.

Season after season.
Dinner after dinner.
And always at the first measures
Of lust, became themselves.

Odysseus? A known liar.
A resort darling. Untouchable.

THE THREE SISTERS

An Atlantic "First" by ALFRED LUKE FAUST

ALFRED LUKE FAUST received his A.B. last year from the City College of New York, where he majored in English. He has worked at sea, on farms, and in cities, and he served in the army during World War II. At present he is employed in the printing department of a direct-mail advertising concern in Mount Vernon, New York.



THE last time that I was out in Indiana I had a job in a flower plant nursery which was owned by a woman. She had her hair done up in a bun on the back of her head, and every once in a while she would bark. Yes, that's right. "Yargh! Yawruh! Yagh!" she would go, squatting across the edge of one of the long wooden frames of potted plants below her, among which her hands were tremendously busy. I would look at her across the frames of potential blooms and think that what I ought to do was quit this job. When she would bark it would give me an unsure feeling.

Her husband had founded the flower plant nursery and had built it up into a very good business, but he was dead now. She was a widow, and had been a widow five years. She was a real driver. After I was there for a while I began to think of her as a person doing something intensely that she couldn't have stopped doing if she had wanted to. Her partner in the business spent most of his time in the greenhouse, which was underneath an oak tree toward the rear of the property. He was her brother. He had stomach ulcers.

When I started to work for her it was early in April and we were selling pansy plants. We seemed to have thousands of them, each individually potted and standing pot lip to pot lip out in the frames. The glass had already been taken off most of them. I worked with a rake, a shovel, and a wheelbarrow; and I also waited on customers.

"The Three Fates" by Rosso.

In doing this part, you would take the customer along the frames and he would pick out what he wanted. The selected plants, you popped out of their pots with the roots and soil intact, by turning them upside down and tapping the edge of the pot onto the wooden edge of the frame. You learned the knack for this. The pot wouldn't break. The depotted plants were stood in cardboard cartons, a dozen to a carton, and the emptied pots were stood back in the frames to be collected afterward by wheelbarrow and stored for re-use in weathered brick-red pyramids in the field. There we had a trash pile for shards and other rubbish, and a loam pile which we kept covered with a tarpaulin. We also had more loam in a shed at the other end of the yard, beyond her house.

It was a real laboring job all right, not what working around a greenhouse might sound like to you. Later on that spring I worked a lot in connection with the transplanting of petunia seedlings that had been grown to the right size in flats in the greenhouse. These were transplanted into the individual little pots which we had saved from the pansies, and then were put out under glass in the frames that the pansy customers had emptied. You didn't take them out of the greenhouse a few at a time, either; you took them out by the wheelbarrow load. In addition, you had to keep the potters supplied with dirt from the loam shed. And this you brought to them by the wheelbarrow

load. And you had shoveled the dirt into the wheelbarrow yourself first.

Every night the glass-covered frames would have to be protected from the cold with canvas, old carpets, and so forth, and then uncovered in the morning. Later in the morning you had to go over the whole nursery, propping up the glass on the side away from the wind so that the plants wouldn't steam themselves to death in there or be damaged by the wind. Then, if the wind changed, you had to go over the whole nursery, letting the glass down on the windward side and propping it up on the leeward side. At night you had to let the glass in the whole nursery down and cover it all over with canvas and old carpets again. I wondered if it was much more work on one of those old sailing ships whenever the wind shifted or they wanted to change their course.

She kept a ten-hour day, too, and a seven-day week; but I refused to work Sundays. I took Sundays off. Except for the girls who came in and potted, I was the only one who did this. She didn't like it, and neither did her brother, for it put more work on him; but since it was in Indiana they couldn't say anything. I thought of this as a good example of utilizing the customs of the country for the purposes of your own survival. And that is what they're for.

ONE reason I needed the day off every week was that at this time I happened to be separated from my family, friends, and familiar places, and I wasn't going to be able to start gathering the threads of these things together into one cloth again until June, and I wanted a chance to find out my thoughts about this and work them over.

One of the places where I used to stop and puzzle about my life was in front of the display windows of a store in the central part of town. What kept dragging me back there was the name of the store. It was called *The Three Sisters*.

Where I had come from *The Three Sisters* was a commercial fishing vessel with a 100-horsepower diesel engine in front of the fish hold, a winch engine, gallows, and a towing post on deck, a ship-to-shore radio, a good compass, bunks, an oil-stove for cooking and warmth, a freshwater tank, and an ordinary radio for entertainment. When I first knew her she was being fished out of Provincetown, Massachusetts, for sea scallops on the Stellwagen Bank by a very good man. Later she was owned in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, by two veterans of World War II and fished for quahogs in the mudhole off Great Island. What finally became of her I don't know. I did hear later that there was a small boat called *The Three Sisters*

working for the Atlantic Ports Cartage Company in New York Harbor.

What knotted my brow was that here in Indiana *The Three Sisters* was not a beautiful fishing vessel at all, but merely a store where they sold pink and blue baby clothes, little girls' dresses, brassieres, panties, blouses, pedal pushers, swimsuits, handbags, housecoats, half-slips, costume jewelry, and the like. The name drove a harpoon into me because of the comedown, for it seemed like an enormous comedown to me. Also, there was the distance from the sea, which placed a vast plain, Ohio's short, rolling hills, the Allegheny Mountain divide, and all the seacoast's outwash contour in between. But I tried honestly not to hold all this against the people of Indiana, for I had been in Indiana before.

I was on my way back from Seattle then, and our freight stopped in the middle of a town halfway through Indiana. We stood there blocking the street crossings. I hadn't eaten since the previous day, and when I learned from the nearby crossing watchman that we would be there for another fifteen minutes at least, I got down off the tops and under the boom and ran along the street past the stores, restaurants, and barbershops, up the hill to where people lived. There I ran down a side street for two or three houses, in through a gate, up onto a porch, and rang the bell.

A girl in turned-up dungarees answered the door. She was a high school kid, I guess. I said, "Sis, I'm riding the freight trains from Seattle to New York, and we're stopped for a few minutes for the railroad crossing down here. Could you fix me a couple of sandwiches that I could take right back with me onto the train?"

"Sure," she said, and turned away into the house. She was back in a minute or so, handing me a paper sack out the door. I took it and ran all the way back to the train. No sooner was I there than they called in the flagman and highballed. I looked in the sack and took out one of the sandwiches she'd fixed for me, and, by Jupiter, beneath them was a slab of homemade apple pie.

"I thought that you said you were broke," one of the other fellows complained to me.

"All I did was run up the street, and the first person I asked —" I told him. And it was true.

So I always had a soft spot in my heart for Indiana.

But this time I was working in a flower plant nursery for a woman who barked —

Active White Man, 40-60
General work at flower garden
Some knowledge of plants helpful

— where my only day off in a sixty-hour week was Sunday and I wasn't supposed to have even that.

Any Sunday I wanted to I could take a bus out of town to where I could go down and sit with trees at my back and watch the White River. After a while some fellows would come down too. They would go underneath the abutments of the highway bridge and practice shooting at tin cans with a pistol from an armpit-holster draw.

One Sunday I met a fellow about my age poking all up and down a section of riverbank that had just been washed out by heavy rains to the northward. He had a canvas shoulder bag, pencils, a notebook, and eyeglasses which he kept from sliding down his perspiring face with five rubber bands looped loosely end to end around the back of his head. They held his glasses in place without exerting the least bit of pressure.

He said that he wasn't quite sure what he was looking for. We were only 700 feet above sea level here, he said, approximately 117 fathoms, as a matter of fact — not much if you considered how deep the ocean was. The distance to the gulf would be the distance to salt water, he said, since that is where your salt water most likely came from. The whole of Indiana, he said, had at one time or another been underneath the sea. There had been plenty of salt water here at different times, though not for the last two hundred million years or so. During the last million, however, this area had been covered by ice at least twice, thicker than any iceberg, one time all the way down to the Ohio. All of this had been proved scientifically, he said. At home he had fossils four hundred million years old right now, from when Indiana was part of the sea floor. But the very gravel in this riverbank we were sitting on had been left by the continental ice cap, he told me. For the ten thousand years since the gravel was left, there were the traces of the people who originally lived in the general area up until (in the last analysis) November 7, 1811, when an Episcopalian of English descent named William Henry Harrison destroyed with force of arms Tecumseh's plans for an American Indian nation. That was seventy-five miles northeast of where we were, he said, at the fork of Tippecanoe Creek and the Wabash River. Another Episcopalian of English descent was President of the United States that day. "I am an Episcopalian of English descent myself," he said. "But we never will be right until we invite them to return." He was a likable person. He was certainly fond of Indiana.

One day while I was out there they had a story in the paper about a lady who had descended from the original settlers. She had set fire to a bag of her garbage in the lobby of the leading hotel. She told the judge, who gave her thirty days, "So long as I'm getting back out in time to exercise my ballot." Then, during the election

campaign somebody accused this judge of having a police record. He replied, "That was during the Depression, when it was a case of steal or make whiskey. I made whiskey. I gave them value for their money, and I paid my debt to society."

They had more churches to the city block out there than you could visit. I heard one of their preachers preach a sermon about Julie Harris one morning. She was rehearsing to play Joan of Arc in *The Lark*. Her director was Joseph Anthony. At first she got discouraged. "Who am I to be playing this girl?" she said. "I never believed in anything enough to die for it."

"You can do it, Julie," he told her. She went on with the role. Well, it changed her. She doesn't think she'll ever be the same person she was before she played that part.

"We form our characters through the parts we play," the preacher told us. "You don't have to drift. Select your role. Become the person you desire to become."

I told him afterward that I liked his sermon very much.

"We hope you'll be with us every Sunday," said he.

HIGH school basketball was very big out there in Indiana. Every high school in the state put a team in the state tournament. When the teams were eliminated, people would cry. What they had was intertribal rites, not basketball games; splendid with color, light, and adolescent excitement resounding in some big gymnasium which had been built with money from earlier basketball seasons. First the rival bands would play against each other, then the special cheering sections would have their own kind of battle, and so would the rival groups of marching cheerleaders and majorettes clad in ornamented uniforms of primary hues; song against song, scream against scream. Then the junior teams would have it out. Finally there would be the game.

The burlesque house and the YMCA were on opposite corners from each other. The night I saw the famous Rose La Rose do her satire on the big-city mistress, some guy in the front row passed a remark during a dance by one of the preceding performers, who stopped and told him, across the footlights, "I get paid to come out here and make a fool of myself. What's your excuse?" The meals in the YMCA were fairly priced and cleanly cooked and served, and they had a lobby where you could be quiet and think about things.

But I had no car, and everything was cars out there. You needed a car in order to live; it was an absolute necessity. The scene might be laid way out in the country somewhere, but twice a day,

in the mornings before work and in the evenings after quitting time, the roads with nothing but trees and fields all around would teem with cars being driven in the four directions by people who traveled fifteen, twenty, forty miles to work and back each day. After half an hour of their *zoop, sip, sop*, all would be bucolic again.

Naturally, they had gotten fanatic about automobiles out there in the crossroads of America. They had stock-car races just as in Texas they have rodeos and in New England turkey shoots. Almost any neighborhood you went into had some backyard where somebody was building a racing car. They had a five-hundred-mile auto race out there every spring. I remember hearing the five-hundred-mile one a great distance off going "*Rahr, roar, yaraghr*" for several hours one afternoon during which one of the drivers was killed while I worked over the interminable frames of potted petunias, for by now it was nearly June and we had an ocean of these plants. We had several varieties of them, some for a dime, some quite expensive and looking like excessively burgeoned orchids. Crowds of people came to buy them; some counting in their purses before saying that would be all, others better off. One was a genuine millionaire.

THE millionaire came several times to buy, and he bought mostly petunias. He would be driven to the flower plant nursery by a uniformed chauffeur in a black limousine half a block long. Whoever waited on him always got tipped a dollar, and I finally got to wait on him one day.

We were very busy that day. The customers were all over the yard, and everybody in the nursery had more than he could do. My millionaire took his time and kept on picking out and buying. His chauffeur seemed to have disappeared, and he and I had to do all that work by ourselves, lifting the pots up out of the frames, depotting the plants, and packing them into the cartons. He bought nearly fifty dollars' worth from me. In the middle of all this my boss hurried by, along the main path, and started to scold me about some pots she saw in the aisle.

"I've told you, Irish," she called, "about leaving pots in the aisle. Now, don't leave them in the aisle, will you please?"

Some time before this I had bought a solid-green flannel shirt in a store near The Three Sisters, and they had started calling me "Irish" on account of it, although I am not Irish. It was one of the most favorite flannel shirts that I ever had, but it's in a hooked rug somewhere now.

"He didn't leave them in the aisle," my millionaire told her.

"Well, I don't know how they got there, then," she answered him.

"We don't know anything about them," he replied.

"They certainly don't belong there."

"They were already there when we came down here," my millionaire insisted. "He didn't have anything to do with them."

"Well, he can just put them back in the bed," she said. "He knows they're not supposed to be in the aisle," and she went off.

"She's a pistol, isn't she?" my millionaire said.

"She did look like the gem of the ocean or something," I admitted, "standing there, and giving us Hail Columbia."

"If that chauffeur of mine hadn't disappeared just when we had so much work to do, we wouldn't have been as rushed as all this and got caught with our pots out, so to speak, and gotten bawled out this way," he said. "It's too bad that they didn't snip her thread five years ago instead of her husband's."

"You knew her husband?"

"Oh, yes. He was a great guy. A fine fellow. He was very widely liked. A lot of people keep coming here just because of him. That's why I come here, mostly. But they don't like to snip the wife's thread first, the three sisters don't. Do they?"

"The three sisters?"

"Yes," he said. "The Fates, you know. You never heard of them?"

"I suppose that I did." I had, of course; I remembered now; but I had learned very little about them, and I had forgotten that little entirely, it seemed.

"In ancient Greek mythology," he told me. "One spins the thread, the other measures it, and the third snips it; and there you are in the next minute, shaking hands with the undertaker. The Graces. The Priestesses of the Moon. They keep paying out your thread until your time comes, and then, *blam*. First off, they embroider onto your baby clothes what your fortune in life is to be. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; the spinner, the measurer, and she who cannot be turned away, that's who the three sisters are: the ones with the death apples that look so good you just have to bite into them. Ah, well, I guess that's almost going to do," he said, completing one last dozen of the small petunia plants. All of the last dozen were a deep purple. "I'm going to want two bushels of dirt."

He had cleaned us out of all the deep-purple petunias that we had. They had a velvety petal. They were the only really good-looking petunias. I carried part of the final batch of petunia plants, and he the rest, to the wheelbarrow on which I

had loaded the other plants he had bought that I had been unable to get into the first wheelbarrow load.

"The Three Sisters." My mind wasn't on the wheelbarrow or the petunias. It was on what I was beginning to see as a diminishing difference between shucking sea scallops out in the Atlantic and knocking flower plants out of their clay pots back here in Indiana. And I felt better, all of a sudden, in my solid-green flannel shirt, a great deal better than I had felt in a long time, and I tilted the first wheelbarrow load out through the front gate of the flower plant nursery with a touch of my old style. A caterpillar was undulating up the inside of the gatepost as my wheelbarrow passed, and I managed to brush his hairs for him with my load without hindering him in the least. I felt myself to be in complete control, and he kept right on climbing. But I wished that I could get some help shoveling the two bushel baskets full of dirt and getting them out here and into my millionaire's car. The latter was parked directly at the gate. It was a beautifully polished black, with a comfortably upholstered passenger compartment and a big rear trunk. It had big fenders and a long engine hood. It had big black tires with whitewalls. There was no chauffeur anywhere to be seen.

"That chauffeur of mine disappears every time I come down here," my millionaire told me. "He must have a lady friend in the neighborhood, I do believe. I tell him, 'Now, this time you come in and help me,' and he says, 'All right.' But I ought to know better by this time. Once the plants are safely loaded, he shows up again. I work for him, not him for me."

I had finished opening and spreading the pages of a newspaper over the bottom, back, and sides of the car trunk to protect it from the soil and had started unloading the wheelbarrow loads of plants onto the sidewalk.

"You had better go get the dirt," he said. "It has to go in first, before the plants. He won't show up this time either, I fear."

On my way to get the dirt I told my boss that my customer had ordered two bushels. I wanted her to get someone to help me with them. But she knew about the one dollar tip as well as I did.

"Then get them for him," she said.

I went to the loam shed and shoveled the two bushels and got them out to the limousine on the wheelbarrow. No sooner had the millionaire and I gotten them and the two wheelbarrow loads of plants neatly packed into the car trunk than the chauffeur showed up.

"Well. Fine," the millionaire told him. "I'm not going to have to wait to leave for home. How is your woman friend?"

"What woman friend is that, Mr. Wallins?"

"Your woman friend whom you duck out to see every time we come down to this place."

"My woman friend is just fine."

"What is her name, may I ask?"

"Dinah."

The chauffeur pronounced it more like "Din-rah." He used an extra syllable in his pronunciation of the name. Darina?

"Does she blow a good horn?"

"When Damkina blows her good horn, Mr. Wallins," the chauffeur said, "this whole great world is going to sink straight down, and this will be the bottom of the sea."

That is exactly what the chauffeur said. "This will be the bottom of the sea." I stood with my mouth open, staring at him. He stood looking pleasantly at Mr. Wallins.

"He is really something, isn't he?" Mr. Wallins said to me. Then he went on, to the chauffeur, "While we await that promised, happy time, my boy: now that my friend here, and I, have the petunias and the other plants and the two bushels of dirt all loaded, would you mind closing down the lid of the trunk and getting them all home before they wilt and die? I want to get them all planted this evening and first thing in the morning, before the sun can shine hot again." And he took a dollar out of his wallet and handed it to me. "Here you are, and thank you," he said.

"Let me get the whisk broom out first before I close the lid and clean up after you," the chauffeur told him.

The millionaire got himself into the passenger compartment and settled himself for the ride. I stayed in back and held the newspaper edges out of the way of the whisk broom. That chauffeur took fine care of that big limousine. He took a soft cloth out of a pocket of his uniform jacket and dusted off the trunk lid with it and then tucked the cloth back into his jacket pocket again.

"My skin is the wrong color for anyone ever to catch me lifting a finger in *that* yard," I distinctly heard him say. He had spoken as though thinking out loud without knowing or caring whether anyone heard and understood him. Then he went around to the driver's side, got in, and drove off with the millionaire and the petunias.

How intently they all lived out there in Indiana. The day I left my job in the flower plant nursery, instead of just saying "So long" I shook hands with her brother and wished him luck on his forthcoming operation. But her — hard as she had worked me, I went up to her and kissed her on the cheek good-bye.

"Good-bye!" I said to her. "Good-bye!"

But she just looked past me to the oak tree and gave no answer.

SOUTH AFRICA NEEDS TIME

by Clarence B. Randall

In November of last year, CLARENCE B. RANDALL, formerly president of Inland Steel, visited the Republic of South Africa, where he met with the leaders of all the racial groups. On his return he wrote some of his reflections in the article which follows. Mr. Randall's new book, SIXTY-FIVE PLUS, has recently been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.



AT THE southern tip of Africa, Table Mountain, flanked on the right by Lion's Head and on the left by Devil's Head, looks down on the rocky point which divides the Indian and the Atlantic oceans. When the first white man saw this dramatic headland rising from the open sea, he named it the Cape of Storms. Many years later some canny Dutch burgher renamed it the Cape of Good Hope, and today the whole world waits anxiously to know which man was right.

Since it is not yet clear whether the current storm of world opinion will destroy the Republic of South Africa or pass out into the open sea of history and there be forgotten, I decided to do as the modern weather forecaster does. I flew out and peered down into the eye of the hurricane.

As I left the plane at Johannesburg, I was determined to enter the country with an open mind. I believe that I achieved this, but it was not easy to do. Like most Americans, I had formed strong convictions on the doctrine of apartheid and had displayed no hesitancy in expressing them. I recall having said five years ago that South Africa could not possibly survive for five years if it continued that policy, yet it has, and in that period there has been great progress for both the whites and the nonwhites. We Americans are like that. We shoot from the hip in world matters. We read

the headlines — headlines designed to sell newspapers — swear, and pass on.

There is a great deal in South Africa which no thoughtful American could possibly accept in our own country. It begins with those ghastly forms which the traveler must fill out as his plane approaches the Jan Smuts airport at Johannesburg. I boiled with hot anger. No American wants to be compelled to list himself as a "European," and if South Africans wish to receive our tourist dollars, or persuade our investors to send their capital to their country, they must abandon requirements that only serve to irritate Americans.

Nor can we stomach the intrusions into personal liberty: the constant carrying of identification cards; the requiring of passes for both the white man and the black man when either enters territory reserved for the other; house arrest and detention solely upon the accusation of the police; the separation of husband and wife after years of wedded life; judicial determination of race; the denial to nonwhites of the right to own land in freehold in an urban area; the recent decree that requires professional societies such as law and medicine to enforce segregation; and the Sabotage Act. Yet there is cruel irony in the fact that bitter criticism of South Africans for limiting personal freedom comes from other African countries whose

Photograph by Emil Schulthess. Courtesy of Black Star Publishing Company, Inc.

leaders themselves throw their political opponents into jail and keep them there without trial.

Further, we cannot accept "job reservation," the policy under which certain callings are permanently closed to black citizens. In my code, whoever is worthy to be employed at all should be permitted to go as far as his God-given talent will take him. The job should always go to the best man. Most South African businessmen privately agree with my view, but almost none among them will sit at a table with a black man, no matter how able he may be. This, too, I cannot accept.

Roaring at South Africa, however, will not help. External pressure, unwisely applied, will merely solidify the country. No great reform is ever imposed from without. It must come from within, and there are clear signs that liberalizing forces are at work in South Africa: businessmen are organized for the purpose of increasing Bantu wages; new spiritual values are evolving within the Dutch Reformed Church; the wealthy Afrikaner is becoming international-minded; an independent press still survives in spite of rumors to the contrary; the Bantu may, and do, buy shares in South African corporations on the stock exchange; and the government-owned and -operated airplanes are not segregated.

I had the privilege of meeting the nation's leaders in every walk of life, including Prime Minister Verwoerd. The characteristic of these men is personal honor. I often differed with them, but never for a moment did I doubt that they earnestly believed what they said.

I also met leaders of the nonwhite group, including Albert Luthuli, Nobel Prize-winning Zulu chief and leader of the African National Congress. His clear eyes, fine mind, and radiant personality left a memory that will be with me always. It is not right that such a man be confined to the magisterial district of Stanger and be forbidden to communicate with his followers. Yet the moderate Luthuli is powerless to restrain the terroristic activities of a minority of his own people.

Both sides are stubborn, and both reflect in their attitudes the history of their people. The Afrikaners — and they run the country — pursue policies that have been three hundred years in the making. On the other hand, in the blood of the Bantu runs the heritage of generations of tribal warfare. And the Bantu are not united. Each tribe distrusts the others, and the Bantu as a race can be as intolerant toward the Asiatics and the Coloureds as the white man is toward the black.

Only the incredibly naïve can honestly believe that political democracy — "one man, one vote" — will at once solve this complex problem. The sober truth is that it would probably create chaos from which the country might never recover.

But now that I have had the extraordinary privilege of seeing at firsthand every part of the Republic of South Africa under experienced guidance, and of talking with leaders of thought in all groups, I must go on the record. I must know what I believe, and why.

LET us now look at the other side of the shield. The indelible general impression made upon my wife and myself was that here was a country beautiful beyond words, possessed of a climate that even Californians must envy, endowed by Providence with incredible natural resources, a country which greets the stranger with overwhelming kindness. If there are tensions between the races which threaten the future security of the nation, we saw no evidence of them. On the contrary, we were greatly impressed by the gaiety of spirit and the capacity for hard work with which people of all races went about their daily tasks.

My second conviction is that in terms of our own national security, these people are our friends. We have no stauncher ally in the struggle against Communism. Our military people understand this, and so do our scientists, who are receiving such effective cooperation in the development of our space programs. It is my earnest hope, therefore, that Americans will face up to the controversial racial problems in South Africa with their minds as well as with their emotions and endeavor to form judgments that are based on genuine understanding.

To do this they must first understand the vocabulary. For example, in South Africa the designation "European" means white. This group is divided into two parts. About two thirds are Afrikaners, who speak Afrikaans. Their ancestors were the sturdy Boers who made the "great trek" north from the Cape as far as the upper limits of the Transvaal. They were primarily Dutch, but there was also a strain of French Huguenot blood, of German, and even of Scandinavian.

The other third of the European group is of English origin, and herein lies a serious threat to the future of the republic. South Africa is a nation which most urgently needs unity of purpose and ideals at this critical time, yet the cleavage between the two segments of the white population makes unity all but impossible. Unhappily, the Boer War is not yet quite over.

The principal nonwhite group, and the one which is the center of the controversy, is the Bantu. Next are the Asiatics, some of whom had as their forebears Malay slaves, brought to South Africa by Dutch ships trading with the Indonesians as long ago as three hundred years. Others are de-

scended from laborers brought from India under the indenture system in the middle of the nineteenth century, when sugar plantations were first undertaken in Natal. Finally, there are the Coloureds, a term which does not have the same significance as it does with us. It means mixed races — any two. This group, though not large, is important because of its high degree of cultural achievement, and because it fears the preponderance of the Africans for the same reasons that the whites do.

We must keep in mind the population statistics, since the severe imbalance of races is the principal cause of friction and antagonism. Here are the approximate figures:

Europeans	3,000,000
Bantu	11,000,000
Coloureds	1,500,000
Asiatics	500,000
	16,000,000

Only 30 percent of the Bantu live in the urban areas. Another 30 percent are found in white rural areas, and the rest reside in areas reserved exclusively for the Bantu people.

Now, let us take a square look at the doctrine of apartheid, for which the Republic of South Africa is currently on trial before the court of world opinion.

The common American error is the assumption that the problem in South Africa is the same as that of racial integration in our Southern states. This is both wrong and unfair.

The historical backgrounds are different. We brought the Negro from West Africa against his will, and every consideration of honor and morality demands that we accept him as a full member of our society. In South Africa, on the other hand, the Dutch and the Bantu, both migrating, first encountered each other in open territory which no other race occupied. This is not a case where the white man dispossessed the black man.

When our forebears landed on Plymouth Rock, Indians watched from the forest. They are gone. When, on April 6, 1652, Jan van Riebeeck landed at the Cape, natives also watched from the hills, but they were not Bantu. They were Bushmen and Hottentots. They, too, are gone, victims, for the most part, of the white man's diseases, like smallpox.

The Bantu had come originally from far north in Africa, and they began their own "great trek" to the south into what is now the territory of the republic at the same time that the white man be-

gan his trek to the north from the Cape. The land between them was unoccupied. Nearly a hundred and fifty years later these two migrations encountered each other. The Kaffir wars ensued, and finally an uneasy truce was established between these two distinct groups.

It is this historic separation which apartheid seeks to perpetuate. It is argued that, in the area which he staked out for himself, as our ancestors staked out the open prairies, the white man is within his rights when he names the conditions upon which the black man may enter his territory. He may not have done this in a manner which we approve, but we cannot challenge his right to establish whatever conditions he wishes. That is precisely what we have done through the years by our own immigration laws. Let us not forget the persistency with which we have tried to exclude the yellow race.

How has the Bantu fared under this policy of separation? First of all, he has today, beyond question, the highest per capita income of all of the black races in Africa, an income that exceeds that of the citizens of Ghana or of Nigeria, for example. His opportunity to earn makes him the envy of all his neighbors to the north, as witness the fact that 20,000 of them endeavor each year to enter South Africa illegally. Moreover, the Asiatics have four times the income of their brothers in India, and the Coloureds many times that of the citizens of Ceylon. The nonwhite populations, taken together, own more than 100,000 automobiles, which, in ratio, is four times as many as are owned privately in the Soviet Union.

Four out of every five Bantu children are in school; and there are more than 2000 university graduates, as compared with less than a dozen each in some of the new African states which now vote in the United Nations. In 1962 the total expenditure for the Bantu and other nonwhite groups exceeded \$56 million. Of this, taxes paid by the Bantu covered 28 percent only. The balance was paid by South Africa's white population, at the approximate rate of \$280 per family.

Among the Bantu there are 7500 nurses, 70 doctors, 70 librarians, and 50 attorneys. Baragwanath Hospital, near Johannesburg, which was established for nonwhites, has 2500 beds and 200 doctors, half of whom are specialists. Twenty of the doctors are Africans.

It is against this highly creditable record of conduct on the part of the white population that the doctrine of apartheid must be weighed. White South Africans are prepared to go on doing all this and much more, provided the physical separation of the races is strictly maintained, with cooperation limited to the economic field.

It is the urban Bantu who is involved in this

relationship, and except for the separation, he is much better off in many ways than Africans residing in cities elsewhere on the continent. Slums have been almost entirely eliminated from the metropolitan centers. Resident workers, whether in the mines or the factories, are housed with their families in newly built "locations," "settlements," or "townships." The quarters assigned to a family are not large, but they are comfortable and fully equipped with modern facilities. Minority groups in the United States often live under less favorable circumstances. For rent, including water and light, the worker pays not more than 15 percent of his monthly wage. If he wishes to build his own house, he may have a thirty-year lease.

Migrant workers coming down from Mozambique, Nyasaland, and other northern areas for periods of temporary employment are housed in dormitories called "compounds." They do not bring their families. Their earnings, when taken home, strengthen economies which are close to the subsistence level. And before Americans criticize the migrant worker system, let them not forget the Mexicans who cross our border into the Southwest each year for exactly the same reasons.

Apartheid is conceived of by the government of South Africa as a "separate and parallel" development, and to implement it the government is creating Bantu states or provinces, where complete self-government will be not only permitted but encouraged, after a period of transition. The ultimate objective will be a dual commonwealth in which the Bantustans will be constituent units. Industry will be urged to establish production facilities along the borders of the new states — the plants to be in white territory, with much of the labor coming from native territory.

The first of these states is the Transkei, and this I saw at firsthand. The area here set aside for the Bantu is their natural home and is one of the most fertile regions in the entire republic. As the Bantu came down from the north, they passed up the grasslands, which were later taken up by the Boers, and turned eastward toward the coast. They wanted four things: a warm climate, timber, open water for cattle, and hilltops from which to watch for enemies, of which there were many. All of these, plus rich soil, they found in the Transkei, and there they have been ever since. The present population of the new state consists of about 2,000,000 Bantu, 15,000 Europeans, and 13,000 Coloureds. By way of economic assistance the republic plans to contribute \$25 million to the Transkei during the next five years, over and above all administration costs.

Self-government is to be developed on the basis of tribal traditions, the objective being full democracy, but in the form most readily assimilated

by the African. This process was first conceived early in the nineteenth century, but it was greatly advanced seven years ago by the passage of the Native Authorities Act. Next year general elections will be held, a Bantu Parliament chosen, and a Bantu Prime Minister placed in power.

Time will be required for this transition, and it is my firm opinion that the republic is entitled to a fair trial period within which to prove its good faith before it is condemned by outside opinion. If the world wants another Congo, the fastest way to get it is to move in explosively and block an orderly turnover.

I had the privilege of an interview with the high commissioner to the Transkei, who has the matter in charge, and I was impressed with his grasp of the problem, his humility in the face of a difficult task, and his manifest sincerity. I also saw at Tsolo the school where the sons of chiefs, headmen, and counselors are being trained for the future leadership of the Bantu people. If ever I have seen a dedicated man, it was the headmaster of that school, and again I say that no greater tragedy could occur than for the outside world to intrude hastily into such a relationship.

Because there is so much in South Africa that is magnificent, combined with so much that we believe to be wrong, I dare to make this plea to my fellow countrymen. Let us lower our voices. Let us drop the tough talk, which will take us nowhere, and adopt instead friendly argument and thoughtful persuasion, on a man-to-man basis.

The white people of South Africa are charged with a great responsibility toward the black people, and they know it. At heart they are our kind of folk. In the end they will do right. Let us give them a little more time.

NIGHTINGALES AT NEMI

BY LYNNE LAWNER

Nightingales at Nemi
Dark chirps of pebbles echo,
Dove flocks reverse on water,
Silver chips.

Where flushed young bougainvillaea
Thickens to purple,
Dian, the heavy-with-child's hope and virgin's,
Walks,

Strews strawberries, oaks, and violets
On a bridal sheet
The almost black lake mirrors, marries
Rich terraces to a gaping crater.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Brief Interlude *at the New Yorker*



In his search for an assistant genius for the NEW YORKER, Harold Ross would try anything once. CHARLES W. MORTON, the associate editor of the ATLANTIC, was a news reporter on the BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT when he became the subject of one such experiment. The following article is the last in a series of three.

THE *New Yorker's* office day began at 10 A.M., ending toward 6. I found that the hours, slightly later than the *Transcript's*, were taken by the staff at both places with equal gravity; the Thurber-White-Gibbs stratum arrived just as punctually as the others, and we seldom took the full hour for lunch. Ross was around the place at all times, rarely seen but constantly felt as an all-knowing near presence, and it was much better for a man to be there than not, if Ross happened to want him.

I saw practically nothing of other contributors and writers while I was there, but the people who worked in the office were wonderfully friendly and helpful in trying to make a newcomer feel at ease. They were remarkably few in number, in comparison with the magazine's later roster: Thurber, White, Gibbs, who did most of the writing produced in the office and who were equally capable in editing, rewriting, condensing, and manuscript reading; Mrs. White, a first-class editor in her own right; Charles Cooke, the great fact-gathering legman who supplied much of the bizarre — and always true — detail for which the Talk of the Town stories became famous; Raymond Holden, whom I came to know scarcely at all, so heavily was he occupied with what I believe was the function of managing editor; Bernard Bergman, who seemed to be in charge of all dealings with me and who was also thought to be the managing editor, provided Holden wasn't; Miss Terry, the

office manager, unfailingly efficient and good-humored; Whitaker, the makeup man, who was responsible for the final layout of text, drawings, and filler, widely regarded as just about the best in the business; and John Mosher, film reviewer and manuscript reader, with whom I was to share an office. Of all these, I believe the Whites and Miss Terry were still actively with the magazine some thirty years later.

What impressed me most, and still does in retrospect, was how the seemingly fragmented efforts of these diverse personalities were made to produce on schedule each week a perfect published result. An evening newspaper with four or five editions in the pre-radio days called for the maximum in speed and correctness, and even a monthly publication must live successfully with an inexorable calendar, but I doubt that anything else has quite the pace of a weekly meeting the requirements that Ross established for the *New Yorker*: prose of all sorts, ranging into multi-part articles of much complexity and controversial risk; comic art and captions; beautiful covers; the insistence on being topical and up-to-date, and on many occasions ahead of the daily press; reviews and departments, verse, and always the quest for more innovations, better quality, and fresh talent.

"The Madhouse on Forty-fifth Street" was a description of the *New Yorker* frequently heard in the early years, but I believe most of its currency

Etching by Gustav Wolf. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

was among writers and newspaper people whose work had failed to commend itself to Ross. There was certainly no sign of the madhouse in the unparalleled success of his magazine through the very bottom years of the Depression and ever since.

John Mosher and I turned up at about the same time, shortly after 9:30, on my first Monday morning. I remember him as dark, aquiline, carefully dressed, and working in complete silence save for an occasional ejaculation of disgust when he found himself reading an exceptionally bad manuscript. He was the reader *par excellence*, needing only the few revelatory clues, all but instantaneous, to determine whether to go on or to give up. By late forenoon he would have worked his way through a tall pile of offerings, between fifty and a hundred I judge, and he would then begin rereading his gleanings and writing them up for further comments by others.

Mosher was reading stories and articles. I would be reading, I learned, the short offerings for the Talk of the Town pages — anecdotes, tips, oddities, and to my amazement in this first experience as a manuscript reader, a large number of old jokes, many of them venerable classics, all masquerading as the bona fide personal experience or original invention of those who had sent them in. I suppose it is characteristic for a man to feel, at any given age, that his experience up to that time represents the total of all human enlightenment. Three years of news reporting had afforded me, I thought, a broad and detailed understanding of human depravity. But nothing had ever led me to expect such infamous cheating as some of our contributors were attempting. It was shocking.

My reading instructions were simple enough: any manuscript at all promising I would pass along to Bergman with a comment; to each of the others I was to clip a rejection slip, and on each slip, so Bergman suggested, write in longhand the word "Sorry" and scribble a meaningless initial beneath it. Mr. Ross, it was explained, felt this would lend a personal touch to the otherwise terse formality of the rejection slip. I followed this instruction in all cases, but it seemed to me a crazy idea at the time, and it still does: why express regret to would-be plagiarists and frauds?

The only other office duty assigned to me during those first two weeks was interviewing insistent strangers in the *New Yorker's* reception room. These callers were usually women who wanted to write something for the magazine and who, untroubled by any thought of trying to make an appointment, had dropped in and demanded to see The Editor — Ross, or whatever his name was. The visitor was angered at not seeing Ross, and my own arrival as a small-bore substitute always struck her as a calculated insult. Anyone who

actually *would* see her, the visitor seemed to feel, was not worth talking to, but so great were her generosity of mind and devotion to her craft that she would rough in her project, even to such a nincompoop as now confronted her.

No part of the project was yet on paper, it transpired, and what the visitor wanted, before sitting down to her task, was assurance that the *New Yorker* was eager to have her go to work on it. And what, by the way, would be the fee? These women were almost an identifiable type — expensively dressed, not bad-looking, and confident that their personal charms would more than make up for any deficiencies that their nonexistent writings might prove to have. A conversation with one of them was an exercise in mutual frustration, both parties retiring in dudgeon.

None of this work was worth anything like the wage Ross was paying me. I was worried on that score but enjoying the place immensely, and I was somewhat cheered when Ross asked me to draw up a report on the *New Yorker's* book reviewing, which at that time was undoubtedly the weakest department in the magazine. I spent about four days on this assignment, bringing to bear several pages of documentation on significant omissions, the somewhat unaccountable selection of books that were reviewed, tardiness in comparison with other publications, and similar ills. I am sure, today, that Ross was much more acutely aware of these failings than I was, analyzing as he did every line in every issue, but I believe he said something encouraging to me about the report. At any rate, in the spring of 1933 Clifton Fadiman took over the department, and Ross's troubles with that part of the magazine were over for the duration of Fadiman's ten years in charge of it.

I AM frequently startled in retrospect by the enormous gap between my own ignorance on some given occasion and the confidence I had felt at the same time in the sophistication and the fund of experience which I was sure I possessed. I am still encountering reminders of my greenness on matters which, as a hardworking newspaperman, I felt that I understood as few others did. A glimpse that was afforded me of how the New York reporters dealt with city officials is a case in point.

The glimpse resulted from the only large assignment that fell to me at the *New Yorker*, an attempt by Ross to bring up to date the story of Sailors' Snug Harbor, a home on Staten Island for aged and indigent seamen. Endowment of the home came from a trust created in perpetuity by Captain Randall, a retired sea captain turned farmer, who left as its main asset his farm, which was to become

valuable metropolitan real estate. Such buildings as Wanamaker's department store, the Brevoort and Lafayette hotels, and many apartment houses in the Washington Square area were built on Randall acreage, and the value of the trust — regarded by many lawyers as the very model of muddleheaded philanthropy — stood at somewhere around \$15 million by the time of the thirties. There was simply more income pouring in on the trustees than the available supply of old salts, from a diminishing merchant marine, could reasonably consume.

The trustees were all *ex officio* personages of the municipality: the rector of Trinity Church, the president of the chamber of commerce, as I recall them, and possibly the mayor or governor of the state as well. These seemed to be mere background figures, and the administration of the properties was carried on by salaried managers. The whole subject had been a recurring Sunday story for decades, and I began my quest by getting a few photostats from the newspaper files in the periodical room of the Public Library.

Feature stories about Snug Harbor over the years were inevitably jocose: true or false, the idea of a handful of old sailors trying to live it up on the captain's excessively profitable endowment was too much fun to resist. All the principals, in consequence, with the exception of the superintendent of the home itself — a harmless institutional type who simply made do on whatever budget the managers allowed him — were extremely press-shy. Rumors of the managers' fat salaries, of low rents and boons granted to tenants, and the high cost per old salt per annum were blandly ignored. No, Mr. Blank had nothing to say and was not answering questions — end of interview.

My first need, plainly, was an up-to-date map and valuations of the Snug Harbor holdings. Bergman suggested that the *New Yorker's* City Hall man, whom I shall call Burton, could help me get the data from the city officials. Burton was covering City Hall for Hearst and doing odd jobs on the side for Ross; it seemed to me characteristic of Ross to have in his employ so tough and immediately effective an operator as Burton proved to be.

A quiet, wiry little man in a rumpled old suit, Burton was leaning back in a chair with his feet on a pressroom desk when I came in one mid-afternoon. In its furniture the room was almost as ramshackle as the *Transcript* city room. The man to see, Burton told me, was the comptroller of the city of New York, who had charge of all valuations and such, and he would introduce me to the acting comptroller, whose name was Prial. I suggested that we ought to make an appointment, but Burton said it would not be necessary. We walked over to the Municipal Office Building and got off

the elevator at an upper floor, where we found ourselves at the threshold of a vast waiting room.

Ranged around the room were perhaps fifty men and women, waiting despondently to see the great man. They looked as if they had been waiting for years and were expecting to keep on indefinitely. Getting to see Prial was obviously slow business, and I was not reassured by the greeting we received from the receptionist, an elderly Irishman, skinny and mean, the sort of underling who bullies in the name of his master wherever he thinks it safe. There was certainly nothing impressive in our appearance, and the receptionist made no attempt to hide his contempt as we approached his desk. He did not know Burton, and Burton omitted to identify either of us.

"Prial in?" demanded Burton.

This was absurd; the receptionist seemed hardly to know which of his many choices of squelch he might most enjoyably apply. He looked us up and down derisively. "Got an appointment?" he asked. We had none, but I was hardly prepared for Burton's answer to the question, in a voice audible to the whole room.

"Get in there, you son of a bitch," said Burton, "and tell Prial that Burton wants to see him."

Even more unexpected — to me — was the behavior of the receptionist. He jumped to his feet, beaming. "Oh," he said, "are you newspapermen? Just one minute," and off he went on the run for Prial's office.

Prial appeared immediately in his office doorway with gestures of welcome, and the receptionist showed us in. He greeted Burton as if the Hearst reporter were a long-absent friend. He was equally solicitous, I might say almost anxious, about what I might be wanting. It would, he assured us, be ours for the asking. He listened tensely as I recited my needs: the map and a list of valuations of land and buildings. His relief, when he finally realized that what I wanted was, after all, a bit of commonplace clerical work, was noticeable: Whatever we were, we were not Trouble. He summoned secretaries, laid out the specifications, and asked me how soon I needed the material. A day or two later would have sufficed, but Burton spoke up. Tomorrow morning at ten, he said. Nothing to it, said Prial, and if the job called for some work that night, the map and list would most certainly reach me the next morning at ten, and so they did. What a milder approach might have yielded I do not know, but Burton's particular style of toughness seemed to be just right.

I am embarrassed by one other recollection of Jimmy Walker's New York; it has to do with a racing tip for which a profligate friend of mine told me he had paid \$100. My feeling was that it

must be an awfully good tip, something really dependable, to be worth \$100; and I begged my friend to let me in on it. For a time he refused; if the word got around, the whole arrangement would be ruined, he said, but he finally swore me to secrecy and named the horse — Buster Boy in the first at New Orleans.

It seems absurd that I did not know where to find a bookie in New York, but I did not. When I asked a friend at *Variety* to direct me to one, he was incredulous. "Why, anywhere along Forty-sixth Street," he said, with a wide gesture. "Anywhere at all." I pressed him to be more precise, and he stepped out on the sidewalk with me, pointing to several nearby cigar stores. "Any one of them," he said. I picked the nearest.

The cigar store was so crowded I could barely squeeze inside. A policeman in uniform kept bawling at the crowd, "Keep moving, folks! Keep moving." I bought a \$5 betting slip — Buster Boy on the nose — and struggled through the crowd into the back room, where a Morse operator shortly began to call the race. Buster Boy, to my astonishment, finished out of the money, and a second uniformed policeman in the back room took up the cry, "Keep moving. Plenty of room if you just keep moving —"

WITH the Snug Harbor story to write, I spent three days in a series of false starts and heavy-handed lumps of composition, working at all hours, in the *New Yorker* office and in my pleasant room at an East Thirty-seventh Street lodging-house. I have never enjoyed writing a long article, which was always hard work for me and often unsuccessful, nor have I ever quite understood how one man can turn a set of facts into easy, persuasive reading while another, with the same material, becomes only a conscientious bore. A short piece, some 1500 words, of light purport is the only kind of article in which I have ever felt at ease, and the more I pounded away at the Snug Harbor stuff, which was really quite a rich haul of absurdities, the more lugubrious the result seemed to be. But it was a test case for me, and I had to turn in a draft or assert my own defeat.

The draft was just as bad as I judged it to be. It came back to me with many queries and marginal comments. My second attempt was no better, I am sure, and a few days after I had finished it, Bergman stopped at my desk with these words, which I had sensed were impending but which I could scarcely bear to hear: "Mr. Ross thinks you should plan to go back to Boston when your three months are up."

Two or three weeks of my trial period remained.

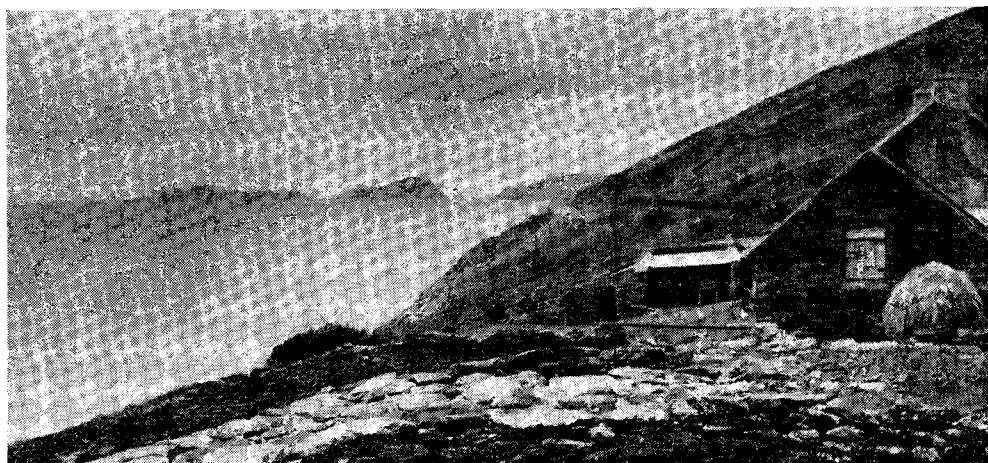
It was quite proper of Ross to give me that much notice. But I felt that every hour I remained was an intrusion: the undesired tyro overstaying his welcome, the failure who would not leave, a hanger-on, an object of pity. I was sending home \$100 of my \$150 salary each week, and I knew that the relapse to my *Transcript* earnings could be postponed, but I felt that I should vanish as quickly as possible. I called the office boy, who distributed the pay envelopes, and told him that I was leaving and needed my pay. It was a Thursday, nearing noon. A marvelous contretemps ensued, putting the final seal on my embarrassment and self-disgust.

The office boy, who had been especially helpful to me during the previous weeks, brought me the pay envelope in a few minutes. I said good-bye to Thurber, Gibbs, the Whites, and Miss Terry, and, returning to snatch my hat and coat, to John Mosher. A couple of hours later, as I was packing my belongings and about to leave my lodging-house for a Boston train, I was waited upon by the office boy, who was in a great state of jitters. Ross had just told him that by leaving on Thursday instead of finishing the week I was beating the *New Yorker* out of two days' pay, and if I did not return the money, Ross was going to take it out of the office boy's pay, a calamitous prospect in 1932 for any office boy.

So, I was leaving not only as an incompetent, but also as untrustworthy, if not downright dishonest. I reimbursed the office boy. I apologized to him. I hoped he would not think, I told him, that I had foreseen any such mix-up, but he was too relieved to get the money back to engage in any review of my motives. He thanked me enthusiastically.

At the *Transcript* the next morning, the city editor, as I had expected he would, blandly disclaimed any understanding that I had been away on a leave of absence and was entitled to return to my job. A firm word or two from Henry Claus ended this harassment, and I am still warmed by the recollection of Henry's unquestioning friendliness when that was what I needed more than anything else. I had difficulty in trying to explain to anyone what had gone wrong in New York, or even why I had not stayed on for the full period of my leave. As I look back on it, I am sure that the real cause of my trouble was quite commonplace, so much so in fact that I could not possibly have understood it at the time: Ross was simply not as tirelessly interested in me as I was.

Not until more than four years later did I make good my escape from the *Transcript*, and it was six years after that — a decade after my return from the *New Yorker* — that I finally found employment completely to my taste and liking.



ISLAND TEACHER

A Story by Charles C. O'Connell

CHARLES C. O'CONNELL was born in and lives in the city of Cork. He tells us, "Though writing is what I want to do most, my wife and three children are interested in eating regularly; as a consequence, I hold down the position of general works manager in one of Ireland's largest hosiery and textile factories."

I WELL remember the day Miss McCrary came to the island. I was just twelve years old at the time, and I was down at the quay with my father when she arrived from the mainland. Davy O'Toole and Paddy Cronin had rowed her over across the sound in their curragh, and they could have picked a better day, for the wind was pulling at us strongly and the sea was rough. Even within our little harbor the featherweight craft bobbed up and down on the swell as if it floated in oil, and the woman sat on the stern thwart, two pale hands gripping the gunwales and her face gray-green. Her belongings were strewn at her feet as though they had fallen from her hands — a small sack tied at the neck, a large suitcase, and a handbag, black as her somber attire. She looked very ill, yet she sat straight as an oar, showing us just her deathly profile, while the wind whipped her short hair around her head. She resembled a great black bird in the back of the boat, and she showed neither apprehension nor interest as the men delicately maneuvered the boat to the quay. The tide was nearly full, and my father had no difficulty in helping the woman ashore or collecting her luggage as Davy handed it out to him. Then he spoke to the boatmen

about the weather and the times, and listened to the tidbits of news from the mainland, giving Miss McCrary time to recover her composure.

When she was out of the boat and on the dry land the semblance of a bird still clung to her, only now I felt that I could qualify my impression with the word "ugly." The other side of her face was visible for the first time, and in all my days I had never seen a thing so strange as that great red mark which reached from her neck to her forehead and from her ear across to her nose. It was like a great angry scald that had never healed. Still, young as I was, I was greatly impressed by the way she held her head. It was erect and defiant, and I couldn't understand why she didn't want to hide the terrible mark from us. Another thing I noticed about her then was her hands. She held one, fingers spread, at the neck of her black coat, and the other was at her side, and I saw they were white as marble, with slender, ringless fingers.

She looked at none of us as my father spoke to the boatmen but stared out over the gray wrinkled sea toward the mainland that sat like a thundercloud four miles to the east. Nor did she move until Davy and Paddy had pushed the

Photograph by Theo Frey from IRLANDE, courtesy of Ides et Calendes, Switzerland.

curragh away from the quay and were bow on for the open sea. Then she stooped to collect her luggage, but my father forestalled her. "I'll carry these for you, ma'am."

Without a murmur, she let him collect her sack and the suitcase, but she hugged her black handbag to her bosom as though it were a child.

"The women have the house fixed up for you," my father told her, swinging the sack on his shoulder and picking up the suitcase by the handle. "I hope you'll be happy here."

She said nothing to this either. The green pallor was still on her face, and it struck me that she was afraid as well as sick, but whether it was of my father or of the island I couldn't tell. I remember thinking that if she was afraid of my father she was being very foolish, for though he was big and strong and king of this island, nobody was afraid of him or had reason to be. So, because I couldn't understand what was making her afraid, I mentally counted it yet another oddity in a very odd person indeed.

Though there was room in the width of the quay for the three of us to walk abreast, Miss McCrary kept behind my father, walking straight and firm with her head still held proudly and her strange hair blowing willy-nilly in the wind.

FROM the quay the way to the cliff top is a steep snaking road that doubles back on itself here and there to ease the gradient. It is a stiff climb for any man, but our lady from the mainland climbed it with a straight back and a sure step.

My father rested his burden on the rough road ten or twelve paces from the top of the eighty-foot cliff and drew the back of his hand across his forehead. I had never seen him do this before, and I guessed he was only giving the woman an opportunity to rest.

"It is no easy climb," he said, and I could see the perspiration on his forehead, but that might have been due to the fact that he was wearing a coat over his jersey out of respect for Miss McCrary.

"It is not," was all the woman said, flatly. She glanced below then at the sea surging on the rocks, and I thought she shuddered. Then she looked up quickly and held her gaze stiffly averted. I could see that my father was puzzled by her attitude because his forehead was puckered as he stooped to pick up her bags again.

Then, before he could move, Miss McCrary was sick; violently and helplessly sick over the side of the low wall that separated us from the sheer drop to a tangle of rocks and sea spume below. She kept her back to us, and as her shoulders

heaved I felt inclined to be sick myself. Even after she stopped retching she still bent over the wall, afraid to move. My father was looking away to the scatter of islands that sat on the sea to the north of us, looking at them as though he had never seen them before, while with all the merciless curiosity of youth, I had eyes only for Miss McCrary. She stood there for so long that I thought she must have fainted and that somehow the wall was propping her upright; and then she began to cry, so suddenly that it was infinitely more startling than when she was sick. She cried in little hard gasps which shook her shoulders terribly. I had often seen women cry before, but I had never seen anybody cry like this. I felt sure that it must hurt her deep inside that slender body, and yet I don't remember feeling any sympathy, nothing, in fact, but a deep curiosity, as if this person was not human at all but a tall, marked, ugly creature that Davy and Paddy had caught in the sea. My father didn't stir but continued to stare away to the north, as though he was wondering how in the world the northern islands ever got where they were and why he had never noticed them before, but I saw that the muscles on his jaws jumped and spread, and that was usually a sign that he was in pain.

Finally the woman stopped crying and turned toward us. She held a handkerchief over her mouth and nose so that only her eyes were visible, and they startled me because they were soft and dark and lovely under her unusual thatch, and somehow I was pleased to discover yet another thing I liked about this woman besides her hands.

My father looked at her with a slight sympathetic smile on his face. "Are you all right now?"

She nodded her head and said lowly: "I feel so ashamed."

"There is no need," he assured her. "Crossing the sound in a curragh on such a day is not the most comfortable way to come to Innislaum, but unfortunately it is the only way. Most people are sick unless they are used to it."

Miss McCrary didn't speak, and then my father said in a voice he always used when I was sick: "There is nobody here who would harm you." And this started the woman crying again, but quieter this time — just tears and silence.

From the top of the quay road we turned south to the two dozen houses that made up our village. They all looked across the sound toward the mainland, and the ground humped itself behind them. One of the houses, a cottage small even by our standards, stood a little apart from the rest. It had two feet of thatch, two windows and a door in front, two more windows behind, and you could trace the bends of the chimney flue by the

deep-brown stain showing through the limewash on the gable. There was a fenced piece of ground in front of it, and a deep trench cut behind to collect the drainage from the hill. A wisp of smoke was coming from the chimney as we came down the quay road.

We stopped at this house, and my father laid down the case and the sack and gave the woman a key.

"There are fresh eggs and bread in the cupboard," he said, "and potatoes in a wicker basket and more in a pit at the back. You will find turf and slivers of bog oak near the fire, and there is bacon in the safe outside the back door." He nodded his head to the nearest cottage. "Mrs. Coughlan lives below you, and she will be pleased to help you settle in. If there is anything else you need, let her know and she will tell me. I would rest now if I were you. Tomorrow will be time enough to talk about the school."

She thanked him and then went inside the cottage, closing the door softly, and my father and I walked down the road toward our own home at the other end of the village.

"Isn't she very funny, Dad?" I said as we moved on.

He was deep in thought, and I could see by the lines on his forehead that he was worried. My question did not appear to make him any happier.

"What's funny about her?"

"She looks funny," I said, embarrassed, "all dressed in black like that and with that red patch on her face."

I can still remember his shocked expression. Then he said: "Maybe with your braces over your jersey like that and your bare feet and your mop of wild hair you looked very funny to her. At least her face was clean, which is more than can be said for yours at this moment."

And I could say nothing at all to that.

THE coming of Miss McCrary to the island changed all our lives, at least the lives of the fifteen of us who were compelled to attend school. Our ages ranged from five to twelve at that time, and though we had teachers before, we surely never had anyone like this strange woman. She divided the fifteen of us into four classes and located each section in a different corner in the felt-roofed shed that served as a schoolhouse, so that all the pupils, though physically together within one room, were, in an academic sense, years apart. She contrived thereafter to handle four graded curriculums at the same time, and yet keep everybody busy.

Indeed, we were busy with Miss McCrary!

Busier than we had ever been before, and somehow much more alive to what we were doing, because for all her strange appearance, she had the gift of wrapping a tedious and difficult subject with the tinsel of interest. She pushed out the four walls of the schoolhouse and introduced us to a world we never knew before. For the first time we realized the vastness of the universe and made a smacking acquaintance with the histories of people we never even knew existed. And in the end we became used to her.

Though she was always a little formidable, a little remote and mysterious, in an incredibly short time she no longer seemed ugly to me. We sometimes forgot she looked different to other people, and it seemed that she had been on the island since time began. One thing I particularly liked about her was that she had no favorites, nor did she make any distinction one way or the other in dealing with her pupils. I was very glad of this because I felt that she could have made life very hard for me since I had seen her being sick and crying on the first day she arrived. On the other hand, the fact that I had witnessed this particular moment of weakness placed our relationship on a different plane from that of the others — a lower plane, where it seemed to me she must always be shamefaced and bitter, and I self-conscious and secretive.

From the start she had the respect of the islanders — a special sort of respect that was ordinarily reserved for the clergy. Though she never mixed too freely with the people, they treated her with great courtesy, and I noticed, too, that most of the pupils arrived with oiled quiffs and clean hands and faces, even after the break for lunch.

The greatest change of all was wrought in my father. I know now that he must have been in his middle thirties when Miss McCrary came to us, but to me he seemed as old as the world, as wise as Solomon, and as remotely austere as a star in the farthest reaches of the sky. He had been born on the mainland and had come to the island only because his wife — my mother — would live nowhere else. He was better educated than the island people and as adept as they at living off the sea and the land. I do not know when he came to be acknowledged as the leader of Innislaum, but so he became, and I believe it was his knowledge of the islanders' need of him that held him here when his wife died bringing me into the world. Perhaps his remoteness dated from that tragic day, or maybe he was always a quiet man with his thoughts hidden deeply. It was he who was responsible for the harbor, the schoolhouse, the road up to the hill, and, in conjunction with the parish priest on the mainland,

the long string of teachers who came to teach school and left again because of the wind and the rain and the sea and the loneliness.

He was therefore responsible for Miss McCrary's coming, and she stayed largely because all the things that drove the others from us attracted her.

My father seemed happier after Miss McCrary's coming. Because of his position it was to him that she turned to have the various alterations made in the schoolhouse. Under her direction he and a fair share of our male population converted the drafty shed into a relatively snug building.

An old stove transported from the mainland and duly installed was a source of great comfort to us. Patches of felt which had drifted from the roof were renewed, and the wild lank grass around the building was given a semblance of cultivation by the pupils. There were other things, like maps and charts, which my father had to procure and bring from the hinterland, as well as copybooks and slates and chalk and other academic knick-knacks. He seemed to enjoy doing all these chores and contrived at the same time to get his own work done, and in the process he changed. He was friendlier with me, for instance, and more considerate about my appearance. I suddenly found myself possessing new clothes and boots, which I preferred not to wear, and I had to scrub more frequently. But for all these inconveniences, he made up for it with a new comradeship, and he told me many things about his early life. He also told me something about my mother, and their life together, and he spoke of her as one speaks of a saint. One day on the high cliff while we were looking across the sound toward the mainland he told me what killed her.

"It was the sound took her from us, as it has taken many a mother and father before her. For us that stretch of water is a barrier to a decent way of life."

Because I was puzzled I asked him if he liked living on the island.

"That's a good question," he said. "There is a fascination about this place. The sound of the sea on the rocks, and the wind and the wild life put a spell upon you. Off the island you're a man alone, a stranger in a foreign land. And the mainland is foreign only because the people are foreign. It is not the island — it is the people make the island a good place to live. Sometimes I think that if all those people who live here formed a community somewhere safe they would be as happy as they are here, and life would be less hard. But they would change, I feel. Here only the winds and the rain and the sea beat against them, but on the mainland the keener winds of avarice and greed might destroy their happiness.

Still, at least the young ones would be born and the mothers wouldn't die and education would make a real man of a child."

I DID not understand the significance of all he said then, and he never spoke of it again, but I had occasion to recall his conversation when Sarah Casey died. That happened about a year after Miss McCrary came to the island.

By this time our schoolteacher had shown us another facet of her capabilities. She proved to be an accomplished nurse, and people began to come to her with minor ailments. She was in attendance on Sarah Casey for a long time, but I did not know that Mrs. Casey was seriously ill until one day a doctor arrived from the mainland. A young doctor he was, better dressed than the country folks and half afraid of the wild people he encountered on the island. He spent a long time in the Casey home, and my father and Mr. Casey stood outside and waited. I waited also with the two Casey children, standing a little apart, and although I didn't understand fully what was going on, I knew that some sort of crisis had arrived in the life of the Casey family. At last the doctor came out, spoke for a little while to the men, and afterward my father rowed him over to the mainland in the curragh.

I remember that day distinctly and the frightening feeling I experienced as my father's boat appeared and disappeared as it rode the swell. I was afraid for my father, and I could not say why, for he had often crossed in worse weather. While I was trying to sort out my feelings I was conscious of Miss McCrary standing beside me, and she too was staring after the boat, the good side of her face turned toward me, white as polished marble and as lovely.

"Your father will be all right," she said.

And so he was, but Sarah Casey died before they could get her to the mainland the next day.

Two days afterward, she was buried on the mainland like the rest of the island's dead, and with the exception of the very old and the very young our entire community went across for the funeral. Miss McCrary did not go across, but she came to the quay to watch us go. I was in my father's curragh, and I noticed how he watched her as he pulled away from the island, and his expression was as soft as a child's.

On the mainland we stood in a group and watched Sarah Casey interred while the rain fell noiselessly on the lank grass. Somehow the miserable sadness of the ceremony escaped me. Even when the lumps of sodden earth began to fall on the coffin the reality of the community's

loss did not possess me, although I knew from the tear-stained faces of the women and the grim expressions of the men that here was cause for great sorrow. And I didn't feel it.

Afterward the men and women met in a tight group outside the churchyard and my father spoke to them, but I and the younger people were given money to spend on sweets in the village. I did not know what the meeting was about, but I was surprised to see that for once the women were included in it.

That proved the first of many meetings, some held in the schoolhouse on the island and others held in my father's home.

The house in which my father and myself lived was at the extreme end of the village on Innislaum, and though a little more elevated than the others, it was nevertheless of the same traditional structure. It was thatched and divided widthwise to separate my parent's bedroom from where we ate and cooked. The partition did not go up all the way to the peaked rafters but ended at the floor of the loft. It was up in this loft I slept, and a ladder with broad steps went up to it. For safety a long knotted rope hung down from the rafters which I could grasp halfway up, and this made it possible to descend without the risk of overbalancing. I had my own little bed up there beneath the thatch, and the heat of the kitchen reached up to me, and also the conversation that went on below if my father had visitors. Many times I dropped off to sleep to the drone of intent conversation.

If there was a crisis building up in our lives I was at first only vaguely aware of it. We young people of the island were ever excluded from the important affairs of our elders, and we had little idea of the ponderous problems with which they grappled. But I was thirteen at this time and approaching manhood by island standards, and for once I became curious and uneasy about these meetings, as if already some of the dust of responsibility was beginning to settle on my maturing shoulders.

One stormy night Miss McCrary came alone to our house. I had been asleep in the loft before she came, but the storm must have wakened me, and I lay in bed listening to the wind in the thatch. After a long while, as I hovered in the twilight of wakefulness, the wind dropped suddenly, and out of the lull came the low voice of Miss McCrary. "What you ask is impossible."

"Why?" I heard my father say. "It's impossible only because you make it so."

"We must consider the boy," said the woman.

"I am considering him. It's partly because of him that I'm asking you to marry me. He has never known a mother."

Miss McCrary's voice was gentle but firm. "We must consider him in relation to yourself and not me. Now he has all your heart, he would resent having to share it."

"He's only sharing it now," said my father lowly, "and no matter what you decide it will always be like that."

In the darkness of the loft I squirmed with uneasiness as I realized that they were talking about me.

"My dear," said Miss McCrary, and I wondered dully why she should address my father like that. "If I married you, it is natural that he would resent me even more than he does now, and I could not bear his eyes on me, tracing out this hideous thing on my face. All my life I have fled from eyes like his. Why do you think I came to the island?"

The wind came again and blotted out the rest of her words, and the rain drummed explosively on the corrugated roof of the shed in the back, drowning all sound from downstairs. Some minutes afterward, while the wind collected itself for a fresh onslaught, I heard the door close and the latch click into place, and I knew that Miss McCrary was gone.

THE years seemed to rush on me after that night. I became mature and grave while this sudden problem twisted and squirmed in my heart. Somehow the possibility that my father would want to marry again had never occurred to me, but the fact that such was his wish did not disturb me. Indeed, I felt that since I saw so much of Miss McCrary in the schoolhouse, it would be no great wonder to see her around my own home. The unfortunate thing about the whole business was that I could not tell my father how I felt without betraying the fact that I had overheard himself and Miss McCrary discussing me.

Consequently I felt guilty before them and was rarely at ease in their company. Neither was I at ease at school. My eyes were permanently averted in case the teacher might think I saw in the mark on her face a thing of terrible wonder. And so, unwittingly, I strengthened the barrier between herself and my father and drew myself away from both of them.

One day in the following month my father told me of the things that came from the meetings. We were down on the quay, and he was putting new slats in the lobster pots. He had asked me along to help him, but so far he had given me nothing to do. After a while he said: "We are going to leave the island in about nine months, Son."

I looked up at the sheer face of rock above us

which was shutting out the sunlight. "Where are we going, Dad?"

"Not far. Only over to the mainland."

"Forever?"

"Yes."

I said nothing to that because I was busy trying to grasp the significance of it.

"We won't be lonely, avick," he explained, "because all the islanders are coming with us. We'll have fine new houses, and we are going to leave this place to the petrels and the puffins."

I was vastly relieved then, principally because under these circumstances there would be no good-byes. "It's great news, surely, Father," I said. "We won't miss the island."

He shrugged his shoulders. "We'll get used to the mainland."

So we spent our last winter on Innislaum, and it needed only the severity of this particular season to shatter any doubts that a few might have had as to the wisdom of coming off the island. During the whole month of January we were cut off completely, and it seemed that we would never know a fine day again. It was as though the hungry sea had knowledge of our imminent departure and was trying to take us to its green bosom before we escaped. During the winter storms it was easy to see in the mottled fingers of spray that reached up to us from the rocks the gnarled, grasping hand of the sea itself.

The spring came slowly, and with it all the intense preparations for the transfer. By April the families began to move over one by one until there remained only ourselves and the Casey family — and Miss McCrary. She appeared more remote than ever as the island emptied itself of people, and I wondered if she would continue to teach us on the mainland. Some of the speculation regarding her future movements was resolved on the eve of our departure, and this is how it was:

My father and I had packed most of our effects into boxes, leaving only the essentials to see us through the night and give us a hot meal in the morning. There were still some books and fishing tackle around the floor waiting to be stowed away when the latch lifted and Miss McCrary came in.

She wore a black lace shawl over her shoulders, and her short hair was tousled. My father, who was on his knees fastening the lid of one of the cases, came slowly to his feet.

She glanced around at our work, and her hands clasped and unclasped themselves nervously.

"You're all packed," she said.

"Except for these," said my father, indicating the gear that lay on the floor. "We'll need the blankets and beds tonight and a few other things, but we'll be ready by noon tomorrow."

"Noon tomorrow," she repeated to herself.

My father touched a case with his toe. "Casey should be ready by then, too, and I suppose you'll be ready yourself?"

She walked over to the fire and stared down at the glowing peat. "I have little to pack," she said lowly, "and there is time enough to pack it because I won't be going over with you tomorrow."

Nobody spoke for a long time after that, and in the silence my father stopped and, picking up a poker, pierced the middle of the fire and added more peat to it. Then he straightened. "You can't stay on the island alone," he said, quietly.

"But I must," insisted Miss McCrary, "even if only for one night. I am not going out on the mainland under the gaze of a hundred people. You can have a boat take me off the next day when things will be quieter — early in the morning, so that I can catch the train to Dunfoy."

My father nodded his head slowly. "So you are going away?"

She stared into the fire. "There is no need for me. There is a fine school on the mainland and a very competent teacher."

"I see," said my father. "Funny, isn't it? I never thought of you going away."

They looked at each other in the lamplight, and I could see the torture in their eyes. Then Miss McCrary went away, but long after I went to bed my father sat before the fire with his own thoughts.

We were ready at noon of the following day, and the big launch was waiting for us. Miss McCrary was at the quay to see the last of us, and she looked pale and forlorn against the background of the deserted island. The Caseys and my father went aboard, and he had one last word for the woman. "I don't like this at all, but I will have the boat over to you early tomorrow."

"I'll be all right," she said quietly. "I will keep my thanks for all you have done for me until tomorrow."

I was standing beside her on the quay, and my father looked at me a little impatiently. "Aren't you going to get in?"

I looked at him steadily, my heart pounding on the plan I had formulated during the night. "I think it would be best if I stay with Miss McCrary until tomorrow, Dad," I said. "She'll be safe that way."

I saw my father's eyes widen and brighten, and then his gaze shifted swiftly to Miss McCrary, and suddenly he was laughing. "I think that's a grand idea, Son," he said as the woman's hand fell on my shoulder.

"I'll be quite safe now," she said, making me feel ten feet tall.

"I know you will," said my father joyously. "Everything will be all right now."

THE ATLANTIC EXTRA



THE ANARCHISTS

BY BARBARA W. TUCHMAN

BARBARA W. TUCHMAN is the author of three books of history, *THE GUNS OF AUGUST*, *THE ZIMMERMAN TELEGRAM*, and *BIBLE AND SWORD*. She is the mother of three daughters and is a graduate and trustee of Radcliffe College. This article is a shortened version of a chapter from a book on which she is now at work, dealing with the last two decades before the First World War and the quality of the world that died in 1914. The chapter in its completed form includes also the Spanish and Russian Anarchists.



SO ENCHANTING was the vision of a stateless society, without government, without law, without ownership of property, in which, corrupt institutions having been swept away, man would be free to be good as God intended him, that six heads of state were assassinated for its sake in the twenty years before 1914. They were President Carnot of France in 1894, Premier Cánovas of Spain in 1897, Empress Elizabeth of Austria in 1898, King Humbert of Italy in 1900, President McKinley of the United States in 1901, and another Premier of Spain, Canalejas, in 1912. Not one could qualify as a tyrant. Their deaths were the gestures of desperate or deluded men to call attention to the Anarchist idea.

No single individual was the hero of the movement that swallowed up these lives. The Idea was its hero. It was, as a historian of revolt has called it, "a daydream of desperate romantics." It had its theorists and thinkers, men of intellect, sincere and earnest, who loved humanity. It also had its tools, the little men whom misfortune or despair or the anger, degradation, and hopelessness of poverty made susceptible to the Idea until they became possessed by it and were driven to act. These became the assassins.

Between the two groups there was no contact. The thinkers in press and pamphlet constructed

Photograph by Blackstone-Shelburne.

marvelous paper models of the Anarchist millennium; poured out tirades of hate and invective upon the ruling class and its despised ally, the bourgeoisie; issued trumpet calls for action, for a "propaganda of the deed" to accomplish the enemy's overthrow. Whom were they calling? What deed were they asking for? They did not say precisely. Unknown to them, down in the lower depths of society lonely men were listening. They heard echoes of the tirades and the trumpets and caught a glimpse of the shining millennium that promised a life without hunger and without a boss. Suddenly one of them, with a sense of injury or a sense of mission, would rise up, go out, and kill — and sacrifice his own life on the altar of the Idea.

The Anarchists believed that with Property, the monarch of all evil, eliminated, no man could again live off the labor of another, and human nature would be released to seek its natural level of justice among men. The role of the state would be replaced by voluntary cooperation among individuals, and the role of the law by the supreme law of the general welfare. To this end no reform of present social evils through vote or persuasion was of any use, for the ruling class would never give up its property nor the powers and laws which protected ownership of property. There-

fore, the necessity of violence. Only revolutionary overturn of the entire malignant existing system would accomplish the desired result. Once the old structure was in rubble, a new social order of utter equality and no authority, with enough of everything for everybody, would settle smilingly upon the earth. So reasonable seemed the proposition that once apprised of it the oppressed classes could not fail to respond. The Anarchist task was to awaken them to the Idea by propaganda of the word and of the deed, and one day one such deed would flash the signal of revolt.

Besides the sovereigns and statesmen, several scores of ordinary people were killed by bombs exploded in parliament, restaurants, railroad stations, theaters, and public processions. For these various crimes as well as the assassinations, twenty-one Anarchists were condemned to death and executed, of whom six were demonstrably guilty and the rest were citizens of Spain, where the revenge of the state was both careless and drastic.

THE twenty-year period before 1914 was Anarchism's second bloom. The first and formulative period lasted from around the time of the revolutionary year 1848 to the assassination of Czar Alexander II in 1881. Its two major prophets were Pierre Proudhon of France, a self-taught, irrepressible, and original mind, and his disciple, Michael Bakunin, a Russian exile, based usually in Geneva, who became the active leader of the movement.

"Whoever lays his hand on me to govern me," Proudhon proclaimed, "is a usurper and a tyrant; I declare him to be my enemy. . . . Government of man by man is slavery," and its laws are "cobwebs for the rich and chains of steel for the poor." The "highest perfection" for free society is no government, to which Proudhon was the first to give the name "An-archy." He excoriated government in a passion of contempt. "To be governed is to be watched, preached at, controlled, ruled, censored, by persons who have neither wisdom nor virtue. It is in every action and transaction to be registered, stamped, taxed, patented, licensed, assessed, measured, reprimanded, corrected, frustrated. Under pretext of the public good it is to be exploited, monopolized, embezzled, robbed and then, at the least protest or word of complaint, to be fined, harassed, vilified, beaten up, bludgeoned, disarmed, judged, condemned, imprisoned, shot, garrotted, deported, sold, betrayed, swindled, deceived, outraged, dishonored. That's government, that's its justice, that's its morality! And imagine that among us there are democrats who believe government to be good, socialists who in

the name of liberty, equality and fraternity support this ignominy, proletarians who offer themselves as candidates for President of the Republic! What hypocrisy!"

Proudhon believed that the "abstract idea of right" would obviate the need of revolution, and man would be persuaded to adopt the stateless society through reason.

What Bakunin added, learning from Russia under Nicholas I, was the necessity of violent revolution. In other countries people could sustain a belief in progress through reform; in his country this was difficult. He saw revolution as the womb of the perfect society and expressed Anarchist philosophy in his phrase, "The passion for destruction is also a creative passion." Born in a family of the landed nobility and having resigned from the Imperial Guard in protest against Russian treatment of Poland, Bakunin came to Paris in 1840, where, under the influence of Proudhon, he espoused Anarchism. He saw man, like every living thing in the process of evolution, struggling to perfect himself and believed his triumph was inevitable, but "we seek to hasten it."

As opposed to his rival, Karl Marx, who maintained that revolution would come only from an industrial proletariat, organized and trained for the task, Bakunin believed that immediate revolution could explode in one of the more economically backward countries — Italy, Spain, or Russia — where the workers, though untrained, unorganized, and illiterate, with no understanding of their own wants, would be ready to rise because they had nothing to lose. The task of the conscientious revolutionist was to popularize the Idea among the masses, hitherto bound in ignorance and prejudice by the ruling class. It was necessary to make them conscious of their own wants and "evoke" from them thoughts to match their impulses, thoughts of revolt. When this happened, the workers would know their own will, and then "their power will be irresistible."

Bakunin's following grew until it precipitated a struggle with Marx for control of the First International, which Marx won by some active chicanery among the delegates to the Congress of 1872. But the basic quarrel between the two autocrats of revolution was over idea and method.

There was an inherent paradox within the body of Anarchism that frustrated its progress. Anarchism rejected any form of government, including party government, which was regarded as a "state in little" and, in Proudhon's words, just another "variety of absolutism." Yet to bring about a revolution it was necessary to submit to authority, organization, and discipline. Whenever Anarchists met to prepare a program, this terrible necessity rose up to face them. Loyal to their Idea,

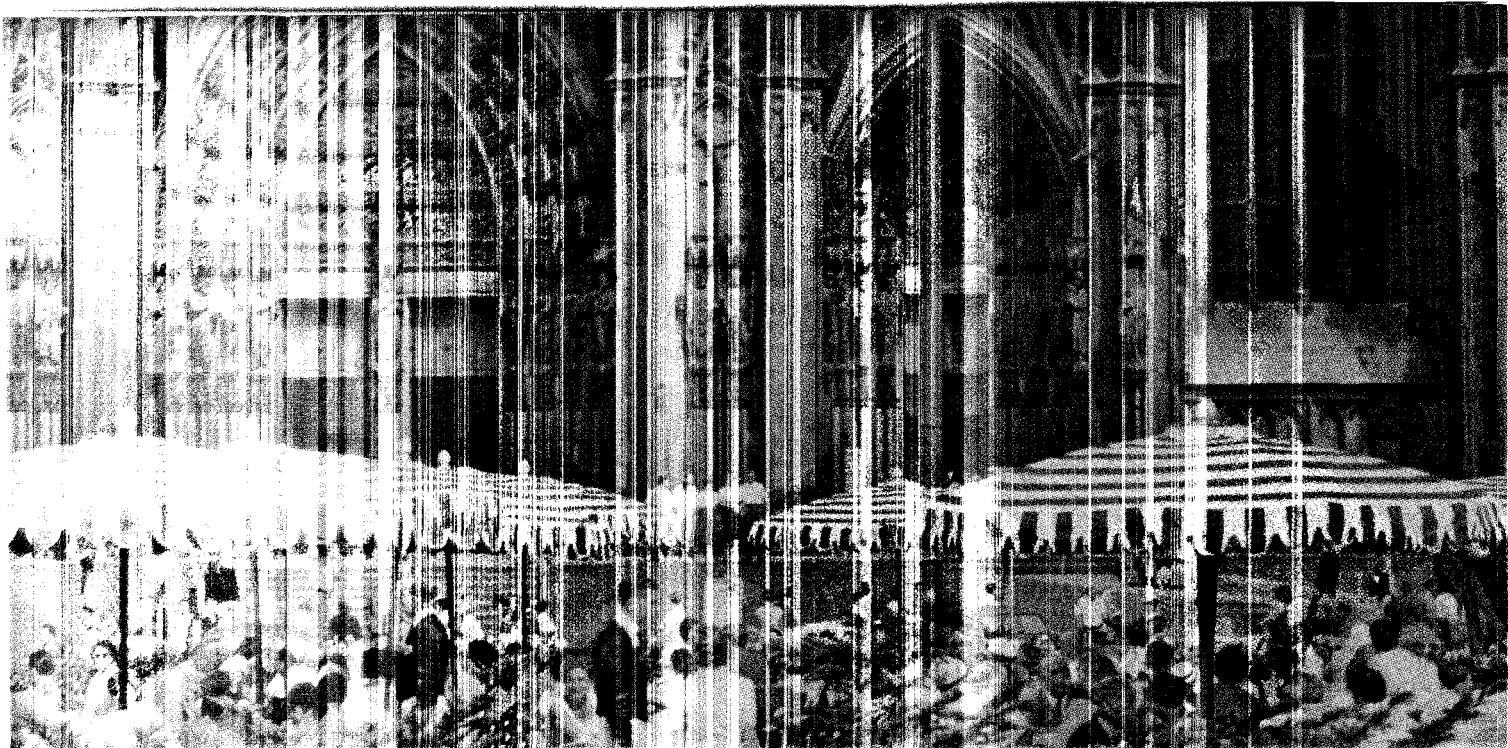


Fig. 3 Cathedral Mail coupon below for details on KLM tours to Cologne and scores of other European cities.

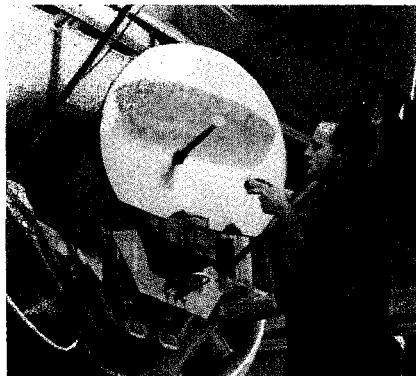
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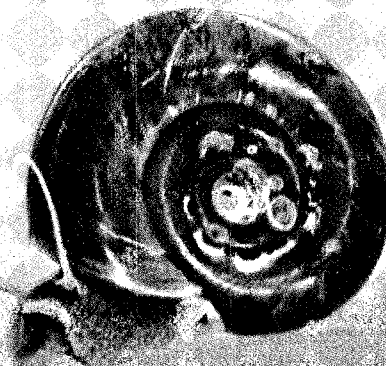
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they rejected it. Revolution would burst from the masses spontaneously. All that was needed was the Idea — and a spark.

Each strike or bread riot or local uprising the Anarchist hoped — and the capitalist feared — might be the spark. Mme. Hennebau, the manager's wife in Zola's *Germinal*, watching the march of the striking miners under the bloody gleam of the setting sun, saw "the red vision of revolution that on some sombre evening at the end of the century would carry everything away. Yes, on that evening the people, unbridled at last, would make the blood of the middle class flow . . . in a thunder of boots the same terrible troop, with their dirty skins and tainted breath, would sweep away the old world. . . . Fires would flame, there would be nothing left, not a sou of the great fortunes, not a title-deed of acquired properties."

Each time, as when Zola's miners faced the guns of the gendarmerie, the spark was stamped out. The magic moment when the masses would awaken to their wants and their power did not come. The Paris Commune flared and died in 1871 and failed to signal a general insurrection. "We reckoned without the masses who did not want to be roused to passion for their own freedom," wrote Bakunin, disillusioned, to his wife. "This passion being absent what good did it do us to have been right theoretically? We were powerless." He died in 1876, a Columbus, as Herzen said, without America.

Meanwhile, in his native land his ideas took root in the Narodniki, or Populists, otherwise the Party of the People's Will. In 1881 the Narodniki struck a blow that startled the world: they assassinated the Czar, Alexander II. It was a triumphant coup, equal, they imagined, to the battering down of the Bastille. It would shout aloud their protest, summon the oppressed, and terrorize the oppressors. Instead it ushered in reaction. The dead Czar, whose crown may have been the symbol of autocracy but who in person was the liberator of the serfs, was mourned by the peasants, who believed "the gentry had murdered the Czar to get back the land." His ministers opened a campaign of savage repression; the public, abandoning all thoughts of reform, acquiesced; and the revolutionary movement, "broken and demoralized, withdrew into the conspirators' cellar." There Anarchism's first period came to an end.

BEFORE the new era of violence opened in the nineties, a single terrible and isolated event took place, not in Europe but in America, in the city of Chicago. This was Judge Gary's sentence of death upon eight Anarchists accused of responsi-

bility for the bomb that killed seven policemen and four other persons and wounded over a hundred in Haymarket Square in May, 1886. The occasion was the McCormick-Harvester strike for an eight-hour day, in the course of which several strikers had already been killed by the police. The eight Anarchists organized a demonstration; who threw the bomb has never been discovered. Three of the accused were reprieved and sentenced to prison terms; one, Louis Lingg, the youngest, handsomest, and most fervent, blew himself up with fulminate of mercury on the night before execution, and four were hanged on November 11, 1887. All but one were foreign-born, mostly German, and all were known followers of Johann Most, the editor of *Freiheit* and priest of violence, who had been expelled even from England for his too enthusiastic approval of regicide on the death of Alexander II and had brought his paper and his passion to the United States.

The defendants' speeches to the court after sentence, firm in Anarchist principle and throbbing with consciousness of martyrdom, resounded through Europe and America and provided the best propaganda Anarchism ever had. They knew and loudly stated that they were being tried and sentenced for the crime not of murder but of Anarchism. "Let the world know," cried one of them, August Spies, "that in 1886 in the state of Illinois eight men were sentenced to death because they believed in a better future!"

For years thereafter the silhouette of the gallows and its four hanging bodies decorated Anarchist literature, and the anniversary of November 11 was celebrated as a revolutionary memorial. The Haymarket martyrs were to give a renewed impulse to Anarchism, but for the moment there was no immediate sequel.

Yet men who were Anarchists without knowing it stood on every street corner. Jacob Riis, the New York police reporter who described in 1890 *How the Other Half Lives*, saw one on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. The man suddenly leaped at a carriage carrying two fashionable ladies on an afternoon's shopping and slashed at the sleek and shiny horses with a knife. When arrested and locked up, he said, "They don't have to think of tomorrow. They spend in an hour what would keep me and my little ones for a year." He was the kind from which Anarchists of the deed were made.

They came from the warrens of the poor, where hunger and dirt were king; where consumptives coughed and the air was thick with the smell of latrines, boiling cabbage, and stale beer; where babies wailed and couples screamed in sudden quarrels; where roofs leaked and unmended windows let in the cold blasts of winter; where privacy

was unimaginable; where men, women, grandparents, and children lived together, eating, sleeping, fornicating, defecating, sickening, and dying in one room; where a teakettle served as a wash boiler between meals, old boxes served as chairs, heaps of foul straw as beds, and boards propped across two crates as tables; where sometimes not all the children in the family could go out at one time because there were not enough clothes to go around; where decent families lived among drunkards, wife beaters, thieves, and prostitutes; where life was a seesaw of unemployment or endless toil; where a cigar maker and his wife, earning thirteen cents an hour, worked seventeen hours a day, seven days a week, to support themselves and three children; where death was the only exit and the only extravagance and the scraped savings of a lifetime would be squandered on a funeral coach with flowers and a parade of mourners to ensure against the anonymity and last ignominy of potter's field.

The poor lived in a society in which power, wealth, and magnificent spending were never more opulent, in which the rich dined on fish, fowl, and red meat at one meal, lived in houses of marble floors and damask-covered walls and of thirty or forty or fifty rooms, wrapped themselves in furs in winter, and were cared for by a retinue of servants who blacked their boots, arranged their hair, drew their baths, and lit their fires. In this world Comte Boni de Castellane hired the Bois de Boulogne to give a party for three thousand guests, who were entertained by flights of white swans and the *corps de ballet* from the opera.

These were the rulers and men of property whose immense possessions could, it seemed, only be explained as having been accumulated out of the pockets of the exploited masses. "What is Property?" asked Proudhon in a famous question, and answered, "Property is theft." "Do you not know," cried Enrico Malatesta in his *Talk Between Two Workers*, an Anarchist classic of the nineties, "that every bit of bread they eat is taken from your children, every fine present they give to their wives means the poverty, hunger, cold, even perhaps prostitution of yours?"

If in their economics the Anarchists were hazy, their hatred of the ruling class was strong and vibrant. They hated "all mankind's tormenters," as Bakunin called them: "Priests, monarchs, statesmen, soldiers, officials, financiers, capitalists, moneylenders, lawyers." To the workers themselves it was not the faraway rich but their visible representatives, the landlord, the factory owner, the boss, the policeman, who were the Enemy.

They could hate, but only a few were rebels. Most existed in apathy, stupefied by poverty. Some gave up. A woman with four children who

made matchboxes at four and a half cents a gross and, working fourteen hours, could make seven gross a day for a total of thirty-one and a half cents, threw herself out of the window one day and was carried up from the street dead. She was "discouraged," a neighbor said. A young man who lost his job and had a sick mother was charged in magistrate's court with attempted suicide. The lockkeeper's wife who pulled him out of the river testified how, "as fast as I pulled to get him out, he crawled back," until some workmen came to assist her. When the magistrate congratulated the woman on her muscular powers, the courtroom laughed, but an observer named Jack London wrote, "All I could see was a boy on the threshold of life passionately crawling to a muddy death."

The failure of practical attempts at Anarchism in Bakunin's period caused Anarchist theory and practice to veer off in a direction not toward the earth but toward the clouds. In the new period beginning in the nineties, its aims, always idyllic, became even more utopian and its deeds less than ever connected with reality. It became impatient. It despised the puny efforts of socialists and trade unionists to achieve the eight-hour day, which it considered reformist and antirevolutionary. "Eight hours of work for the boss is eight hours too much," proclaimed the Anarchist paper *La Révolte*. "We know that what is wrong with our society is not that the worker works ten, twelve or fourteen hours, but that the boss exists."

THE most prominent among the new Anarchist leaders was Prince Peter Kropotkin, by birth an aristocrat, by profession a geographer, and by conviction a revolutionist. His sensational escape after two years' imprisonment from the grim fortress of Peter and Paul in 1876 had endowed him with a heroic aura, kept bright afterward during his years of exile in Switzerland, France, and England by unrepentant and unremitting preaching in the cause of revolt.

Kropotkin's faith in mankind, despite a life of hard experience, was inexhaustible and unshatterable. He gave the impression, said an English journalist, Henry Nevinson, who knew him well, of "longing to take all mankind to his bosom and keep it warm." Kindliness shone from his bald and noble dome ringed with a low halo of bushy brown hair. An ample beard, thick enough for Edward Lear's owls to nest in, spread comfortably beneath his chin. He was very short "with hardly enough body to hold up the massive head." Descended from princes of Smolensk who, according to family tradition, belonged to the Rurik dynasty that had ruled Russia before the Romanovs,

Kropotkin took his place in that long line of "conscience-stricken" Russian nobility who felt guilty for belonging to a class that had oppressed the people for centuries.

He was born in 1842. After service as an officer of Cossacks in Siberia, where he studied the geography of the region, he became secretary of the Geographical Society, for whom he explored the glaciers of Finland and Sweden in 1871. Meanwhile, he had joined a secret revolutionary committee, an action which, on being revealed, caused his arrest and imprisonment. After his escape in 1876 — the year Bakunin died — he went to Switzerland, where he worked with Élisée Reclus, the French geographer and a fellow Anarchist, on Reclus's monumental geography of the world. Kropotkin wrote the volume on Siberia and with Reclus founded and for three years edited *Le Révolté*, which, after suppression and a rebirth in Paris as *La Révolte*, was to become the best-known and longest-lived Anarchist journal. His stream of convincing and passionate polemics, the prestige of his escape from the most dreaded Russian prison, his active work with the Swiss Anarchists of the Jura, which caused his expulsion from Switzerland, all topped by his title of Prince made him Bakunin's recognized successor as leader of the Anarchists.

In France, where he came in 1882, the traditions of the Commune had nourished a militant Anarchist movement of which there was a flourishing group in Lyons. A police raid and a retaliatory bomb causing one death had been followed by the arrest and trial of fifty-two Anarchists, including Kropotkin, on charges of belonging to an international league dedicated to the abolition of property, family, country, and religion. Sentenced to prison for five years, Kropotkin had served three, had then been pardoned by President Grévy, and with his wife and daughter had settled in England, the inevitable refuge of political exiles from other countries.

In a small house in Hammersmith, a drearily respectable suburb of London, he continued to write fiery paeans to violence for *La Révolte*, scholarly articles for geographical journals in five languages, to lecture Anarchist club meetings in a cellar off Tottenham Court Road, to thump the piano and paint, and to charm with his sweet temper and genial manners everyone who met him. "He was amiable to the point of saintliness," wrote Shaw, "and with his full beard and lovable expression might have been a shepherd from the Delectable Mountains. His only weakness was the habit of prophesying war within the next fortnight. And he was right in the end." This weakness was in fact an expression of Kropotkin's optimism, for war to him was the expected catastrophe that

was to destroy the old world and clear the way for the triumph of Anarchy. The "galloping decay" of states was hastening the triumph. "It cannot be far off," he wrote. "Everything brings it nearer."

This agreeable person, conventionally dressed in the black frock coat of a Victorian gentleman, was an uncompromising apostle of the necessity of violence. Man's progress toward perfection was being held back, he wrote, by the "inertia of those who have a vested interest in existing conditions." Progress needed a push; in short, a violent event "to hurl mankind out of its ruts into new roads. . . . Revolution becomes a pre-emptory necessity." The spirit of revolt must be awakened in the masses by repeated "propaganda of the deed." This phrase, which was to become the banner of Anarchist violence, was first used by a French socialist, Paul Brousse, in 1878, apropos of an attempt on the life of Wilhelm I of Germany. "The idea is on the march," he wrote, "and we must

seek to inaugurate the propaganda of the deed. Through a royal breast is the way to open the road to revolution!"

In 1879 at an Anarchist Congress in the Swiss Jura, Kropotkin specifically advocated propaganda of the deed, if somewhat less explicitly as to method. Though never recommending



KROPOTKIN

assassination in so many words, he continued during the eighties to urge a propaganda by "speech and written word, by dagger, gun and dynamite." He sounded an inspiring summons in the pages of *La Révolte* to "men of courage willing not only to speak but to act, pure characters who prefer prison, exile and death to a life that contradicts their principles, bold natures who know that in order to win one must dare." Men such as these must form an advance guard of revolution long before the masses are ready and, in the midst of "talking, complaining, discussing," must do the "deed of mutiny." A "single deed," he wrote at another time, "is better propaganda than a thousand pamphlets."

How many impressionable minds absorbed these words? How many bitter and ardent souls were stirred to attempt a deed that would perform the function so loftily called for by Kropotkin on paper?

In the nineties, when he was in his fifties, Kropotkin, though never altering his demand for revolt, subdued a little his enthusiasm for the indi-

vidual deed. Although "the revolutionary spirit gains immensely through such deeds of individual heroism," he wrote in *La Révolte* of March, 1891, "nevertheless it is not these heroic acts that make revolutions. Revolution is above all a mass movement. . . . Institutions rooted in centuries of history are not destroyed by a few pounds of explosives. The time for such action is passed and the time for the anarchist and communist idea to penetrate the masses has come." Disclaimers, however, rarely have the same force as the original proposition.

IN A restaurant in Holborn during the coal strike of 1893, Kropotkin was arguing with Ben Tillett and Tom Mann, two tough-minded trade unionists. "We must destroy! We must pull down! We must be rid of the tyrants!" shouted Mann.

"No," said Kropotkin in his foreign accent, with the eyes of a scientist gleaming behind his spectacles, "we must build. We must build in the hearts of men. We must establish a kingdom of God."

He had the plans for the kingdom already drawn. After the revolution, which he calculated would take three to five years to accomplish the overthrow of Europe's governments, the destruction of prisons, forts, and slums, and the expropriation of land, industries, and all forms of property, volunteers would take inventory of all food stocks, dwellings, and means of production. Printed lists would be distributed "by the million." Everyone would take what he needed of things which exist in plenty, and there would be rationing of things of which there was shortage. All property would be community property. Everyone would draw upon the community warehouse for food and goods according to his needs and would have the right "to decide for himself what he needs for a comfortable life." As there would be no more inheritance, there would be no more greed. All able-bodied males would enter into contracts with society, through their groups and communes, by which they would engage to do five hours daily work from the age of twenty-one to about forty-five or fifty, each in a labor of his choice. In return, society would guarantee them the enjoyment of "houses, stores, streets, conveyances, schools, museums, etc." There would be no need for enforcement or for judges or penalties because people would fulfill their contracts out of their own need of "co-operation, support and sympathy" from their neighbors. The process would work because of its very reasonableness, although even Kropotkin might have noticed that the reasonableness of something is rarely a motive in human affairs.

Shaw, that uncomfortable person, picked out the trouble in a Fabian tract called *The Impossibilities of Anarchism*, published in 1891 and reprinted several times during the nineties. If man is good and institutions bad, he asked, if man will be good again as soon as the corrupt system ceases to oppress him, "how did the corruption and oppression under which he groans ever arise?" (Yet the fact that Shaw felt required to write the tract was his tribute to the Idea.)

The most vexing problem of the Anarchist plan was the question of an accounting of the value of goods and services. According to the theories of Proudhon and Bakunin, everyone would get paid in goods in proportion to what he produced. But this required a body to establish values and do the accounting, an Authority, which was anathema to pure Anarchy. As resolved by Kropotkin and Malatesta, the solution was to assume that everyone would *want* to work for the good of the whole, and since all work would be agreeable and dignified, everyone would contribute freely and take from the community warehouse freely without the necessity of accounting.

In proof Kropotkin evolved his theory of "mutual aid" to show that Anarchism had a scientific basis in the laws of nature. Darwin, he argued, had been perverted by capitalist political thinkers. Nature was not, in fact, red in tooth and claw nor animated by the instinct of each living thing to survive at the cost of its fellow but, on the contrary, by the instinct of each to *preserve* the species through "mutual assistance." He drew examples from the ants and the bees and from wild horses and cattle, which form a ring when attacked by wolves, and from the communal field and village life of men in the Middle Ages. He admired the rabbit, which, defenseless and adapted to nothing in particular, survived and multiplied.

Although Kropotkin never slackened his lust for the total destruction of the bourgeois world, that world could not forbear to honor him. He was such a distinguished scholar — and besides, a Prince! When he refused membership in the Royal Geographic Society because it was under royal patronage, he was invited anyway to the society's dinner, and when he refused to rise upon the chairman's toast to "The King!", the chairman promptly rose again to propose, "Long live Prince Kropotkin!", whereupon the whole company stood up to join in the toast. When he visited the United States in 1901 he lectured to the Lowell Institute in Boston, was entertained by its intellectual elite and, not to be outdone, by Mrs. Potter Palmer in Chicago. His memoirs were commissioned by the *Atlantic*; his books bore the imprint of the most respectable publishers. When *Mutual Aid* appeared the *Atheneum* said it revealed

"a most attractive and generous personality," and the *Review of Reviews* called it "a good healthy cheerful, delightful book which does one good to read."

ASIDE from Kropotkin, Anarchist thought was most highly developed in France. France, in these years, had erected the tallest structure in the world, had invented the balloon, the bicycle, and radioactivity, nurtured a group of painters of genius and the most original composers of their time, gloried in the most cultivated capital, and had, naturally, the most explicit Anarchists. Among a wide assortment, some serious and some frivolous, the leaders were Élisée Reclus and Jean Grave. Reclus, with a dark-bearded face of somber beauty and melancholy like that of a Byzantine Christ, was the soothsayer of the movement. He had fought on the barricades of the Commune and marched to prison down the dusty blood-stained road to Versailles. He came from a distinguished family of scholars and, besides his work as a geographer, devoted years to explaining and preaching the Anarchist system through his books and through the periodicals he edited at one time or another with Kropotkin and Grave.

In contrast, Grave came from a working-class family. Once a shoemaker and then, like Proudhon, a typesetter and printer, he had in the eighties practiced making fulminate of mercury to blow up the Prefecture of Police or the Palais Bourbon, seat of the French Parliament. His book *The Dying Society and Anarchism* so persuasively argued the destruction of the state and offered so many insidious suggestions that it cost him two years in prison. While there he wrote another book, *Society After the Revolution*, which he promptly printed himself and published upon his release. Being utopian, it was not considered dangerously subversive by the authorities. In a fifth-floor walk-up garret on a working-class street, the Rue Mouffetard, he now edited, largely wrote, and printed on a handpress the weekly *La Révolte*, while at the same time working on his great history, *Le Mouvement libertaire sous la troisième république*. In a room furnished with a table and two chairs, he lived and worked, dressed invariably in a French workman's long black blouse, surrounded by pamphlets and newspapers, "simple, silent, indefatigable," and so absorbed in his thought and task that "he seemed like a hermit from the Middle Ages who forgot to die 800 years ago."

The followers who were the body of the movement never formed a party but associated only in small, localized clubs and groups. A few comrades would pass out notices informing friends that, for instance, "The Anarchists of Marseilles are estab-

lishing a group to be called The Avengers and Famished which will meet every Sunday at ——. Comrades are invited to come and bring reliable friends to hear and take part in the discussions." Such groups existed not only in Paris but in most of the large cities and many small towns. Among them were "The Indomitables" of Armentières, "The Forced Labor" of Lille, the "Ever-Ready" of Blois, "Land and Independence" of Nantes, the "Dynamite" of Lyons, "The Anti-Patriots" of Charleville. With similar groups from other countries, they occasionally held congresses such as the one in Chicago during the World's Fair in 1893, but they neither organized nor federated.

Another of the leading figures was an Italian, Enrico Malatesta, the firebrand of Anarchism, always carrying the flame into whatever corner of the world there was an Anarchist group. Ten years younger than Kropotkin, he looked like a romantic bandit who might have befriended the Count of Monte Cristo. In fact, he came from a well-off bourgeois family, and as a young medical student had been expelled from the University of Naples for participating in a student riot at the time of the Paris Commune. Thereafter, to make a living he learned the electrician's trade, joined the Italian section of the International, sided with Bakunin against Marx, led an abortive peasant revolt in Apulia, went to prison and then into exile. He tried to direct the Belgian general strike of 1891 away from its petty aim of manhood suffrage, since the vote, in the Anarchist credo, was merely another booby trap of the bourgeois state. He was expelled for similar revolutionary efforts from one country after another and condemned to five years on the prison island of Lampedusa, from which he escaped in a rowboat during a storm. When confined to Italy he escaped in a packing case marked "Sewing Machines" which was loaded on a boat for Argentina, where he hoped to prospect for gold in Patagonia to provide funds for the cause, and where, in fact, he found gold, only to have his claim confiscated by the Argentine government.

Not content merely with talking about the coming disappearance of the state, Malatesta was constantly embroiled in practical attempts designed to help it disappear, which caused him to be suspected of deviating from pure Anarchism and even of leaning toward Marxism. On one occasion he was shot by an Italian fellow Anarchist of the extreme *anti-organizzatori* wing. Never discouraged, no matter how many of the insurrections he midwived were stillborn, Malatesta was always just in or out of prison, fresh from some dramatic escape or desperate adventure, forever an exile without a home or hardly a room to call his own, always turning up, as Kropotkin said, "just as we

saw him last, ready to renew the struggle, with the same love of man, the same absence of hatred for adversaries or jailers."

Their optimism was the outstanding characteristic of these leaders. They were certain that Anarchism, because of its rightness, must triumph and the capitalist system, because of its rottenness, must fall, and they sensed a mysterious deadline in the approaching end of the century. "All are awaiting the birth of a new order of things," wrote Reclus. "The century which has witnessed so many grand discoveries in the world of science cannot pass away without giving us still greater conquests. After so much hatred we yearn to love each other and for this reason we are the enemies of private property and the despisers of law."

As formulated by men like Kropotkin, Malatesta, Jean Grave, and Reclus, Anarchism at the end of the century may have attained, in the words of one of its recorders, "a shining moral grandeur," but only at the cost of a noticeable removal from reality. These men had all suffered prison more than once for their beliefs. Kropotkin himself had lost his teeth as a result of prison scurvy. They were not men of the ivory tower, except insofar as their heads were in ivory towers. They were able to draw blueprints of a state of universal harmony only by ignoring the evidence of human behavior and the testimony of history. Their insistence on revolution stemmed directly from their faith in humanity, which, they believed, needed only a shining example and a sharp blow to start it on its way to the golden age. They spoke their faith aloud. The consequences were frequently fatal.

ANARCHISM'S new era of violence opened in France just after the one-hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution. A two-year reign of dynamite, dagger, and gunshot erupted, killed ordinary men as well as great ones, destroyed property, banished safety, spread terror, and then subsided. The signal was given in 1892 by a man whose name, Ravachol, seemed to "breathe revolt and hatred" and became the symbol of the new era.

His act, like nearly all that followed it, was a gesture of revenge for comrades who had suffered at the hands of the state. On the previous May Day of 1891, at Clichy, a working-class suburb of Paris, a workers' demonstration led by *les anarchos* carrying red banners with revolutionary slogans was charged by mounted police. In the melee five police were slightly injured and three Anarchist leaders, Descamps, Dardare, and Léveillé, severely wounded. Dragged to the police station, the Anarchists were subjected, while still bleeding and untended, to a *passage à tabac* of un-

controlled savagery, being made to pass between two lines of policemen under kicks and blows and beatings with revolver butts. At their trial, Bulot, the prosecuting attorney, charged that Descamps, on the day before the riot, had called on the workers to arm themselves and told them, "If the police come, let no one fear to kill them like the dogs they are! Down with Government! *Vive la révolution!*" Bulot thereupon demanded the death penalty for all three, which, since no one had been killed, was an impossible demand that he might better not have made. It was to start a train of dynamite. For the moment, M. Benoist, the presiding judge, acquitted one defendant and sentenced the other two to five and three years' imprisonment respectively, the maximum penalty allowable in the circumstances.

Six months after the trial, on March 14, 1892, the home of M. Benoist on the Boulevard St. Germain was blown up by a bomb. Two weeks later, on March 27, another bomb blew up the home of Bulot, the prosecuting attorney, in the Rue de Clichy. Between the two explosions the police had circulated a description of the suspected criminal as a thin but muscular young man in his twenties with a bony, yellowish face, brown hair and beard, a look of ill health, and a round scar between thumb and first finger of the left hand. On the day of the second explosion a man of this appearance took dinner at the Restaurant Véry in the Boulevard Magenta, where he talked volubly to a waiter named Lhérot about the explosion, which no one in the quarter yet knew had taken place. He also expressed antimilitarist and anarchist opinions. Lhérot wondered about him but did nothing. Two days later the man returned, and this time Lhérot, noticing the scar, called the police. When they arrived to arrest him the slight young man suddenly became a giant of maniacal strength, and it required ten men and a terrific struggle to subdue him and take him prisoner.

This was Ravachol. He had adopted his mother's name in preference to Koenigstein, the name of his father, who had abandoned his wife and four children, leaving Ravachol at eight years of age as chief breadwinner of the family. At eighteen, after reading Eugene Sue's *The Wandering Jew*, he had lost faith in religion, adopted Anarchist sentiments, attended their meetings, and as a result was dismissed with a younger brother from his job as a dyer's assistant. Meanwhile, his younger sister died and his older sister bore an illegitimate child. Although Ravachol found other jobs, they did not pay enough to keep the family from misery, so he took to illegal supplements but with a certain fierce pride of principle. Robbery of the rich was the right of the poor "to escape living like beasts," he said in prison. "To die of hunger is

cowardly and degrading. I preferred to turn thief, counterfeiter, murderer." He had in fact been all these, and grave robber as well.

At his trial on April 26 he stated that his motive had been to avenge the Anarchists of Clichy who had been beaten up by the police and "not even given water to wash their wounds," and upon whom Bulot and Benoist had imposed the maximum penalty although the jury had recommended the minimum. His manner was resolute, and his eyes had the peculiarly piercing gaze expressive of inner conviction. "My object was to terrorize so as to force society to look attentively at those who suffer," he said, putting volumes into a sentence. While the press described him as a figure of sinister violence and cunning and a "colossus of strength," witnesses testified that he had given money to the wife of one of the imprisoned Clichy Anarchists and bought clothes for her children. At the end of the one-day trial he was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life. But the Ravachol affair had just begun.

The waiter Lhérot, meanwhile, was winning heroic notoriety by regaling customers and journalists with his story of the scar, the recognition, and the arrest. As a result he attracted an unknown avenger of Ravachol who set off a bomb in the Restaurant Véry which killed not Lhérot but his brother-in-law, M. Véry, the proprietor. The act was hailed by *Le Père Peinard*, the most slangy and popular of the Anarchist journals, with the ghoulish double pun, "*Vérification!*"

By now the police had uncovered a whole series of Ravachol's crimes, including a grave robbery for the jewelry on a corpse, the murder of a ninety-two-year-old miser and his housekeeper, the further murder of two old women who kept a hardware shop, which had netted him forty sous, and of another shopkeeper, which had netted him nothing. "See this hand?" Ravachol was quoted as saying. "It has killed as many bourgeois as it has fingers." At the same time he had been living peaceably in lodgings, teaching the little daughter of his landlord to read.

His retrial opened on June 21 in an atmosphere of terror induced by the avenger's bomb in the Restaurant Véry. Everyone expected the Palais de Justice to be blown up; it was surrounded by troops, every entrance guarded, and jurors, judges, and counsel heavily escorted by police. Upon

being sentenced to death, Ravachol said that what he had done had been for the "Anarchist Idea" and added the terrible words, "I know I shall be avenged."

Faced with this extraordinary person, at once a monster of criminality and a protector and avenger of the unfortunate, the Anarchist press fell into discord. In *La Révolte* Kropotkin repudiated Ravachol as "not the true, the authentic" revolutionary but the "opéra-bouffe variety." These deeds, he wrote, "are not the steady, daily work of preparation, little seen but immense, which the revolution demands. This requires other men than Ravachols. Leave them to the *fin de siècle* bourgeois whose product they are." Malatesta likewise, in the literary Anarchist journal *l'En Dehors*, rejected Ravachol's gesture.

The difficulty was that Ravachol belonged almost but not quite to that class of Ego Anarchists

who had one serious theorist in the German Max Stirner and a hundred practitioners of the *culte de moi*. They professed an extreme contempt for every bourgeois sentiment and social restraint, recognizing only the individual's right to "live anarchistically," which included burglary or any other crime that served the need of the moment. They were interested in themselves, not in revolution. The unbridled operations of these "miniature Borgias," usually ending in gun battles with the police and flaunted under the banner of Anarchism,

added much to the fear and anger of the public, which did not distinguish between the aberrant and the true variety. Ravachol was both. There was in him a streak of genuine pity and fellow feeling for the oppressed of his class which led one Anarchist paper to compare him to Jesus.

On July 11, calm and unrepentant, he went to the guillotine, crying at the end, "*Vive l'anarchie!*" At once the issue was clear. Overnight he became an Anarchist martyr, and among the underworld a popular hero. *La Révolte* reversed itself. "He will be avenged!" it proclaimed, adding its bit to the unfolding cycle of revenge. A verb, *ravacholiser*, meaning "to wipe out an enemy," became current, and a street song called *La Ravachole*, sung to the tune of *La Carmagnole*, carried the refrain:

It will come, it will come
Every bourgeois will have his bomb!



RAVACHOL

Ravachol's significance was not in his bombs but in his execution. Meantime, violence erupted across the Atlantic.

ANARCHISM, which rejected government in sexual matters as in all others, had its love affairs, and one that was to have explosive effect upon the movement in America was at this time in progress in New York. It began in 1890 at a memorial meeting for the Haymarket martyrs at which the German-born Johann Most was the speaker. An untended childhood accident had left him with a scarred and twisted face and deformed body. His scorned and lonely youth, when he wandered from place to place, sometimes starving, sometimes finding odd jobs, was natural soil for an animus against society. In Johann Most it sprouted with the energy of a weed. He learned the bookbinder's trade, wrote wrathfully for the revolutionary press, and achieved one term as deputy in the Reichstag in the seventies. But his vehemence kept him forever a wanderer, repeatedly imprisoned, repeatedly expelled, until he reached the United States in 1882 and by the force of his pen and personality took over leadership of the Anarchists. In 1890 he was forty-four, a harsh, embittered man, yet so eloquent and impassioned when he spoke at the memorial meeting that his repellent appearance was forgotten. To one female member of the audience he seemed to "radiate hatred and love" (a phrase which succinctly describes Anarchism).

Emma Goldman, a Russian Jewish recent immigrant of twenty-one, with blue eyes, a rebellious soul, and a highly excitable nature, was transported. Her companion of the evening was Alexander Berkman, like herself a Russian Jew, who had lived in the United States less than three years. Persecution in Russia and poverty in America had endowed both these young people with exalted revolutionary purpose. Emma's first job in the United States was sewing in a factory ten and a half hours a day for \$2.50 a week. Her room cost \$3.00 a month. Berkman came from a slightly better class of family which in Russia had been sufficiently well off to employ servants and send their son to the *gymnasium*. But economic disaster had overtaken them; a favorite uncle of revolutionary sentiments had been seized by the police and never seen again, and Sasha (Alexander) had been expelled from school for writing a nihilist and atheistic composition. Now twenty, he had "the neck and chest of a giant," a high studious forehead, intelligent eyes, and a severe expression. From the "tension and fearful excitement" of Most's speech about the martyrs, Emma sought "relief" in Sasha's arms, and subsequently

her enthusiasm led her to Most's arms as well. The tensions of this arrangement proved no different from those of any bourgeois triangle.

In June, 1892, in Homestead, Pennsylvania, the steel workers' union struck in protest against a reduction of wages by the Carnegie Steel Company. The company was determined to crush the union. Having become a philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie discreetly retreated for the summer to a salmon river in Scotland, leaving his manager, Henry Clay Frick, to do battle with organized labor. No one was more competent or more willing. A remarkably handsome man of forty-three, with a strong black mustache merging into a short black beard, a courteous controlled manner, and eyes which could become "very steely" suddenly, Frick came from a well-established Pennsylvania family. He dressed with quiet distinction in dark blue with a hairline stripe, never wore jewelry, and when offended by a cartoon of himself in the *Pittsburgh Leader*, said to his secretary, "This won't do. This won't do at all. Find out who owns this paper and buy it." He now recruited three hundred strikebreakers from the Pinkerton Agency and prepared to operate the mills behind a military stockade.

On July 5, when Frick's private army advanced in armored barges across the Monongahela and prepared to land, the strikers attacked with homemade cannon, rifles, dynamite, and burning oil. The day of furious battle ended with ten killed, seventy wounded, and the Pinkertons thrown back from the plant by the bleeding but triumphant workers. The governor of Pennsylvania sent in eight thousand militia, the country was electrified, and Frick, in the midst of smoke, death, and uproar, issued an ultimatum declaring his refusal to deal with the union and his intention to operate with nonunion labor and to discharge and evict from their homes any workers who refused to return to their jobs.

"Homestead! I must go to Homestead!" shouted Berkman on the memorable evening when Emma rushed in waving the newspaper. It was, they felt, "the psychological moment for the deed. . . . The whole country was aroused against Frick and a blow aimed at him now would call the attention of the whole world to the cause." The workers were striking not only for themselves but "for all time, for a free life, for Anarchism" — although they did not know it.

Berkman boarded the train for Pittsburgh bent on killing Frick but surviving long enough himself "to justify my case in court." Then, in prison he would "die by my own hand like Lingg."

On July 23 he made his way to Frick's office, where he was admitted when he presented a card on which he had written "Agent of a New York

employment firm." Frick was conferring with his vice chairman, John Leishman, when Berkman entered, pulled out a revolver, and fired. His bullet wounded Frick on the left side of his neck; he fired again, wounding him on the right side; and as he fired the third time, his arm was knocked up by Leishman, so that he missed a fatal shot again. Frick, bleeding, had risen and lunged at Berkman, who, attacked also by Leishman, fell to the floor dragging the other two men with him. Freeing one hand, he managed to extract a dagger from his pocket and stabbed Frick in the side and legs seven times before he was finally pulled off by a deputy sheriff and others who rushed into the room.

"Let me see his face!" whispered Frick, his own face ashen, his beard and clothes streaked with blood. The sheriff jerked Berkman's head back by his hair, and the eyes of Frick and his assailant met. At the police station two caps of fulminate of mercury of the same kind Lingg had used to blow himself up were found on Berkman's person (some say, in his mouth). Frick lived, the strike was broken by the militia, and Berkman went to prison for sixteen years.

All this left the country gasping, but the public shock was as nothing compared with that which rocked Anarchist circles when in *Freiheit* of August 27 Johann Most, inveterate champion of violence, turned apostate to his past and denounced Berkman's attempt at tyrannicide. He said the importance of the terrorist deed had been overestimated and that it could not be effective where the revolutionary movement was inchoate and weak, and he dealt with Berkman, now a hero in Anarchist eyes, in terms of contempt. When he repeated these views verbally at a meeting, a female fury rose up out of the audience. It was Emma Goldman, armed with a horsewhip, who sprang upon the platform and flayed her former lover across his face and body. The scandal was tremendous. It was clearly jealousy of Berkman as a younger rival, both in love and in the revolutionary movement, that galled Most. His splenetic attack on a fellow Anarchist who had been ready to die for the deed was a stunning betrayal from which Anarchism in America never fully recovered.

IN FRANCE there was no pause in the assaults. On November 8, 1892, at the time of a miners' strike against the Société des Mines de Carmaux, a bomb was deposited in the Paris office of the company on the Avenue de l'Opéra. Discovered by the concierge, it was taken out to the sidewalk and carefully carried off by a policeman to the nearest precinct station in the Rue des Bons Enfants. As the policeman was bringing it in, it

burst with a devastating explosion, killing five other policemen who were in the room. They were blown to fragments, blood and bits of flesh were splashed over shattered walls and windows, pieces of arms and legs lay about. Police suspicion centered on Emile Henry, younger brother of a well-known radical orator and son of Fortuné Henry, who had escaped to Spain after being condemned to death in the Commune. When Émile Henry's movements during the day were traced, it appeared impossible that he could have been in the Avenue de l'Opéra at the right moment, and for the time being no arrests were made.

The bomb in the police station put Paris in a panic; no one knew where the next bomb would hit. Anyone connected with the law or police was regarded by his neighbors — since Parisians live largely in apartments — as if he had the plague and was often given notice to leave by his landlord. The city, wrote an English visitor, was "absolutely paralyzed" with fear. The upper classes "lived again as if in the days of the Commune. They dared not go to the theatres, to restaurants, to the fashionable shops in the Rue de la Paix or to ride in the Bois where Anarchists were suspected behind every tree."

The time was, in any case, one of public rancor and disgust. Hardly had the republic warded off the Boulanger coup d'état when it was put to shame by the nests of corruption revealed in the Panama scandal and the official traffic in decorations. Day after day in Parliament during 1890–1892 the chain of Panama financing through loans, bribes, slush funds, and sales of influence was uncovered, until, it was said, 104 deputies were involved. Even Georges Clemenceau was smeared by association and lost his seat in the next election.

In proportion, as the prestige of the state sank, Anarchism flourished. Intellectuals flirted with it. The poet Laurent Tailhade hailed the future Anarchist society as a "blessed time" when aristocracy would be one of intellect and "the common man will kiss the footprints of the poets." Scores of ephemeral journals and bulletins appeared with names like *Antichrist*, *New Dawn*, *Black Flag*, *Enemy of the People*, *The People's Cry*, *The Torch*, *The Whip*, *New Humanity*, *Incorruptible*, *Sans-Culotte*, *Land and Liberty*, *Vengeance*. To them the state, in its panic over the Ravachol affair, in its rottenness revealed by the Panama affair, appeared to be already crumbling.

In March of 1893 a man of thirty-two named August Vaillant returned to Paris from Argentina, where he had gone in the hope of starting a new life in the New World but had failed to establish himself. Born illegitimate, he was ten months old when his mother married a man not his father who refused to support the child. He was given

to foster parents. At twelve, the boy was on his own in Paris, living by odd jobs, petty theft, and begging. Somehow he went to school and found white-collar jobs. At one time he edited a short-lived weekly called *l'Union Socialiste*, but soon, like others among the disinherited, gravitated to Anarchist circles. As secretary of a *Fédération des groupes indépendants* he had some contact with Anarchist spokesmen like Jean Grave and Sébastien Faure. Vaillant married, parted from his wife, but kept with him their daughter, Sidonie, and acquired a mistress. Not the footloose or libertarian type, he held together his tiny family until the end. After his failure in Argentina he tried again to make a living in Paris and, like his contemporary, Knut Hamsun, then hungrily wandering the streets of Christiania, experienced the humiliation of "the frequent repulses, half-promises, the curt noes, the cherished deluded hopes and fresh endeavors that always resulted in nothing," until the last frustration, when he no longer had any respectable clothes to wear when applying for a job. Unable to afford a new pair of shoes, Vaillant wore a pair of discarded galoshes he had picked up in the street. Finally he found work in a sugar refinery paying three francs a day, too little to support three people.

Ashamed and bitter to see his daughter and mistress go hungry, disillusioned with a world he never made, he decided to end his life. He would not go silently, but with a cry of protest, "a cry of that whole class," as he wrote the night before he acted, "which demands its rights and some day soon will join acts to words. At least I shall die with the satisfaction of knowing that I have done what I could to hasten the advent of a new era."

Not a man to kill, Vaillant planned a gesture that had some logic. He saw the disease of society exemplified by the scandal-ridden Parliament. He manufactured a bomb out of a saucepan filled with nails and with a nonlethal charge of explosive. On the afternoon of December 9, 1893, he took a seat in a public gallery of the *Chambre des Députés* and threw his bomb into the midst of the debate. It detonated with the roar of a cannon, spraying the deputies with metal fragments, wounding several but killing none.

The sensation, as soon as the news was known, was enormous and was made memorable by an enterprising journalist. He asked for comment that night at a dinner given by the journal *La Plume* to a number of celebrities, including Zola, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Rodin, and Laurent Tailhade. The last-named replied grandly and in exquisite rhythm, "*Qu'importe les victimes si le geste est beau?*" — "What do the victims matter if it's a fine gesture?" Published in *Le Journal* next morning, the

remark was soon to be recalled in gruesome circumstances. That same morning Vaillant gave himself up.

All France understood, and some, other than Anarchists, even sympathized with his gesture. Ironically, these sympathizers came from the extreme right, whose antirepublican forces — royalists, Jesuits, floating aristocracy, and anti-Semites — despised the bourgeois state for their own reasons. Édouard Drumont, author of *La France Juive* and editor of *La Libre Parole*, who was busy raging at the Jews involved in the Panama scandal, produced a piece richly entitled, "On Mud, Blood and Gold — from Panama to Anarchism." "The men of blood," he said, "were born out of the mud of Panama."

On January 10 Vaillant came to trial before five judges in red robes and black gold-braided caps. Charged with intent to kill, he insisted that he had intended only to wound. "If I had wanted to kill I could have used a heavier charge and filled the container with bullets; instead I used only nails." Nevertheless, Vaillant received the death penalty, the first time in the nineteenth century that this had been imposed on a person who had not killed. Trial, verdict, and sentence were rushed through in a single day. Almost immediately petitions for pardon began to assail President Sadi Carnot, including one from a group of sixty deputies led by Abbé Lemire, who had been one of those wounded by the bomb. A fiery socialist, Jules Breton, predicted that if Carnot "pronounced coldly for death, not a single man in France would grieve for him if he were one day himself to be victim of a bomb." As incitement to murder, this cost Breton two years in prison and proved to be the second comment on the Vaillant affair which was to end in strange and sinister coincidence.

The government could not pardon an Anarchist attack upon the state. Carnot refused to remit the sentence, and Vaillant was duly executed on February 5, 1894, crying "Death to bourgeois society! Long live Anarchy!"

THE train of death gathered speed. Only seven days after Vaillant went to the guillotine, he was avenged by a blow of such seemingly vicious unreason that the public felt itself in the midst of nightmare. This time the bomb was aimed not against any representative of law, property, or state but against the man in the street. It exploded in the *Café Terminus* of the Gare St. Lazare in the midst, as *Le Journal* wrote, "of peaceful, anonymous citizens gathered in a café to have a beer before going to bed." One was

killed and twenty wounded. As later became clear, the perpetrator acted upon a mad logic of his own. Even before he came to trial, the streets of Paris rocked with more explosions. One in the Rue St. Jacques killed a passerby, one in the Faubourg St. Germain did no damage, and a third exploded in the pocket of Jean Pauwels, a Belgian Anarchist, as he was entering the Church of the Madeleine. He was killed, and proved to have set the other two. On April 4, 1894, a fourth exploded in the fashionable Restaurant Foyot, where, though it killed no one, it put out the eye of Laurent Tailhade, who happened to be dining there and who only four months ago had shrugged aside the victims of a "fine gesture."

Public hysteria mounted. When, at a theatrical performance, some scenery backstage fell with a clatter, half the audience rushed for the exits screaming, "*Les Anarchistes! Une bombe!*" Newspapers took to printing a daily bulletin under the heading *La Dynamite*. When the trial of the bomber of the Café Terminus opened on April 27, the terrible capacity of the Anarchist Idea to be transformed from love of mankind to hatred of men was revealed.

The accused turned out to be the same Émile Henry who had been suspected of setting the earlier bomb in the office of the Mines de Carmaux which had ultimately killed the five policemen. Already charged for murder in the Café Terminus, he now claimed credit for the other deaths as well, although no proof could be found. He stated that he had bombed the Café Terminus to avenge Vaillant, and with full intention to kill "as many as possible. I counted on fifteen dead and twenty wounded." In fact, police had found in his room enough equipment to make twelve or fifteen bombs. In his cold passion, intellectual pride, and contempt for the common man, Henry seemed the "St. Just of Anarchism." At twenty-two he was, along with Berkman, the best educated and best acquainted with Anarchist theory of all the assassins, and of them all, the most explicit.

In prison he wrote a long, closely reasoned account of his experience of the cynicism and injustice of bourgeois society, of his "too great respect for individual initiative" to permit him to join the herdlike socialists, and of his approach to Anarchism. He showed himself thoroughly familiar with its doctrines and with the writings of Kropotkin, Reclus, Grave, Faure, and others, although he affirmed that Anarchists were not "blind believers" who swallowed whole any or all the ideas of the theorists.

But it was when he explained his choice of the Café Terminus that he suddenly set himself apart. There, he said, come "all those who are satisfied with the established order, all the accomplices

and employees of Property and the State . . . all that mass of good little bourgeois who make 300 to 500 francs a month, who are more reactionary than their masters, who hate the poor and range themselves on the side of the strong. These are the clientele of the Terminus and the big cafés of its kind. Now you know why I struck where I did."

In court, when reproached by the judge for endangering innocent lives, he replied with icy hauteur, in words that should have been blazoned on some Anarchist banner, "There are no innocent bourgeois."

As for the Anarchist leaders, he said, who "disassociate themselves from the propaganda of the deed," like Kropotkin and Malatesta in the case of Ravachol, and "who try to make a subtle distinction between theorists and terrorists, they are cowards. . . . We who hand out death know how to take it. . . . Mine is not the last head you will cut off. You have hung in Chicago, beheaded in Germany, garrotted at Jerez, shot in Barcelona, guillotined in Paris, but there is one thing you cannot destroy: Anarchism. . . . It is in violent revolt against the established order. It will finish by killing you."

Henry himself took death staunchly. Even the caustic Clemenceau, who witnessed the execution on May 21, 1894, was moved and disturbed. He saw Henry "with the face of a tormented Christ, terribly pale, implacable in expression, trying to impose his intellectual pride upon his child's body." The condemned man walked quickly, despite his shackles, up the steps of the scaffold, threw a glance around, and called out in a raucous strangled cry, "*Courage, Camarades! Vive l'Anarchie!*" Society's answer to Henry seemed to Clemenceau at that moment "an act of savagery."

ALMOST without pause fell the next blow, the last in the French series and the most important in its victim, although the least in its assassin. In Lyons on June 24, 1894, during a visit to the Exposition in that city, President Sadi Carnot was stabbed to death by a young Italian workman with the cry, "*Vive la révolution! Vive l'Anarchie!*" The President was driving in an open carriage through crowds that lined the street and had given orders to his escort to let people approach. When a young man holding a rolled-up newspaper thrust himself forward from the front row, the guards did not stop him. They thought the newspaper contained flowers. Instead it contained a dagger, and with a terrible blow the young man plunged it six inches into the President's abdomen. Carnot died within three hours.

The assassin was a baker's apprentice, not yet twenty-one, named Santo Caserio. Born in Italy, he had become acquainted with Anarchist groups in Milan, the home of political turbulence. At eighteen he was sentenced for distributing Anarchist tracts to soldiers. Following the drift of other restless and troublesome characters, he went to Switzerland and then to Certe in the south of France, where he found work and a local group of Anarchists which went by the name *Les Coeurs de Chêne* — "Hearts of Oak." He was brooding over Vaillant's case and the refusal of the President to give a reprieve when he read in the newspapers of the President's forthcoming visit to Lyons. Caserio decided at once to do a "great deed." He asked for a holiday from his job and for twenty francs that were due him — and with the money bought a dagger and took the train for Lyons. There he followed the crowds until he met his opportunity.

Afterward in the hands of his captors and in court he was docile, smiling, and calm. His wan and rather common but gentle face looked to one journalist like "the white mask of a floured Pierrot illuminated by two bright little blue eyes, obstinately fixed. His lip was ornamented by a poor little shadow of a moustache which seemed to have sprouted almost apologetically." During his interrogation and trial he remained altogether placid and talked quite rationally about Anarchist principles, by which he appeared obsessed. He described his act as a deliberate "propaganda of the deed." His only show of emotion was at mention of his mother, to whom he was greatly attached and to whom he had been writing letters regularly when away from home. When the jailer came to wake him on August 15, the day of execution, he wept for a moment and then made no further sound on the way to the guillotine. Just as his neck was placed on the block he murmured a few words which were interpreted by some as the traditional "*Vive l'Anarchie!*" and by others as "*A voeni nen*," meaning, in the Lombard dialect, "I don't want to."

WHEN Anarchism slew the very chief of state, it reached a climax in France, after which, suddenly, face to face with political realities and the facts of life in the labor movement, it retreated. At first, however, it looked as if the Anarchists would be handed a magnificent opportunity for either propaganda or martyrdom. Charging to the offensive, the government on August 6 staged a mass trial of thirty of the best-known Anarchists in an effort to prove conspiracy between theorists and terrorists. In the absence of evidence, how-

ever, the jury was not impressed and acquitted all except three of the burglar variety, who were given prison terms. Once again French common sense had reasserted itself, as is its peculiar way whenever things seem most deplorable and the friends of France are already preparing to celebrate her obsequies.

The jury's sensible verdict deprived Anarchism of a *cause célèbre*, but a greater reason for the decline that followed was that the French working class was too realistic to be drawn into a movement suffering from self-inflicted impotence. The sterility of deeds of terror was already beginning to be recognized by leaders like Kropotkin, Malatesta, Reclus, and even Johann Most. Searching for other means of bringing down the state, they were always tripped up by the inherent paradox: Revolution demands organization, discipline, and authority; Anarchism disallows them. The futility of their position was beginning to make itself felt. Yet in the end there was a kind of tragic sense in the Anarchist rejection of authority. As Sébastien Faure, who had been educated by Jesuits, said in a moment of cold realism, "Every revolution ends in the reappearance of a new ruling class."

Realists of another kind during these years began to come to terms with the labor movement. It was the eight-hour day that the French working class wanted, not bombs in Parliament or murdered presidents. But it was the Anarchist propaganda of the deed that woke them to recognition of what they wanted and the necessity of fighting for it. That was why Ravachol, whom they understood, became a popular hero and songs were sung about him in the streets. Ever since the massacres of the Commune the French proletariat had been prostrate; it was the Anarchist assaults that brought them to their feet. They sensed that their strength lay in collective action, and in 1895, only a year after the last of the Anarchist assaults, there was formed the C.G.T., France's federation of labor.

Upon the Anarchists, frustrated by their own inherent paradox, it exerted a strong pull. One by one they drifted into the trade unions, bringing with them as much of their doctrine as could be applied. This merger of Anarchist theory and trade union practice took the form known as Syndicalism, and in this altered form, though extremists of the pure kind like Jean Grave shunned it, French Anarchism developed during the years 1895-1914.

Its dogma was direct action through the general strike, and its new prophet was Georges Sorel. Under his banner the general strike was to replace propaganda of the deed. The Syndicalists continued to abhor the state or anyone willing, like the Socialists, to cooperate with it, and they had

no more use than their Anarchist predecessors for halfway reformist measures. The strike was all, the general strike and nothing but the strike. They retained the sinews of the old movement; but something of its soul, its mad marvelous independence, was gone.

PUBLIC excitement over Anarchist deeds, giving promise of heroic notoriety, acted as an intoxicant to unsound minds and produced the next two fatalities. The first took place on September 10, 1898, alongside the lake steamer at the Quai du Mont Blanc in Geneva. Here met, in mortal junction, as meaningless as when a stroke of lightning kills a child, two persons so unconnected, so far apart in the real world that their lives could never have touched except in a demented moment. One was the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, wife of Franz Joseph, the other Luigi Lucheni, a vagrant Italian workman.

The most beautiful and the most melancholy royal personage in Europe, married and crowned at sixteen, Elizabeth was still, at sixty-one, forever moving restlessly from one place to another in endless escape from an unquiet soul. Renowned for her loveliness, her golden-brown hair a yard long, her slender elegance and floating walk, her sparkling moods when she was the "incarnation of charm," she suffered also from "court-ball headaches" and could not appear in public without holding a fan before her face. She was "a fairies' child," wrote Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Rumania, "with hidden wings, who flies away whenever she finds the world unbearable." She wrote sad romantic poetry and had seen her son's life end in the most melodramatic suicide of the century. Her insane first cousin, King Ludwig of Bavaria, had died by drowning; her husband's brother, Maximilian, by firing squad in Mexico; her sister by fire at a charity bazaar in Paris. "I feel the burden of life so heavily," she wrote her daughter, "that it is often like a physical pain and I would far rather be dead." She would rush off to England or Ireland to spend weeks in the hunting field riding recklessly over the most breakneck fences. In Vienna she took lessons in the most dangerous tricks of circus riding. What she was seeking was plain: "I long for death," she wrote her daughter four months before she reached Geneva.

On September 9 she visited the lakeside villa of the Baroness Adolfe de Rothschild, a remote, enchanted world where tame miniature porcupines from Java and exotic colored birds decorated a private park planted with cedars of Lebanon. As she left her hotel next morning to take the lake

steamer, the Italian, Lucheni, was waiting outside on the street.

He had come from Lausanne, where he recently had been reported to the police as a suspicious character. The orderly of a hospital where he had been taken for an injury suffered during a building job had found among his belongings a notebook containing Anarchist songs and the drawing of a bludgeon labeled 'Anarchia' and underneath, in Italian, "for Humbert I." Accustomed to misfits, radicals, and exiles of all kinds, the Swiss police had not considered this sufficient cause for arrest or surveillance.

According to what he told the hospital orderly, Lucheni's mother, pregnant at eighteen with an illegitimate child, had made her way to Paris to give birth among the anonymous millions of a great city. Then she had returned to Italy, where she left her child in the poorhouse in Parma, and had disappeared to America. At nine years old the boy was a day laborer on an Italian railroad. Later, when drafted into a cavalry regiment of the Italian Army, he made a good record and was promoted to corporal. Upon his discharge in 1897, having neither savings nor prospects, he became manservant to his former captain, the Prince d'Aragona, but on being denied a raise, left in anger. Later he asked to come back, but the Prince, considering him too insubordinate for domestic service, refused. Resentful and jobless, Lucheni took to reading *L'Agitatore*, *Il Socialista*, *Avanti*, and other revolutionary papers and pamphlets whose theme at the moment was the rottenness of bourgeois society as demonstrated by the Dreyfus case. A single Samson, they indicated, could bring down the state at a blow. Lucheni, now in Lausanne, sent clippings from these papers with his comments to comrades in his former cavalry regiment. Apropos of a workman killed in a quarrel, he remarked to a friend at this time, "Ah, how I'd like to kill somebody. But it must be someone important so it gets into the papers."

Meanwhile, the Swiss papers reported the coming visit of the Empress Elizabeth to Geneva. Lucheni tried to buy a stiletto, but lacked the necessary twelve francs, so he fashioned a home-made dagger out of an old file, carefully sharpened and fitted to a handle made from a piece of firewood. As the Empress and her lady-in-waiting, Countess Sztaray, walked toward the Quai du Mont Blanc, Lucheni stood in their path. He rushed upon them with hand upraised, stopped and peered beneath her parasol to make sure of the Empress' identity, then stabbed her through the heart. Carried back to the hotel, she died four hours later. Lucheni, seized by two gendarmes, was caught in his great moment by an alert

passerby with a camera. The picture shows him walking jauntily between his captors with a satisfied smile, almost a smirk, on his face. At the police station he eagerly described all his proceedings and preparations, and when later it was learned that the Empress had died, expressed himself as "delighted." He declared himself an Anarchist and insisted on its being understood that he had acted on his own initiative and not as a member of any group or party. Asked why he had killed the Empress, he replied, "As part of the war on the rich and the great. . . . It will be Humbert's turn next."

From prison he wrote letters to the President of Switzerland and to the newspapers proclaiming his creed and the coming downfall of the state, and signing himself, "Luigi Lucheni, Anarchist, and one of the most dangerous of them." There being no death penalty in Geneva, Lucheni was sentenced to life imprisonment. Twelve years later, after a quarrel with the warder which resulted in his being given a term of solitary, he hanged himself by his belt.

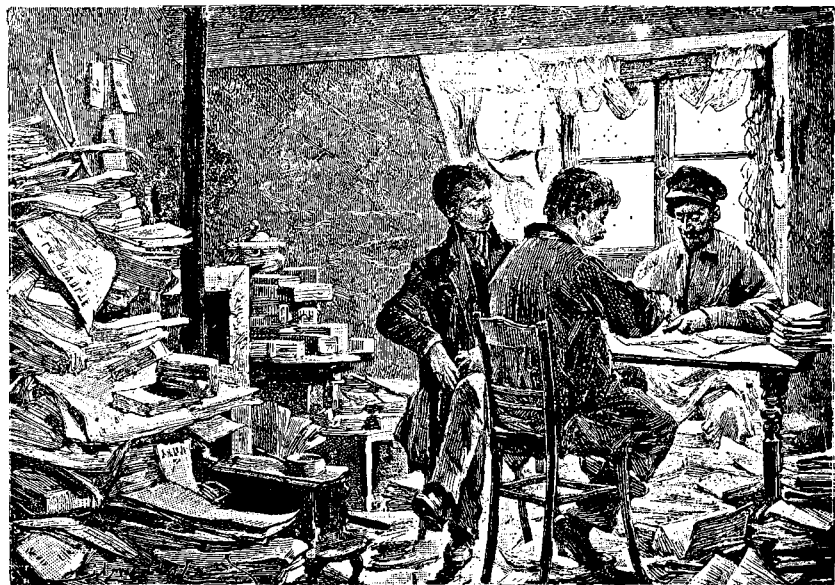
In 1897, an Anarchist blacksmith named Pietro Acciarito had attempted to kill King Humbert of Italy, leaping upon him in his carriage with a dagger in the identical manner not only of Caserio upon President Carnot, but of an earlier attempt on Humbert himself in 1878. More alert than Carnot to these occupational hazards, the King had jumped aside, escaped the blow, and remarking with a shrug to his escort, "*Sono gli incerti del mestiere*" — "These are the risks of the job" — he ordered his coachman to drive on.

The hatred for constituted society that seethed in the lower classes and the helplessness of society to defend itself against these attacks were becoming more and more apparent. As usual, the police, in wishful hunt for a "plot," arrested half a dozen alleged accomplices of Acciarito, none of whom in the end could be proved to have had any connection with him. Plots by groups or parties could be dealt with; there were always informers. But how could the sudden spring of these solitary tigers be prevented?

The war of the rich upon the poor (or the reverse,

depending on the angle of vision) went too deep. In 1899, in Italy, it burst into the open. Taxes and an import duty on grain, which the Anarchists saw as another aspect of the war on the poor by the state, caused bread riots in Ancona. They spread north and south despite repressive measures and bloody collision between troops and people. In Milan, streetcars were overturned to make barricades, people hurled stones at police armed with guns, women threw themselves in front of trains to prevent the arrival of troops, a state of siege was declared, and all Tuscany put under martial law. The cry that at last the revolution had come brought thousands of Italian workmen back from Spain, Switzerland, and the south of France to take part. Control was only regained by the dispatch of half an army corps to Milan. All socialist and revolutionary papers were suppressed, Parliament was prorogued, and although the government succeeded in re-establishing order, it was only on the surface.

The inoffensive monarch who found himself presiding over this situation had a fierce white mustache, personal courage, a gallant soul, and no more noticeable talent for kingship than any of the House of Savoy. Humbert was passionately fond of horses and hunting, totally impervious to the arts, which he left to the patronage of his Queen, and very regular in his habits. Every afternoon he drove out in his carriage at the same hour over the same route through the Borghese Gardens. Every evening at the same hour he visited a lady to whom he had remained devotedly faithful since before his marriage thirty years earlier. On July 29, 1900, he was distributing



EDITORIAL OFFICE OF *LA RÉVOLTE*

prizes from his carriage to athletic competitors in Monza, the royal summer residence near Milan, when he was shot four times by a man who stepped up to the carriage and fired at hardly two yards' distance. The King gazed at him reproachfully for a moment, then fell over against the shoulder of his aide-de-camp, murmured "*Avanti!*" to his coachman, and expired.

The assassin, "holding his smoking weapon exultantly aloft," was immediately seized. He was identified as Gaetano Bresci, a thirty-year-old Anarchist and silk weaver who had come from Paterson, New Jersey, to Italy with intent to assassinate the King. His act was the only instance of Anarchist propaganda of the deed for which there is some evidence, though unproven, of previous conspiracy.

Paterson was a center of Italians and of Anarchism. Certainly the Anarchists of Paterson held many meetings and heatedly discussed a "deed" which would be the signal for overthrow of the oppressor. Certainly the King of Italy figured as their preferred target, but whether, as charged in reports after the event, lots were actually chosen to select the person to do the deed, or whether the discussions simply inspired Bresci to act of his own accord, is not certain. The picture of a cabal of Anarchists in a cellar drawing lots to select an assassin was a favorite journalistic imagery of the time.

One imaginative reporter pictured Bresci as having been "indoctrinated" by Malatesta, "the head and moving spirit of all the conspiracies which have recently startled the world by their awful success." From the moment that Malatesta had been glimpsed quietly drinking at an Italian bar in Paterson, "Anarchists everywhere recognized the group at Paterson as the most important in the world."

In fact, the police found no evidence that Bresci had ever met Malatesta. He had, however, either obtained or been given a revolver in Paterson with which he practiced shooting in the woods while his wife and three-year-old daughter picked flowers nearby. Also, he was given by his comrades, or somehow obtained, money to buy a steerage ticket on the French Line with enough left over to make his way from Le Havre to Italy.

After the assassination, his Paterson comrades sent a congratulatory cable to him in prison. They gloried in his magnificent gesture and wore his picture on buttons in their coat lapels. They also insisted at a mass meeting in Paterson, attended by over a thousand persons, that there had been no plot.

Bresci himself suffered the same fate as other instruments of the Idea. As Italy had abolished the death penalty, he was sentenced to life im-

prisonment, the first seven years to be spent in solitary confinement. After the first few months he killed himself in prison.

IN THE United States the newspaper account of King Humbert's assassination was read over and over again by a Polish-American named Leon Czolgosz. The clipping became a precious possession that he took to bed with him every night. Twenty-seven at this time, he was small and slight, with a peculiar fixed gaze in his light-blue eyes. Born in the United States shortly after his parents came to America, he was one of six brothers and two sisters and lived with his family on a small farm in Ohio. According to his father, he had "the appearance of thinking more than most children," and because of his fondness for reading was considered the intellectual of the family. When he was twenty, in 1893, he had been laid off during a strike and afterward, according to his brother, "he got quiet and not so happy." He joined a Polish workers' circle where Socialism and Anarchism were among the topics discussed, and also, as he said later, "we discussed Presidents and that they were no good."

In 1898 he suffered an ill-defined sickness which left him moody and dull. He gave up work, stayed home, took his meals upstairs to his bedroom, kept to himself, read the Chicago Anarchist paper *Free Society* and Bellamy's utopia, *Looking Backward*, and brooded. He made trips to Chicago and Cleveland, where he attended Anarchist meetings, heard speeches by Emma Goldman, and had talks with an Anarchist named Emil Schilling, to whom he expressed himself as troubled by the conduct of the American Army, which, after liberating the Philippines from Spain, was now engaged in war upon the Filipinos. "It does not harmonize with the teachings in our public schools about our flag," said Czolgosz worriedly.

As flags were a matter of no respect to Anarchists, and as Czolgosz read none of the literature Schilling gave him, Schilling became suspicious of him and published a warning in *Free Society* that the oddly behaved Polish visitor might be an *agent provocateur*. This was on September 1, 1901, and was wide of the mark. Five days later Czolgosz turned up in Buffalo, where, in a receiving line at the Pan-American Exposition, he shot President McKinley. The President died eight days later and was succeeded by Theodore Roosevelt. Thus Czolgosz, on the lowest level of understanding among Anarchist assassins, performed, of them all, the act with the greatest consequences.

"I killed President McKinley," Czolgosz wrote

in his confession, "because I done my duty," and later added, "because he was an enemy of the good working people." He also said, "McKinley was going around the country shouting prosperity when there was no prosperity for the poor man." In another interview he said, "I don't believe we should have any rulers. It is right to kill them. . . . I know other men who believe what I do that it would be a good thing to kill the President and to have no rulers." In a fumbling way he was trying to associate himself with what he knew of Anarchism. "I don't believe in voting; it is against my principles. I am an Anarchist. I don't believe in marriage. I believe in free love."

The Idea of Anarchism, its vision of a better society, had not come within Czolgosz's ken. Like Caserio, the simple assassin of President Carnot, he was of the type of regicide who becomes obsessed by the delusion that it is his mission to kill the sovereign. This was brought out shortly after Czolgosz's hurried trial and electrocution on October 29, by Dr. Walter Channing, Professor of Mental Diseases at Tufts and son of the poet William Ellery Channing. Dissatisfied with the official alienists' report, Channing made his own study and concluded that Czolgosz had been "drifting in the direction of dementia praecox" and was a victim of a delusion already isolated and described by a French alienist, Dr. Emanuel Regis, in 1890. According to Dr. Regis, the regicide type is much given to cogitations and solitude, and "whatever sane reason he may have possessed gives way to a sickly fixation that he is called on to deal a great blow, sacrifice his life to a just cause and kill a monarch or a dignitary in the name of God, Country, Liberty, Anarchy or some analogous principle." He is characterized by premeditation and obsession. He does not act suddenly or blindly but, on the contrary, prepares carefully and alone. He is a *solitaire*. Proud of his mission and his role, he acts always in daylight and in public, and never uses a secret weapon like poison but one that demands personal violence. Afterward, he does not seek to escape but exhibits pride in his deed and desire for glory and for death, either by suicide or "indirect suicide" as an executed martyr.

The description fits, but for the delusions to become active there is required a certain climate of protest and an example. This the Anarchist creed and deeds provided. There may be at any time a hundred Czolgoszes living mute inactive lives; it took the series of acts from Ravachol's to Bresci's to inspire one to kill the President of the United States.

The public was by now thoroughly uneasy, and the public was composed not only of the rich but of the imitators of the rich. The ordinary man, the

petty bourgeois, the salaried employee, associated himself — as Émile Henry knew when he threw his bomb in the Café Terminus — with his employers. His living, as he thought, depended on their property. When this was threatened, he felt threatened. He felt a peculiar horror, even more than of the assassinations, of the Anarchist's desire to destroy the foundations on which everyday life was based: the flag, the legal family, marriage, the church, the vote, the law. The Anarchist became everybody's enemy. His sinister figure became synonymous with everything wicked and subversive; synonymous, said a professor of political science in *Harper's Weekly*, with "the king of all Anarchists, the arch-rebel Satan."

Of the dual nature of Anarchism, half hatred of society, half love of humanity, the public was aware only of the first. It was the bombs and explosions, the gunshots and the daggers that impressed the public. They knew nothing of the other side of Anarchism, which hoped to lead humanity through the slough of violence to the Delectable Mountains.

Since the public likewise knew nothing of the theory of propaganda by the deed, it could make no sense of the Anarchist acts. They seemed purposeless, mad, a pure indulgence in evil for its own sake. The press customarily referred to Anarchists as "wild beasts," "crypto-lunatics," degenerates, cowards, felons, "odious fanatics prompted by perverted intellect and morbid frenzy."

Yet the cry of protest in the throat of every Anarchist act was heard by some, and understood. In the midst of the hysteria over McKinley, the New England preacher Lyman Abbott, who succeeded Henry Ward Beecher at the Plymouth Church of Brooklyn, had the courage to ask if the Anarchist's hatred of government and law did not derive from the fact that government and law operated unjustly. So long, he said, as legislators legislate for special classes, "encourage the spoliation of the many for the benefit of the few, protect the rich and forget the poor," so long will Anarchism "demand the abolition of all law because it sees in law only an instrument of injustice." Speaking to the comfortable gentlemen of the Nineteenth Century Club, he suggested that "the place to attack Anarchism is where the offenses grow."

Abbott was not alone. However self-limited its acts, however visionary its dream, Anarchism had terribly dramatized the war between the two divisions of society, between the world of privilege and the world of protest. In the one it shook awake a social conscience; in the other, as its energy passed into Syndicalism, it added its quality of violence and extremism to the struggle for power of organized labor.

(Illustrations from CRAPOUILLOT, January, 1938.)



Accent on Living

LIFE IN MASSACHUSETTS

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The following snippets were taken from news stories in the Boston papers during a period of a few weeks in the forepart of 1963.

The "Case of the Speaker's Broken Door" will apparently remain a State House mystery. Atty. Gen. Brooke . . . ended his probe following a 15-minute interrogation of Alice Mooney, secretary to House Speaker John F. Thompson.

According to Brooke, Miss Mooney said she heard the crash of a crowbar on the door panel.

"She didn't turn around, she said, because she was accustomed to hearing crashes from the speaker's inner office. The boys do play touch football at times," Brooke related.

* * *

Senate Pres. John E. Powers has appointed his brother to a \$7100 job as a Senate doorkeeper. . . .

The appointment of Richard J. Powers, 61, South Boston, a New Haven Railroad employee for 21 years, took effect Jan. 1.

The Senate Democratic leader said his brother was soon to be laid

off as a safety engineer from the bankrupt railroad in an economy wave and was without any prospect of a new job.

"If I don't take care of my brother, who will?" asked Powers.

* * *

James Murphy and Harry Greenfield, doing business as M & G Beef Co., North Market street, Boston, were fined \$250 each in U.S. District Court yesterday for violating the Agricultural Marketing Act.

Greenfield was charged with causing a counterfeit meat grading roller or stamp to be made up, in imitation of the official type used by federal meat graders to stamp meat "USDA Choice."

Murphy was charged with using the counterfeit device to stamp beef cuts with the quality grading. Both were also charged with illegal possession of the device. The violations occurred late in 1959.

The fines were imposed by Judge George C. Sweeney on recommendation of Asst. U. S. Atty. Thomas P. O'Connor. Murphy, of Irving Street, Somerville, and Greenfield, of Callender Street, Dorchester, had pleaded guilty.

* * *

City Councilman James S. Coffey yesterday said he named his son,

William J. Coffey, 25, as his secretary because:

"The kid needed the extra money. So I put him on as my secretary temporarily."

* * *

Commissioner of Public Safety Frank S. Giles Wednesday defended State Police gambling raids and sharply criticized a district court judge who called a State Police case "far fetched" and "politically inspired."

Comr. Giles was referring to Judge Henry F. Duggan's comments in Peabody District Court earlier this week when he freed the brother of another Peabody judge of book-making charges.

* * *

Disclosure that a newly-formed Boston garage corporation is receiving the lion's share of towing business from the police department touched off an investigation Wednesday night by the Boston Finance Commission.

The police department was under heavy fire from several quarters in the aftermath of a report showing that Columbus Garage, Inc., of 321 Columbus av., received almost half the business of towing illegally parked cars in January.

* * *

How were three gunmen able to burst into the middle of a police stakeout, kill two persons and walk out the way they entered?

This was a key question being pondered by officials in the wake of the wild gun battle early Saturday morning in a Roxbury apartment.

Capt. Joseph J. Cummings, commander of the Roxbury Crossing District, defended the actions of the three police officers who emptied their revolvers without result during the furious exchange of gunfire.

"Those guys did one great job considering they were there only to arrest a man who was an escapee from the House of Correction," declared Cummings. . . .

Capt. Cummings explained that in part their failure to bring down any of the gunmen was because of a shortage of ammunition. "Our policemen just don't walk around

carrying ammunition in every pocket or machine guns on their shoulder," he said.

"This was a simple case of the good guys getting pinned down — and not having as much ammunition as the bad guys."

* * *

A Chicagoan can buy his air trip insurance for 25 percent less from the same company than can a Bostonian. At Chicago's O'Hare field, this insurance company competes with another, but at Logan, this same company has a monopoly.

* * *

A Special Massachusetts House Committee will take a long hard look today at the state Racing Commission and horse racing at alleged "phantom" state fairs. . . .

Triggering the legislative probe

was the recent award of six extra days of racing to the Berkshire County Fair and the Franklin Fair, both in Hancock.

Vehement opposition preceded the awards because the Berkshire Fair had not been licensed previously for racing, and the Franklin Fair was organized in Franklin — 140 miles away from the track.

* * *

. . . Carson said, too, that he used \$90,000 of this money to buy a \$100,000 government bond, which he put under the living room rug in his Springfield home and now cannot find.

* * *

Mayor Collins announced Tuesday a \$4.5 million pay raise plan for more than 10,000 city and county workers, effective Mar. 6.

It Still Goes On

BY H. F. ELLIS

H. F. ELLIS is widely known for his light prose and is a frequent contributor to the pages of the ATLANTIC.

In the face of this grave threat the Athenians acted with great energy. By incredible exertions. . . .

I may return to that later. The question I want to put right away to all those who, twenty, thirty, or even forty years ago, bore away from their university a hood, scroll, diploma, or other witness to proficiency in some recognized branch of learning is this: Have you at any time since that date opened a textbook on the subject that then filled your nights and days; that provided the nourishment on which your mind ripened from its inchoate, schoolboy state to maturity; that finally sent you out into the world a scholar, a marked man, holder of a baccalaureate?

Probably not. Yet the subject, whatever it was, to which you owe so much goes on. Knowledge advances at a dizzy rate, but its elements (which are what, even as third-year men, we were chiefly concerned with) remain recognizably the same. You may be fat and bald now, but phenyl cyanide still has an almondlike odor and boils at 190.7° C. Calculus is as infinitesimal as

ever it was; rocks, if you studied geology, are not less gneissic or pre-Cambrian now because you have spent the intervening twenty years boosting some ghastly sweetmeat; the chief exports of Burma almost certainly continue to be rice and rubies, if that is what they were when you hurried across the campus; Hildebrand, for medieval historians, is still advancing the temporal power of the papacy and repressing simony and plurality in his spare time; the "windowless monads" of Leibnitz surely retain to this day at least an academic interest for the faculty of philosophy; the Athenians, when gravely threatened, act with their accustomed energy.

I discovered this important truth more or less by accident. Maundering about in a bookshop, with some idea of buying Sir Anthony Eden's memoirs, I came upon *A History of Greece to 322 B.C.* and paused, struck perhaps by an unfamiliar note in the title. It always used to be "to 323 B.C." in my day. I fingered the volume, unable to move on, paralyzed by a deadly fascination. The fact is that the springtime of my own life was spent investigating the life and times of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and in a curious way a whiff of youth and its follies seemed to emanate from this solid, unmercenary book, written by N. G. L. Hammond, sometime lecturer in classics at the University of Cam-

bridge. Weighing the great thing in my hand, I became twenty-one again, and into my mind flooded memories of the Delian League, of Leonidas' last stand at Thermopylae, of wild nights with Alcibiades, and of a place called Potidaea, which must once have held some significance for me. Snatches of history flashed across my mental retina like a trailer for *Ben-Hur*. I remembered the building of the Long Walls and Aristides, and I all but recalled the name of the man who was said by somebody to have danced his marriage away. Powerless to resist, I opened the book, and there, as I flicked the pages, they all were. The old brigade. Xerxes and Themistocles, Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, the Areopagus, the Four Hundred, the pestilential Cleon, Brasidas, the only decent Spartan. And



Cimon! I had forgotten Cimon, but the name rang some sort of bell. Undoubtedly he acted with great energy when the moment came.

I bought the book. It cost no more than the Eden memoirs, and Sir Anthony, for all his gifts, was never at Thermopylae. For thirty-five shillings (or a handful of drachmas) I had the means of rolling back thirty years and reliving the life of the eager inquiring mind. "The Spartans, however, were celebrating the festival of Apollo Carneius and a sacred law forbade any military operation until the full moon, which was six days ahead." The Spartans were always celebrating some damn thing or other when they were needed elsewhere, on the double. People say that the British never take any action on weekends and that America is useless during a presidential election year, but for sheer, downright procrastination —

However, I am not called upon to write a thesis on the influence of Spartan religious scruples on Panhellenic defense policy. That is one of the acute pleasures of reading a textbook in later life. Nobody is going to examine you on it. You can take it or you can leave it alone. There is no need, when reading about the Amphictyonic Council (which I confess had slipped my memory), to turn back fifty pages to find out who the devil the Opuntian Locrians were. They were Greeks of a kind, no doubt. Their name has about it the faintest flavor of familiarity; it carries undertones of long-forgotten emotions, as will a scrawled "Phyllis" or "Betty" on some hoarded dance program. To read about them now, casually, without a flicker of animosity, does more to reconcile the mind to advancing years than a belief in reincarnation, or even than that keener appreciation of fine wines and good music so widely hymned by sexagenarians.

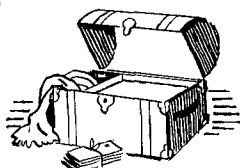
Something of the same consoling delight, I cannot doubt, awaits the old geological alumnus, the botanist, the economist, the mathematician, the student of Chinese poetry, whoever will take the trouble to spend a reminiscent evening or two with a textbook on his degree subject — always provided that he put all that kind of thing behind him on graduation day and has devoted himself since then to getting and spending and laying waste his powers. Conceive the pleasure of reading,

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U. S. GRANT. A staff officer's granddaughter sent an 1885 interview that quotes Grant saying Old Crow is "prime."

JOHN BRECKINRIDGE. An editor sent a manuscript reporting "Old Crow always present" at barbecues Breckinridge attended.

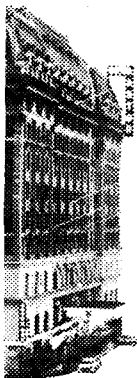


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without a quiver of anxiety or the slightest attempt to produce a mnemonic, that the leaflets of the columbine are lobed, toothed, and of a glaucous hue; that after syngamy the zygote forms around itself a resistant wall, enabling it to avoid desiccation, and so becomes a zygospore; that bad money sooner or later drives out the good; that Tamerlane, Timur, or Timur Leng returned to Samarkand laden with booty in 1398; or that tragedy is an imitation of some action that is important, self-contained, and of a fitting magnitude, effecting through pity and terror the purgation of the emotions.

All this beautiful nostalgic stuff is lying about in bookshops waiting to be picked up for no more than the price of a politician's memoirs. Here and there, of course, if the textbook you buy is a recent one, an unfamiliar word or phrase, even a whole chapter that strikes no chord of memory, may have been added; there may be an emphasis on amino acids that causes a momentary raising of the eyebrows, or, as in my

case, a whole raft of new conjectures about the early migrations of the Greeks, which I am happy to have escaped. But by and large, if my own experience is anything to go by, there will be plenty that is vaguely familiar, more than enough to recall vividly the anguish, the intolerable burdens of youth. How trivial in comparison are the distresses of middle age.

Forward, then. I have still, I see, some four hundred and eighty pages of *A History of Greece to 322 B.C.* to read; and if by the time I reach the end I still don't fully realize how lucky I am not to be twenty again, it ought not to be difficult to find a history of Rome (probably A.D. 138) that I can take or leave alone as I feel inclined. The Punic Wars and the Scipios, Jugurtha, Cicero and Catiline, emperor worship, Cisalpine Gaul, the Struggle of the Orders, the agrarian reforms of Tiberius Gracchus — what a purgation of the emotions, as Aristotle would say. I cannot, offhand, think of any pleasure more complete than not to have to write an essay on Jugurtha.

Pedestrian Drift

BY STEWART BEACH

STEWART BEACH is the executive editor of *THIS WEEK* and the author of many books and articles.

It was a near-traumatic experience in the gentle Dutch city of Delft some years ago that started me on a program of pedestrian-watching. I was walking beside one of the charming canals, enjoying the beauty of ripe old bricks, when there was a quick whirl of tires from behind. A young cyclist whizzed past me with the clearance of a hummingbird's wing. Never mind what I muttered when I caught my breath. But the threat of trauma was dispelled in a surge of admiration for the youth speeding up the brick-paved walk ahead of me. His bike traveled straight as a homing rocket, not deviating as much as the span of a single brick to right or left.

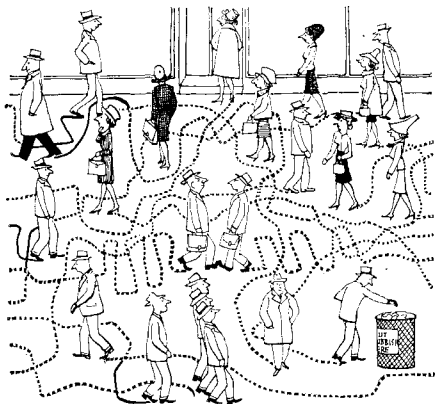
This set me to marveling at the confidence the boy had placed in me — an assurance that I, too, would keep on a straight and predictable course, so that no warning bell need

be sounded. Any such assumption would be madness in America, where citizens on city sidewalks, even with a definite mission to steady them, proceed in a confusing series of meanders. It was only by the greatest piece of luck that a kindly Providence kept me on a fixed course for a few critical moments that pleasant morning.

The experience aroused my curiosity, and I inquired of Dutch friends whether small Netherlanders were taught, along with the lesson of how to keep their fingers in a leaky dike, to walk and ride in a rigid straight line. *Natuurlijk*. The instruction not only instilled the principle of self-preservation; it was also common courtesy, so that faster walkers or cyclists could pass with confidence. And, too, in a society where the bicycle was not a pleasure vehicle of the young but a working means of getting from here to there, clouds of cyclists often trailed down a road together. Unless each rode straight, accidents would result, *niet waar?*

In America the bicycle is only an incidental hazard, but motorists stiffen to the alert and slow down whenever they see a youngster on

a wheel. They accept the probability—as I do—that he may do anything. I have long ceased to wonder at this, and accept it as a fact. What puzzles me is why quite sober citizens on foot, alone or in company, fail to walk a reasonably straight line. My research in pedestrian-watching has taken place largely in New York, where I live,

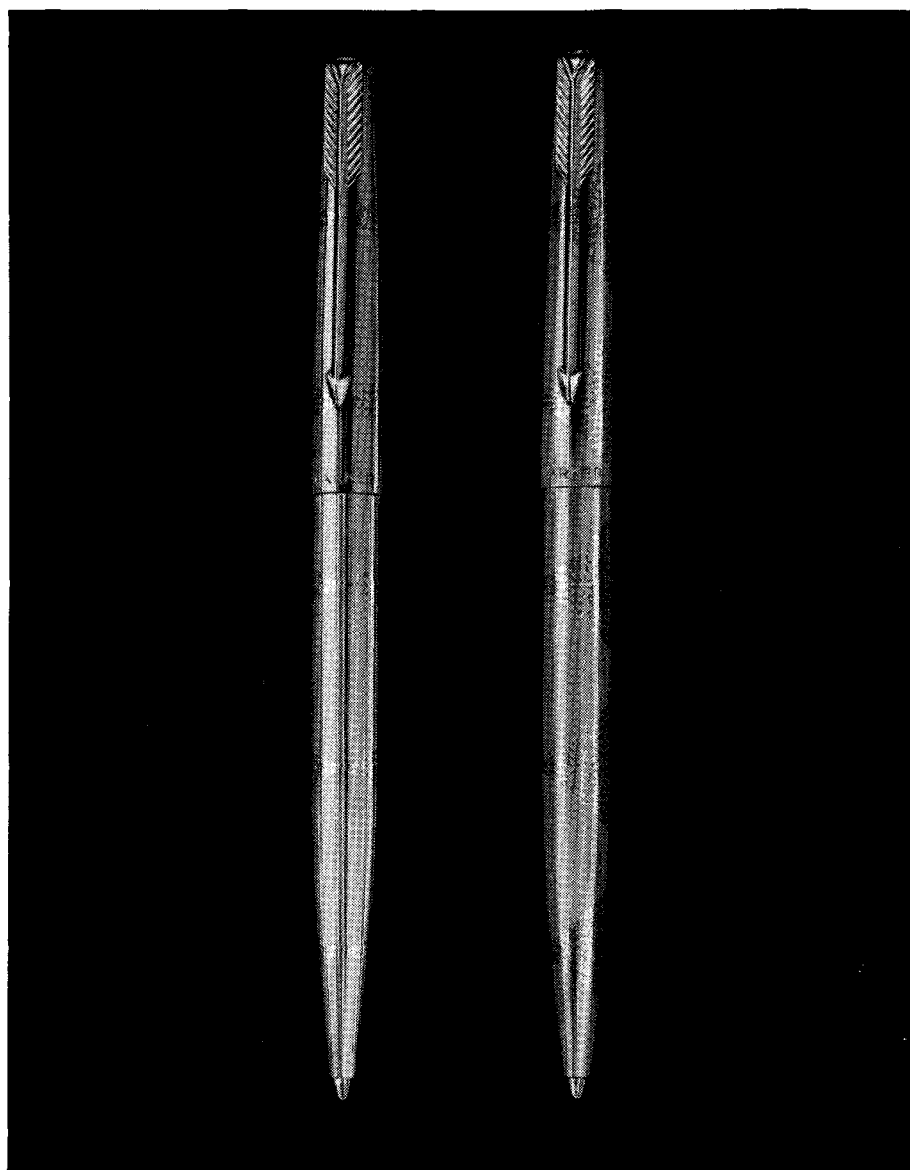


but the same evasive tactics can be observed in any American city.

I take you now to a typical stretch of Manhattan sidewalk, where Citizen A is hurrying to keep an appointment. Ahead of him is Citizen B, a slower walker, whom Citizen A is about to pass on the left. At this point, however, Citizen B, for no discernible reason, takes a left diagonal which puts Citizen A on a collision course. By the time A shifts to starboard, B has anticipated the maneuver. Taking a right oblique and heading toward a litter basket on the curb, B completes a blocking movement which makes it impossible for A to pass on that side. This game continues until A is late for his appointment.

The play is immensely livened when Citizens C, D, and E are sauntering abreast with frustrated Citizen A overtaking from the rear. Not only can the trio elaborate the basic blocking technique of angling to left and right, but by alternately decreasing and increasing the distances between them, they can first open and then deny the possibilities for passing. Of course, A could cross the street, but this is considered a not quite sporting solution, with the added likelihood that he will encounter similar conditions there.

In addition to this normal hazard of pedestrians wandering from side to side, like ships with a careless hand on the tiller, there are individual types worth study. There is the female who, by a compulsive, swift



If \$75 is too steep,
give the ball pen on the left
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The Parker International Jotter on the right is solid 14K gold; the one on the left is 12K gold-filled. But that's the *only* difference. Inside, where it counts, every International is just the same. Every International contains a special Jotter "engine." The ball is textured and impregnated with costly diamond dust, to give it added durability and prevent skidding. An International is remarkably long-winded—up to 100,000 words between refills. Other models and matching mechanical pencils for as little as \$5. PARKER—At 75 years—Maker of the world's most wanted pens.

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Just pour this bittersweet
aperitif over ice and serve
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with a splash of soda, too.

*The aperitif of kings
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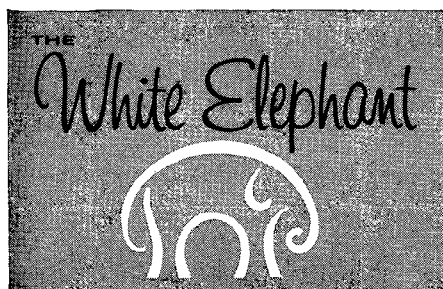
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THE WHITE ELEPHANT
Nantucket Island, Massachusetts

movement from the curb to observe
an outrageous but appealing hat
in a shop window, is able to disrupt
the entire stream of pedestrian traf-
fic. There is the individual who,
with startled recollection of a forgot-
ten errand, stops and wheels to the
rear, scattering the following wave
of pedestrians. There is the male
who makes an abrupt cross where a
newsstand obstructs half the side-
walk to lean over and catch the news
on the front page of a noon edition,
which is too early for him to buy.
There is the type who dives fear-
lessly through a crowd with arm
upraised to hail a taxi driver who
already has a fare.

The observant pedestrian-watcher
will fill his notebook with many other
types, including the somewhat com-
mon male whose attention is riveted
in a sidelong glance at a pretty face
above a lissome figure. Or the more
rare observer whose gaze is fixed on
the summit of a new building across
the street as he continues at a rapid
pace, without regard to the vagaries
of foot traffic. These are all of the
same species, and each is responsible
for many pleasant streetside colli-
sions with pedestrians moving in
both directions.

While it is too early to release con-
clusions from my studies, it seems a
fair guess that most people walk city
streets with their minds somewhere
else. Far from accepting the straight-
line principle, they only half notice
where they are going and choose to
accept the hazard of collision as a

calculated risk. One factor to be
explored in this connection is that
Americans have an automobile-
oriented psychology of movement.
Unless they are in a car, they have
no personal responsibility for what
happens. In spite of appalling acci-
dent figures, I think we are the best
drivers in the world. Most people
understand that the automobile —
yours and mine — is a dangerous
weapon and respect it. They drive
swiftly but they drive carefully, with
courtesy and full attention to the
rules of the road. I'm beginning to
believe that the answer to pedestrian
behavior may be found here: once
off the highway people relax and re-
lease a desire for reckless propulsion
on city sidewalks.

There must be *some* explanation of
all the frustrations I suffer as Citi-
zen A. What makes up for them is
my taking a position at the curb of
some busy Manhattan avenue to
observe the maneuvers of Citizens
B to Z in their artless progress.
There is good sport and frequent
surprise in the carefree stops and
starts, the near collisions, and the
rewarding thump as an intent Side-
long Glancer makes solid contact
with a Compulsive Window Swift,
particularly if both are laden with
packages. Of course, I get buffeted
into the street now and then by an
Elbowed Rocketing Barger. But it's
really safer there. It is, unless that
Dutch *jongen* who started me pedes-
trian-watching comes over here with
his bicycle.

CASSANDRA AND THE DOUBLE-DECKED DOOM

BY NANCY PRICE

My first English morning, too young to die,
I rocketed down the wrong side of the road
in a bus as red as blood and twice as high
as a scream: there was another swaying load
of *Times* readers hurtling down on us
from the wrong side of the road, too,
hell-for-leather.

Somebody punched my ticket as bus met bus,
missing by inches. Over tomorrow's weather
my seat-mate softly snored; as usual,
I was cursed with a daylong view of doom dawning
double-decked over the next hill,
and the rest of the world yawning.

New Deal for the Academic Shuffle

BY STEPHEN CRITES

STEPHEN CRITES is an assistant professor of religion at Wesleyan University. This is his first appearance in the pages of *Accent on Living*.

It is well known that current scholarly writing requires the use of note cards, which are blank in their original state and can be purchased in three different sizes. A prospective author buys a quantity of these cards, the size being left to personal taste, and as he reads books in his field of interest, he transfers the contents of these books onto the note cards. As the collection of note cards grows, he shuffles and sorts them out into convenient classifications by means of index cards. These divisions are further subdivided, appropriate titles and subtitles are chosen, and from the chaos of ink and card-board with which one began an orderly-looking table of contents starts to emerge, complete with parts, chapters, sections, and subsections. Further toil is required to blend the note cards in each micro-division into a more or less continuous text, and then the rest is up to the publisher.

So a new book comes into existence. The book is read by scholars and students who are engaged in producing papers, books, articles of their own. These scholars and students, of course, also possess clean note cards of one size or another. By use of these cards, the book is dismantled and reduced once again to its elements. The cards, now carefully inscribed, are shuffled together with those gleaned from other documents, are annotated and indexed, and new scholarly writings are under way.

The waste involved in this process is obvious, and also shocking in a land whose people pride themselves on efficiency. It is evident that scholarship would be enormously facilitated and accelerated by the elimination of one step in the process described above, a step for which no rational defense can be made. I



Why go Parlor Car?

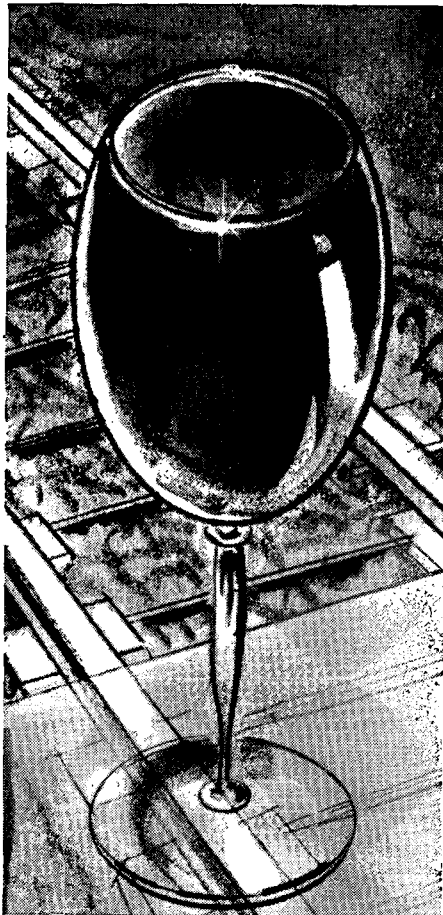
A coach seat on any train costs less, gets there just as fast. But, if you find elbow room, extra service, stretch-your-legs-out comfort worth a bit more fare, why not? It can make the trip a lot more enjoyable.

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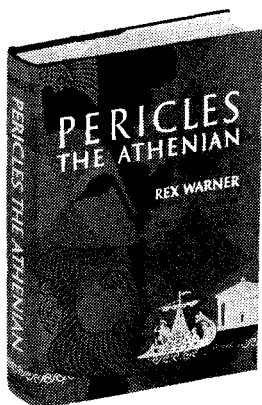
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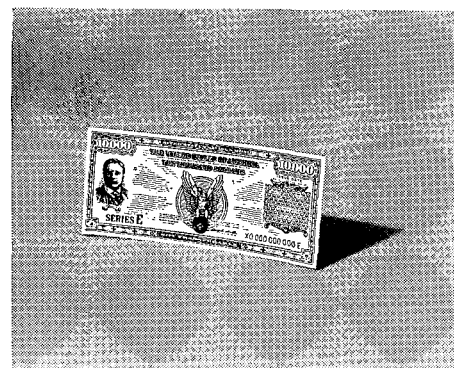
State

mean, of course, the blending of the notes into the appearance of a continuous text — the production of the book or article as such. This step not only involves the writer in such tedious business as constructing transitions and copying his notes into the text, but also obliges the reader to copy it all out again on his own note cards. The solution is clear. Instead of collecting their material into books and articles, scholars should simply publish their note-card collections.

Traditionalists will doubtless object that such a streamlining of scholarly publication, however sensible it may be, would remove the originality from the scholar's task. But each author would be free to organize and index his collection in such fashion as to indicate what he takes to be its rationale, in case anyone is interested. In fact, the cards could be arranged and rearranged in all manner of clever ways. Witty titles and marginal notations could be added, and the author could even include special cards, indexed under "Grand Design" or something of the sort, which would suggest the generalizations which he supposes he has established by a particular card arrangement. Readers opposed to metaphysical pretension could simply drop these cards out of their sets. On the other hand, a suitable substitute for the textbook could be created by publishing collections composed entirely of these generalization cards.

Documentation would be both simplified and exquisitely refined, since each card would bear the name of the person who originally wrote it up, and perhaps also the collection in which it first appeared. Of course, a card bearing some particularly seminal material would keep turning up in any number of the published collections. Scholars could exchange such duplicates among themselves and vie with one another in accumulating complete collections of the most popular cards, as youngsters do with the pictures of baseball heroes cut from cereal and bubble-gum wrappers. Card games could be devised beyond the wildest dreams of present practitioners of solitaire and bridge. A player might, for example, lead Freud on the Oedipus Complex, only to be trumped by a Jungian Archetype.

Creative writing could be similarly



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revolutionized, to the great benefit of critics, reviewers, and other serious students of literature. Imagine the toil and needless speculation which these busy people would have been spared if, say, Mann had simply published a collection of leitmotiv cards, and perhaps another on Obstacles to the Bourgeois Prussian as Artist; or if Melville had produced a collection on Religious Symbols from Nautical Life; or if a committee of recent American writers had collaborated on Forms of Decadence in the Southern Part of the United States.

Other committee projects come to mind, such as an Existentialist Encyclopedia from "Anguish" to "Zarathustra," or a collection on Sexuality, subdivided into all those interesting hyphenated forms. Writers need no longer labor coquettishly to obscure their insights under a cloud of rhetoric. Let them actually lay their cards on the table, so that critics, reviewers, and other serious students of literature can see at a glance what it is they wish to say.

Revolutionary as this new departure in publishing may seem, it can be seen to be a natural development if viewed in large enough historical perspective. The movement toward greater flexibility in the handling of written material had already begun when the contents of stone tablets and wall inscriptions were transferred to scrolls, and still a more decisive step was taken when the scrolls were cut into pages and bound into books. The further transition to cards may seem strange to the older generations; after all, traditionalists no doubt held on to scrolls long after books were in existence. But the new form will seem natural enough to a new generation being nurtured on teaching machines and machine-graded tests. The wave of the future is constituted by droplets.

The next step beyond the note-card form will be considerably less drastic. The proper pattern of nicks and holes can very easily be punched in the cards, and the whole scholarly enterprise turned over to IBM machines. Homo sapiens can then devote himself to television — or card games of the old-fashioned sort — with a good conscience, confident that the production and assimilation of written matter, so necessary to civilization, is being carried on with the highest possible efficiency.

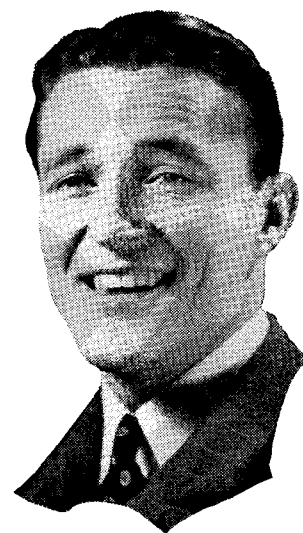
Do You Laugh Your Greatest Powers Away?

THOSE STRANGE INNER URGES

You have heard the phrase, "Laugh, clown, laugh." Well, that fits me perfectly. I'd fret, worry and try to reason my way out of difficulties—all to no avail; then I'd have a hunch, a something within that would tell me to do a certain thing. I'd laugh it off with a shrug. I knew too much, I thought, to heed these impressions. Well, it's different now—I've learned to use this inner power and I no longer make the mistakes I did, because I do the right thing at the right time.

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Here is how I got started right. I had heard about hypnosis revealing past lives. I began to think there must be some inner intelligence with which we were born. In fact, I often heard it said there



was; but how could I use it, how could I make it work for me daily? That was my problem. I wanted to learn to direct this inner voice, master it if I could. Finally, I wrote to the Rosicrucians, a world-wide fraternity of progressive men and women, who offered to send me, without obligation, a free book entitled *The Mastery of Life*.

That book opened a new world to me. I advise *you* to write today and ask for your copy. *It will prove to you* what your mind can demonstrate. Don't go through life laughing your mental powers away. Simply write: Scribe E.F.K.

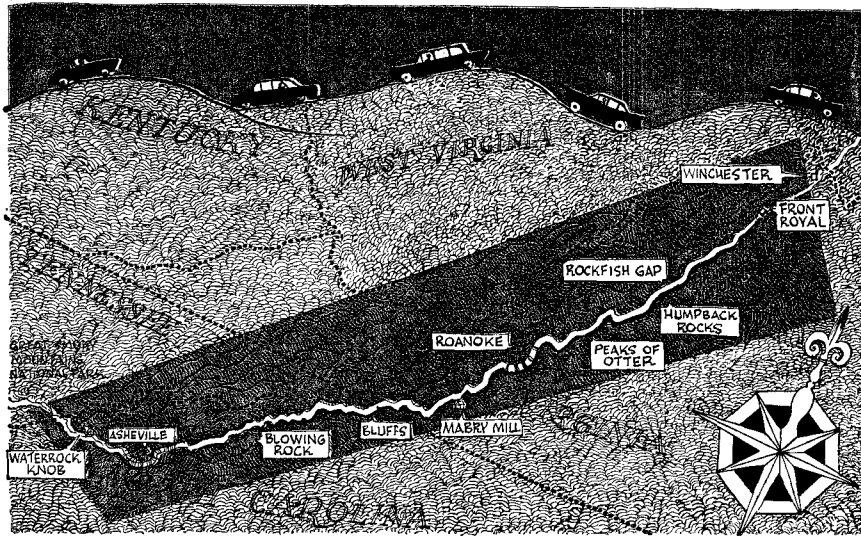
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pleasures and places



THE BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY

BY JOHN T. STARR

I have driven on the Blue Ridge Parkway many times in the last ten years, but I find that I look forward to a trip over it with as eager expectation as ever. I love mountains, and this road makes easily available some of the most spectacular mountain scenery in the Eastern United States. It follows the crest of the Blue Ridge in Virginia and North Carolina. Eventually to be 469 miles long, it will connect the Shenandoah National Park with the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. About 400 miles of the road has been completed, and the only important parts yet to be built are a section around Roanoke, Virginia, and some stretches south of Asheville, North Carolina, much of which is already under construction.

The Parkway is a vacation road. It is designed for the motorist who wants to get away from truck-crowded highways and who is in no particular hurry. Speed is restricted to 45 miles per hour, and there are few who want to drive faster, for the road is almost constantly curving, first opening up views on one side, then on the other. At intervals there are overlooks with parking areas. Often set like balconies into the moun-

tainsides, they are perfect for looking down into the deep coves or at the jumble of mountains, which in some places crowd close to the Blue Ridge.

The Blue Ridge Parkway is really a continuation of the well-known Skyline Drive, which runs the length of the Shenandoah National Park, but officially it begins at Rockfish Gap, Virginia, where highway U.S. 250 crosses the Blue Ridge. Off to the east, 20 miles away, is Charlottesville, with Jefferson's home, Monticello, and Monroe's Ash Lawn. Richmond is 66 miles beyond. About 15 miles to the west of Rockfish Gap is Staunton. This town, the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson, is on the famous Valley Road, which is now highway U.S. 11.

The miles are numbered on the Parkway southward from Rockfish Gap. Six miles along the way (at Mile 5.8, to be exact) are the Humpback Rocks — huge pinnacles projecting upward from the mountain ridge — with a pioneer mountain farm nestled almost in their shadow. The farm buildings, which were gathered by the National Park Service from here and there in the mountains, have been put together to show visitors how the mountain people

lived and, indeed, how a good number of them still live. The log structures are almost all roofed with wood shingles, laboriously split by hand from white-oak logs. The barns and corncribs are small, because crops were small. They have never been painted and have weathered to a silvery gray that shines in the sun.

As my family and I explored this farm one afternoon, we could picture the life of the Blue Ridge people. The living was not easy. The Blue Ridge might be in the South geographically, but the winters can be hard, and snow is not unusual. Heat was from an open fire; the sleeping quarters were, more times than not, a cold loft; water came from an outside well. I find that I am using the past tense, but there are people who still live in these mountains in much the same way. Over in the next valley there may very well be a family living on a farm like this.

Beyond the James River are the Peaks of Otter (at Mile 84), conical peaks extending above the mountain mass. Several years ago, a herd of elk was brought from the Rocky Mountains and introduced into this area. But the herd has not increased as had been hoped. In fact, the Park Service people fear that its numbers may have fallen off. An elk is a fine, large animal, and to many mountain hunters with large families to support, shooting one means a lot of meat on the table. But to the tourist the elk are worth watching for.

South of Roanoke and not far north of the North Carolina line is the Mabry Mill, one of the Blue Ridge Parkway's feature attractions. This old, weather-beaten structure was built by one Ed Mabry, an enterprising mountaineer, who operated it for many years. In addition to his mill, which is powered by water collected from a number of springs by an ingenious arrangement of wooden flumes, Mr. Mabry ran a blacksmith shop, boiled sorghum juice into syrup, and even made a crude sort of soap. This industrial complex has been maintained by the National Park Service.

As often as I have seen the Mabry Mill, I seldom pass it by. For one thing, the mill is usually running, and there is the opportunity to buy sacks of water-ground cornmeal and buckwheat. The best griddle cakes and corn bread are made from water-ground meal. Mountain-made blackberry syrup is often on the table at

breakfast time in some of the eating places along the Parkway, and bottles of it can be bought at gift shops and some of the small country stores along roads that cross the Parkway.

In North Carolina the country is higher, more rugged, and even more sparsely settled. The Parkway skirts, in places, the edges of precipitous bluffs which fall sharply away into deep valleys. This is rhododendron country. The mountains are almost covered with rhododendron bushes, and in June they come alive with purple, red, and white blossoms. June is not the only colorful time of the year, though. All during the summer, flowers bloom along the Parkway — black-eyed Susans and yellow coreopsis in July, rich orange snapweed and the rare cardinal flower in August, asters and goldenrod in September, to mention just a few. In late September the deep red of the black gum and dogwood begin to change the green forest, to be joined in October by the yellow birches, the gold of the tulip tree, and the orange of the sassafras. By mid-October the color is at its best, and this is one of the most delightful times of the year, but in a few short weeks most of the bright leaves will have fallen.

The Blowing Rock resort area is at Mile 295. This is an old-time western North Carolina vacation center located high in the mountains at a 4000-foot elevation, and it was popular long before the Blue Ridge Parkway was thought of. It is a good place to stop overnight.

Not far away is the town of Boone, where nightly during July and August *Horn in the West* is shown. This is one of the many outdoor dramas in the Southern Highlands. It tells the story of the pioneer people who settled in these mountains and, as the folder describing the play puts it, "carved freedom out of tyranny in a wilderness that is now the very ground on which you rest your feet." This is a highly professional production that has been running for ten years, and it is worth seeing. Another outdoor performance that must be mentioned is *Unto These Hills*, which plays nightly during the summer, except Monday, at Cherokee near the southern end of the Parkway. This, too, is thoroughly professional.

Just south of Blowing Rock is Grandfather Mountain, where a toll road goes to a point near the top. At Mile 355.4 a free road (North

Carolina Route 128) goes to the top of Mount Mitchell, 6684 feet above sea level — the highest mountain in the East. The views here are magnificent.

The whole southern portion of the Parkway is spectacular, with the elevation of the road itself exceeding 5000 feet in a number of places. From Waterrock Knob overlook, a four-state view — North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina — and a broad panorama of the Great Smokies are possible on a clear day. South of here, the Parkway loses altitude rapidly, dropping down as it passes through the Cherokee Indian reservation, so that when it reaches its end at highway U.S. 441 in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, its elevation is barely 2000 feet.

But with all its appeal to those who love magnificent scenery, the pioneer past, and, perhaps most of all, the getting away from truck-infested highways, the Blue Ridge Parkway has one serious drawback, a scarcity of really first-class accommodations. The cities of Roanoke and Asheville have excellent hotels and motels where almost any taste and pocketbook can be satisfied, and the village of Blowing Rock has a large number of motels. Good food, too, can be found at these places. But in the long spaces between, one can have difficulty.

The Bluffs Lodge at Mile 241 is superbly situated high on the crest of the Blue Ridge with a long view off to the east. This is a popular stop, and its twenty-four rooms are often taken early in the day. The rooms are well furnished and comfortable, each with tub and shower. Prices are \$7.00 for one and \$10.00 for two, with extra beds available at \$2.00 each. Since the lodge is heated, the season extends from May through October, making it a good central point for both rhododendron and fall foliage excursions. For reservations, the address is Bluffs Lodge, Laurel Springs, North Carolina. A nearby coffee shop serves good food, specializing in Southern Highland cooking. Especially good are the country ham — the real salty kind — and the buttermilk biscuits.

For further information on the Parkway, write to the Superintendent of the Blue Ridge Parkway, National Park Service, P.O. Box 1710, Roanoke, Virginia.



PHOTOGRAPH CARROLL SEGHERS II FROM "ADVENTURES IN WILLIAMSBURG"

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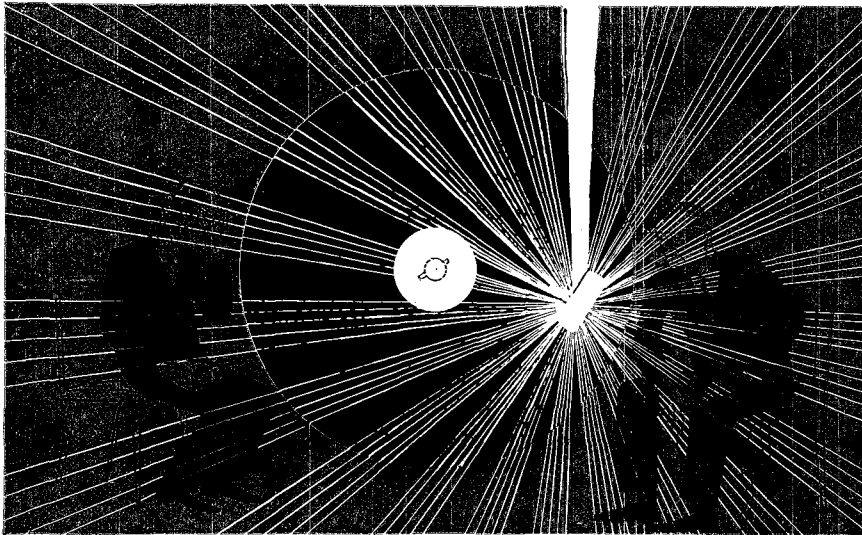
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they shall have music



THE FI GETS HIGHER

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

The common denominator in *Madama Butterfly*, Ravel's *Bolero*, *Columbia*, the *Gem of the Ocean*, and *Hernando's Hideaway* may not be apparent to the naked eye or straining ear. But all are among the compositions selected by RCA Victor to inaugurate a new refinement in recorded sound, which has been sent forth into the world with a massive publicity fanfare, the fond hopes of its producers, and the commercial name of Dynagroove.

For a public which has survived both the LP upheaval and the advent of stereo, the prospect of still another sound development may evoke something less than rapture. But RCA disclaims all intent to suggest that a new revolution is under way with Dynagroove. True, Victor can be persuaded to admit that its new sound is a "breakthrough," but this is a modest expression which means hardly more in the record trade nowadays than "colossal" used to in the movie business. Equally true, Dynagroove was introduced with the fullest possible panoply, with the press flown from New York to the RCA laboratories in Princeton, New Jersey, by chartered helicopter — a mode of transport which

made sure that the reporters and reviewers arrived at the unveiling not only palpitating but vibrating.

But all these trimmings notwithstanding, Victor officials concede, privately at least, that Dynagroove will rank somewhat below the wheel and the internal-combustion engine in the history of human invention. They even emphasize — perhaps with a tinge of regret — that it is not the sort of development which requires new listening equipment or an increase in retail record prices. Nevertheless, they insist that Dynagroove has achieved its stated objective, which is to produce a recorded sound, both stereo and monaural, which is more consistently clear, distortion-free, and true to life than any attained hitherto.

In part, at least, Victor's new sound is a reaction to advances made elsewhere. No major — or, for that matter, minor — record company will ever admit publicly that its sound has in any way, shape, or form lagged behind that of anyone else. All the same, Victor's listening rooms have been known to re-echo at times to such records as Command's "Persuasive Percussion" and London's "Phase 4" releases, both of

which are generally conceded to have reached spectacular levels in sound achievement.

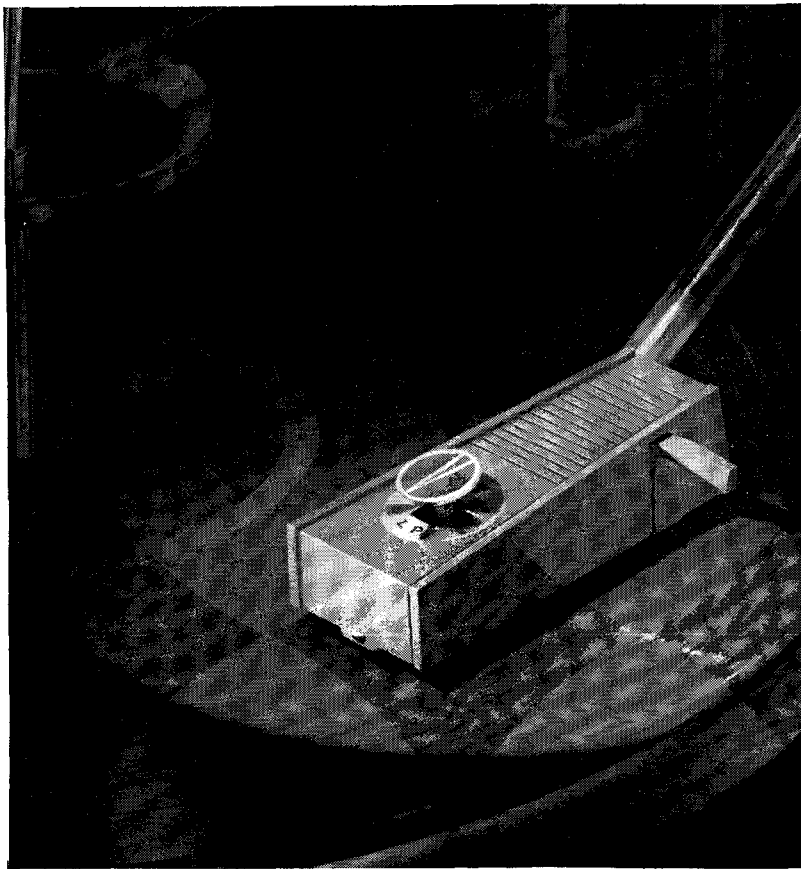
Whatever the impulse, a massive effort was begun by RCA some two and a half years ago to establish new sound standards for Victor records. "Our sound had always been good," says a Victor executive. "Nobody was complaining about it. But nobody was *talking* about it, either. So we restudied the whole recording process — pre-session planning, microphone placement, acoustical environment, positioning of the performers and the rest of it. You'd be surprised at the things you can do by tightening up all along the line."

But the basic improvement of Dynagroove represents something far more measurable than rearranging the drapes on the recording studio's wall. It involves a new groove-cutting process which was designed by RCA engineers to compensate for the disparity between the chisel-shaped recording stylus in the studio and the round-tipped playback stylus in the living room. Victor engineers are ready to expound, with appropriate charts, diagrams, and graphs, upon the electronic procedures and principles involved. But the home listener — or, anyway, this home listener — is likely to find it far more rewarding to contemplate the process in terms of the results achieved, which include impressive clarity and brightness of instruments and voices, tonal fullness and color even at low-volume playback, and, perhaps most noteworthy of all, an almost total lack of distortion, even when the needle is in the final grooves of the record.

This last is a particular boon to those listeners who, like this one, have been known to be dilatory in the little matter of stylus replacement. Indeed, it is revelatory (though not especially recommendable) to play a Dynagroove record with a somewhat worn stylus; the music on the inner grooves, invariably the most prone to distortion and attenuation, comes through with astonishing clarity. Equally striking is the consistency that seems to be one of the hallmarks of the Dynagroove sound. It is possible to cite other recent recordings of similar clarity or brilliance, but it is extremely unusual to find ten simultaneous releases on which the sound is so uniformly impeccable.



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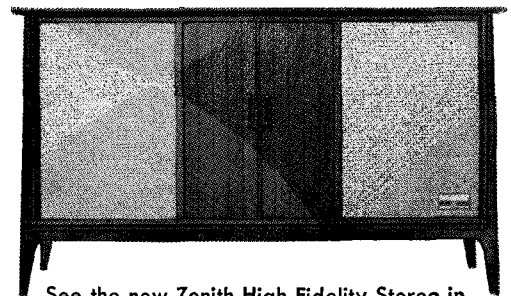
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The musical level reached in the first set of Dynagroove records is somewhat less rarefied than the acoustic. Five of the ten releases fall into the "pops" category, and the remaining five, loosely listed as "classical," are of uneven interest. The Boston Pops Orchestra produces one of its most musically meager records in a collection of vaguely Latin numbers grouped under the title *Jalousie* (LSC-2661, stereo; LM-2661, monaural). The Robert Shaw Chorale's *This Is My Country* (LSC-2662, stereo; LM-2662, monaural) is a parade of patriotic airs, sung for the most part in contrived and pretentious arrangements. An all-Ravel record containing *Bolero*, *La Valse*, and the *Pavane for a Dead Princess* (LSC-2664, stereo; LM-2664, monaural) does not represent Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony at their best.

The two prize entries in the first Dynagroove release are Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* and Mahler's Symphony No. 1 in D Major. A new *Butterfly* is not exactly a crying need; the latest Schwann catalogue lists nine others, including a previous Victor release only three years old. But the new Dynagroove model (LSC-6160, stereo; LM-6160, monaural: three records) has Leontyne Price as Butterfly and Richard Tucker as Pinkerton, and the sound sets off their voices with vivid clarity. The distinctive timbre of this fine tenor has never been captured on records more accurately. Miss Price, as always, sings beautifully and expressively, and manages to create a girlish and innocent character without seeming in the least bit arch or simpering. Even though sound quality is one of the strong selling points of the album, no attempt is made to introduce exaggerated effects, stereophonic or otherwise. It is a temptation for a sound engineer to make Butterfly's entrance begin almost inaudibly on the opposite side of Nagasaki Harbor, but the Victor sound crew has resisted sternly, and every one of Miss Price's opening notes is clear, bright, and warm.

The orchestral sounds are no less beautiful than the vocal in this handsomely recorded production, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf in Rome last summer just before he took over the Boston Symphony. Mr. Leinsdorf presents an intelligent, orderly, musical *Butterfly*. He sees it clear and he sees it true, but there

is something just a bit dry-eyed about his conducting — Puccini without tears — which may not altogether satisfy those listeners to whom *Butterfly* means, among other things, a good cry.

Mr. Leinsdorf also is the conductor of the Mahler Symphony No. 1, sometimes known as the *Titan* (LSC-2642, stereo; LM-2642, monaural). The music is played with brilliance and excitement; the Boston Symphony has taken on new precision and crispness in Mr. Leinsdorf's hands, without losing any of its characteristic sound or sensitivity. The kind of Mahler which emerges is very much up to date in its swift and dynamic concept.

It happens that two other versions of the Mahler First have been issued competitively with Leinsdorf's, one by Paul Kletzki and the Vienna Philharmonic (Angel S-35913, stereo; 35913, monaural), the other by the late Bruno Walter and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra (Columbia MS-6394, stereo; ML-5794, monaural). Kletzki's is a cursory reading, distinguished by no notable interpretive insights. But Bruno Walter's recording is the testament of a great conductor who knew Mahler as well as his music at firsthand. In the famous third movement of the symphony, a funeral march based on a slowed-down canonic version of the old French round "*Frère Jacques*," Walter attains a sinister, sardonic quality which no other recording approaches. His finale conveys a similarly unique sense of spaciousness and nobility. Walter's Mahler may be old-fashioned and personal, but it stands apart from all others. Perhaps the perfect recording of the Mahler First would have combined the Columbia interpretation with the Victor sound.

The Mahler Symphony No. 1 and *Madama Butterfly* herald a continuing series of Victor releases in Dynagroove. There is even a possibility that the new cutting process will be applied to reissues of such ancient catalogue items as Toscanini recordings — a procedure for which the name "Dynosaur" has already been irreverently proposed.

It is possible, too, that additional refinements may become desirable in the sound itself. Dynagroove's most spectacular results to date seem to lie in the upper range of the register; while the bass is by no means ne-

glected or minimized, it has not gained in richness quite as much as the treble has gained in brilliance. Fashions in listening have undergone a reversal in the last twenty-five years; whereas a booming bass was once regarded as the sign of quality reproduction, today most audio manufacturers direct their attention to the upper frequencies. The fi keeps getting higher.

Aside from its effect upon one line of records, Dynagroove's development is likely to encourage new attention to sound standards throughout the industry. Columbia, having got wind of the RCA announcement, promptly issued a statement saying that it had begun employing a new groove-cutting technique six months previously — though without specifying its relationship to the Victor advance. In any event, technological exclusivity lasts no longer in the record industry than it does elsewhere, and if RCA has devised a new way of cutting a better groove today, there is no reason to doubt that someone else will be slicing it still thinner, so to speak, tomorrow. In fact, experiments are said to be under way which may one day make it possible for an hour's worth of music to be carved on a disc no larger than a poker chip. The benefits this will bring to music are problematic. But its effect on poker may well be incalculable.

Record Reviews

Bellini: *La Sonnambula*

Richard Bonyngé conducting Orchestra and Chorus of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, with Joan Sutherland and Sylvia Stahlman, sopranos; Nicola Monti, tenor; and Fernando Corena, bass; London OSA-1365 (stereo) and A-4365: three records

Few operas are more dependent upon a star soprano than this rustic drama of a maiden whose sleepwalking proclivities land her in all sorts of awkward, not to say compromising, situations. Joan Sutherland, around whom this recording (and this season's Metropolitan Opera revival) is centered, is nothing short of prodigious in the title role. Perhaps Maria Callas, who has also recorded the complete opera, creates more of a personal and pathetic figure in Amina, the noctambulating village



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MOUSSORGSKY: BORIS GODOUNOV. Boris Christoff (roles of Boris, Pimen and Varlaam), Evelyn Lear (Marina), Ekaterina Gueorguieva (Xenia), Ana Alexieva (Feodor), Mela Bougarinovitch (Nurse), Dimitr Ouzounov (Dimitri), John Lanigan (Shuisky), Anton Diakov (Rangoni); Chorus of the Sofia National Opera, Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire (Paris) conducted by André Cluytens. Album (S) 3633 D/L



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maid. But she never sent up so brilliant a fountain of musical fireworks, the kind that temporarily blind one to the essential thinness and repetitiveness of the opera. The rest of the cast is suave and accomplished, and the sound has both depth and richness. Miss Sutherland's husband, Richard Bonyng, conducts — not exactly uxoriously, but with no great dash or originality either.

Debussy: Twelve Etudes (Books I and II, complete)

Charles Rosen, pianist; Epic BC-1242 (stereo) and LC-3842

Charles Rosen is a pianist with the gift of being able to write about music as well as to play it. On this record his jacket notes discourse brilliantly on Debussy's remarkable set of exercises for the fingers and the mind. And his performances of the pieces, whose prosaic titles — "Etude in Thirds," "Etude in Fourths," "Etude on Chromatic Steps," and so forth — belie their variety and imaginativeness, have color and character. This is a piano recording with depth and thought as well as shimmering sound, the kind one plays over and over with rising interest and awareness.

Handel: Royal Fireworks Music

George Szell conducting London Symphony Orchestra; London CS-6236 (stereo) and CM-9305

Charles Mackerras conducting a wind ensemble; Vanguard BGS 5046 (stereo)

Leopold Stokowski conducting RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2612 and LM-2612

Handel's *Fireworks* music, which helped start a conflagration and a crowd panic at its premiere in 1749, is still inspiring conductors to extravagant displays. Stokowski plays it with an orchestra of 125 and the final chords overlaid with the boom and hiss of exploding rockets; Mackerras with a band of nine percussion and sixty-four wind instruments, including twenty-six oboes and fourteen bassoons, which are said to be the numbers called for in the original scoring. Both recordings, for all their spirit, are thick-textured and noisy. Szell's, with no count given on the oboes and bassoons, fits more snugly into domestic surroundings. Both the Szell and Stokowski records predictably offer the *Water Music* on the reverse; Mackerras chooses Handel's Concerto No. 2 in F for Two Wind Choirs and Strings.

Tippett: Concerto for Double String Orchestra

Prokofiev: Visions Fugitives

Rudolf Barshai conducting Moscow Chamber Orchestra and Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra; Angel S-35981 (stereo) and 35981

This record is equally revealing as an introduction to a pleasing modern British work and an exercise in international musical amity. Michael Tippett's Concerto for Double String Orchestra breathes a refreshing pastoral air and reaches points of lyric eloquence. With a Soviet orchestra seated on the left (where else?) and a British on the right, the stereo antiphony adds much to the music's sense of life and vibrance. Prokofiev's *Visions Fugitives*, on the reverse, were originally piano pieces. In Rudolf Barshai's imaginative transcriptions, they bring out all the virtuosity and vigor of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra's immensely skilled players.

Black Man in America

James Baldwin, novelist and essayist, interviewed by Studs Terkel; Credo 1 (monaural)

Although this interview, carried originally over Chicago radio station WFMT, represents the views of a talented and thoughtful novelist on a variety of matters, it essentially is a personal revelation by a sensitive American Negro, and as such should command the attention of sensitive American whites. Mr. Baldwin, the author of *Nobody Knows My Name* and the much-discussed *The Fire Next Time*, tells quietly but chillingly what it is to live in a society whose standards and symbols are designed for others; he describes the promises and perils of such movements as the Freedom Riders and the Black Muslims; he explains, with biting logic, why many Negro families have a matriarchal set-up (because the wife can find employment more readily as a housemaid than the husband can as a working man). He speaks at times with bitterness, and some of his reasoning is extreme, as when he ascribes the American educational lag to the schools' failure to face the Negro question. But there is insight as well as impact in much of what he has to say, especially when he reminds us that it is not his people but the United States as a whole which is paying the moral price of "keeping the Negro in his place."

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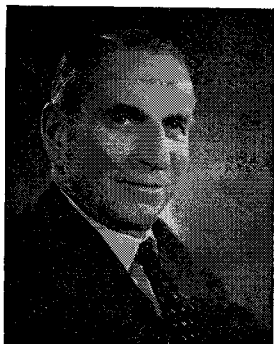
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Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

IN THIS season when an angler's hopes are as fresh as the new grass, my thoughts go back to a Canadian who held a very special place in the heart wherever he was known, Dr. J. A. M. Bell of Fredericton, New Brunswick. Let the accent fall on the "Doctor," for he was one of that vanishing breed of unsparing general practitioners; in the length and breadth of the St. John Valley and in the villages and lumber camps north of Newcastle are those who owe their recovery and their adjustment to life to the cheery ministrations of Dr. Alex Bell. Medicine was his calling, his family was his first love, and the Atlantic salmon, its protection and its capture, his avocation.

Alex was one of those rare beings whose looks do not change. He emerged from the Canadian Army at the end of the First World War a young stocky medico, eager for country practice, already well on the way to his shining baldness, with ruddy cheeks and that welcoming smile that age was never to touch. His nature was sunny, but there was no more rugged fighter in the Maritimes, as you knew from the light in his eyes and the set of his jaw when he was aroused. What he fought for was better health and education in an impoverished province, better hospitals — the Fredericton Polio Clinic is a monument to him — and unpolluted, better-policed rivers.

Legends grew out of his hardihood, his willingness to answer any call. In the early days, when the snows were deep he went by sleigh, and returning, the seat and the runners would be crowded with schoolchildren he had picked up on the way home. Later, in a skimobile with skis in place of front wheels, he traveled the back roads which were otherwise impassable. Cars he drove like Jehu, and many a patrolling Mountie must have looked the other way when Alex went roaring by. He had the gift of rallying his patients; recovery was his mission, and not even his

secretary, Lillian Copp, could sum up the countless bills he did not collect. He would never accept a fee from students at the university. Many patients paid what they could in potatoes, as Cannie, his wife, who had to dispose of them, was well aware.

Alex's word was as good as his bond, and in time it covered the behavior of many. Among his patients in a small village at the mouth of the Miramichi was a huge family of French Canadians whom I shall call the Latourettes. During Prohibition, Papa Latourette made a pretty penny running rum from the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. When Papa was captured and locked up in the jail at Newcastle, he sent for Alex. "Doctor, Doctor. I am not seek!" he kept repeating through the bars. "I not send for you because I am seek, Doctor, but because I cannot stay here in ze jail. My wife and family, she starve," and on Alex's word he went free.

The river Alex loved best was the Northwest Miramichi, where for three decades he staffed and operated two privately owned camps in its headwaters. The camps were a hundred and thirty-five miles to the north of Fredericton, the last sixteen through a tote road in the Fraser Forest, and they were as close to heaven as Alex wanted. The Northwest is a wild, swift, narrow stream which has carved its way deep through rocky canyons and steep spruce slopes. You fish it on foot from rocky stands with a backhand cast to keep your fly out of the conifers.

To protect the river, Alex used persuasion, blasphemy, guile, personal intervention at Ottawa, and, when necessary, the arm of the law. It takes eternal vigilance to keep a salmon river alive. A balance must be struck between the trawlers patrolling the waters at the mouth and the owners of the set nets, some thirty miles of them, blocking two thirds of the channel, through whose gauntlet the entering salmon must pass. When the spring

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run was on, Alex fought for a weekend lifting of all nets to make sure that enough mature fish would reach the spawning beds, a hundred and twenty miles upstream. He fought against the irresponsible dumping of bark from the pulp mills; he fought the lumber bosses for felling the shade trees on the banks, in whose shadows the salmon spawned. He looked skeptically at the drenching of the forests with DDT when budworm was ravaging the spruce — what would the poison do to the life underwater? He suspected what Rachel Carson found. He fought the poachers, who become desperate at times of unemployment. They work in teams of three or four at night, and a warden, who must go unarmed in Canada, may lose an ear or an eye if he tries to interfere. Above all, Alex was wary of the mines, which in a burst of hope and publicity seemed to offer New Brunswick a new prosperity. For a time they had things their own way, free of provincial regulation, and the lethal pollution which flowed from their zinc and copper corridors down brooks and into streams as beautiful as the Northwest Miramichi would have driven him into a fury. It was the negation of every precaution for which he and Canada had long stood.

The river was Alex's tonic. In his latter years, in his Jeep he could travel the distance from office to camp in less than three hours, and after he had had his first heart attack, just to see the pools and hear the voice of the water were enough. Like many great doctors before him, Alex considered his own health last. On one occasion when overwork had brought him to the point of exhaustion, he turned his practice over to an assistant and went into the woods to be alone at Stony Brook. There, in thirty days he regained his strength — and, incidentally, took twenty-three fish, beached, of course, since there was no one to net for him. His favorite fly was the Green Highlander, which he fished wet and fast; his favorite pool, the Top of the Falls, where the angler casts into the slick water at the very lip of the falls. When a salmon takes here, like as not he'll go down over, and how Alex would hoot as the angler followed after, leaping and slipping from basin to basin. Then would come the breathless question — was the fish still on?

Driving back from camp with him was an education. At sixty mph and more his talk would touch on the history of the valley; on the Loyalists from Long Island and New York who settled here after the Revolution; on the University of New Brunswick, in which he profoundly believed; on the preservation of the elms, which in Fredericton are more beautiful than in any other city I know; and on the guides and cooks, every one of them his friend, Howard and Henry and George and Art

and Kathleen. They and their children mattered deeply to him, and he knew they kept him young.

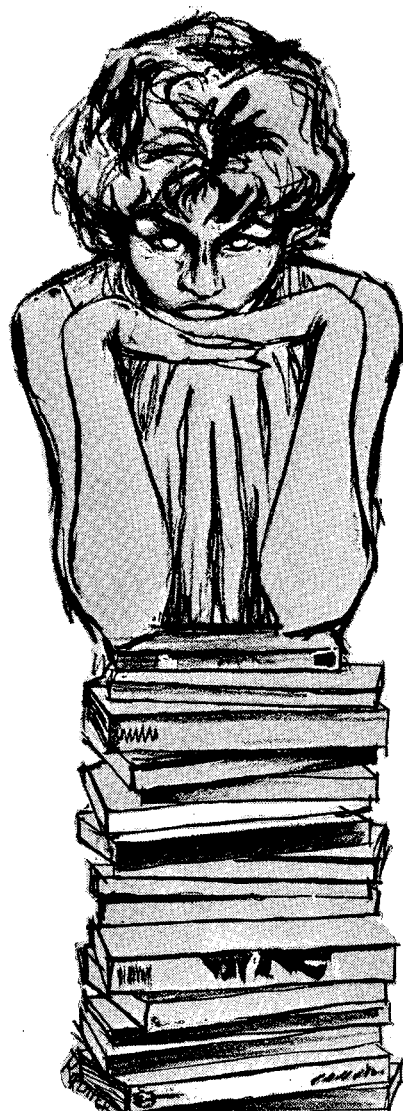
Alex used to tease us about our Yankee veneration for royalty, but I remember how honored he felt when Princess Margaret took far more than the expected time to open the Polio Clinic in Fredericton, the clinic he had planned, equipped, and helped to finance.

Dear as he was to us on the river, he was even dearer in his home in Fredericton with its big windows facing the Cathedral Green. This was our point of departure, and he sped us on our way with those famous martinis which he poured from his big silver bell of a shaker. Here we listened to the tales of the party coming out from the camp, while our anticipation rose, or, if we were just emerging from the enchantment of the woods, here we would enlarge on our own adventures. Just before both parties went in for Cannie's delectable roast chicken, Alex would make his toast: "I looks toward ye, smiles, and likewise bows accordin' " — our hail and farewell with the man who would keep the river and our hopes alive for another year.

THE OCEAN FLOOR

One of the few good things to come out of the German domination of France was the Aqua-Lung, the invention of JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU and Emile Gagnan, French naval officers who had been immobilized by Hitler's conquest and who, with the assistance of Cousteau's wife, Simone, began to pioneer deeper and deeper into the hidden mysteries of the sea. Captain Cousteau's first book, *The Silent World*, was an adventure story which opened the doors to oceanography, to archaeology, and to undersea photography. In the ten years since its appearance, Captain Cousteau and his team of expert divers have improved their depth-exploring techniques and have probed deeper and deeper into those fascinating realms which hitherto had been seen only by Dr. Will Beebe and Otis Barton in Barton's Bathosphere. But Cousteau and company were mobile, and with extraordinary invention and physical resourcefulness they have explored the coral graveyards which have doomed ships since the days of the Greeks. They have studied the rise and fall of the Deep Scattering Layers and have devised the Deepsea Camera Sled, which travels miles below the surface of the ocean, photographing as it goes. These are a few of the salient episodes told in a most personal way by Captain Cousteau in his new and well-illustrated book, *THE LIVING SEA* (Harper & Row, \$6.50), the May selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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The Living Sea begins with a description of the *Calypso*, the 140-foot flagship of Cousteau's expeditions. She was originally a minesweeper built for the Royal Navy and was transformed into a mobile laboratory with the aid of Group Captain Guinness. In the late forties all divers wanted to work with Captain Cousteau, and, taking his pick, he cruised the Red Sea, ranging along the coast of the Sudan close to the deadly uncharted coral reefs which held their treasure. No reviewer should give away this book. It is enough to mention how they found the black coral for Picasso; how they watched the bumpfish steadily chewing his way up a coral strand; how they came upon the Aegean wreck and from it brought to the surface wine which had been laid down in Delos more than two thousand years ago; how they avoided the abyssal sharks and tracked to his lair the gargantuan truckfish; and how and why they lost their eager spirit, the diver Serventi. This is a book to relish slowly.

DEVOTO AT WORK

With the passing of that pungent trio, Henry L. Mencken, Bernard DeVoto, and Elmer Davis, American criticism momentarily lost its voice, and we have been waiting overlong for a younger man to fill their shoes. A full measure of DeVoto as a teacher, historian, and critic is given to us this spring in a little book as hot as a live coal, **BERNARD DEVOTO: A TRIBUTE AND AN EVALUATION**, with essays by Catherine Drinker Bowen, the late Edith R. Mirrielees, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and Wallace Stegner, and a bibliography by Julius P. Barclay (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50). Benny, as he was known to his friends and enemies, could be pugnacious, strident, tenderly generous, humble in moments of self-doubt, and magnificently angry in defense of what he valued. His indignation at what was being done to our plundered public lands lit up the cause of conservation, and his knowledge and love of the West are fused and made permanent in his three splendid volumes of history.

Now he is seen affectionately and with perception by four of his contemporaries: Catherine Drinker Bowen writes of him as a teacher, urging her on and guiding her in her biographical writing; Miss Mirrielees speaks of him as an essayist, so vigorous in his letters and in the Easy Chair of *Harper's*; Arthur Schlesinger shows us the political man and the scholar; and Wallace Stegner, like Benny, familiar with Utah, traces the paths which led him away from his home city of Ogden and eventually back overland through his stilted fiction to his vital historical conquest of the Southwest.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

THE TIN DRUM by GÜNTER GRASS (Pantheon, \$6.95) hardly begins in a way to beguile the reader. Its hero, Oskar Matzerath, is recounting the story of his life from a mental home, where he is confined in a barred cell. Shortly, we learn that Oskar is only thirty-one inches tall, having chosen to remain at that height by deliberately falling downstairs at the age of three. Through the years his has been an adult mind staring out at the world from the body of a child. The toy drum has also been with him since childhood. When he taps on it now, the rhythms of things past return and he can then transfer them to paper.

Though this beginning may look like a mechanical horror out of the Grand Guignol, it does have its own appropriateness as a framework for the story Grass wants to tell. This novel, laced as it is with fantasy and nightmare, is largely autobiographical. Like his own protagonist, Oskar, Günter Grass was born in Danzig of a German father and a Polish mother—a fateful inheritance for the years after 1930. He was only six when Hitler came to power; while still a boy, he witnessed the crazy-quilt politics of Danzig, the arrival of the Nazis, the German victories and then defeats, and the final conquest by the Russians. Much of the book's power comes from this weird flood of history surging through it. In reading it we have the impression of a montage of European newsreels since 1933, telescoped together in surrealistic frenzy, flickering by in the background. Oskar in a mental home is a narrator who matches the madness of the world he would record.

Never without his drum during the Nazi years, Oskar uses it to disturb and break up party meetings. His father, whom he rather despises, becomes a Nazi, mostly to wear a uniform. When the Russians take Danzig, the father is killed in the cellar of his own grocery shop. Oskar flees to West Germany, where he becomes involved in the operations of the black market and works variously as a nightclub performer and a tombstone engraver. (Grass himself practiced this latter craft for a while.) These last sections of the book become more nightmarish in tone and less substantial



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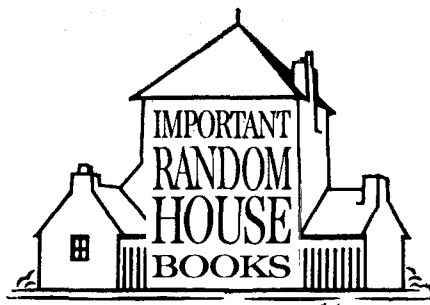
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and convincing. Guilt for a murder he did not commit drives Oskar to the mental home. In the end, still unpurged by all he has been through, he is pursued by the devastating vision of the Black Witch, remembered from a nursery jingle, now perhaps the symbol of the world's evil.

Grass's imagination is torrential but, like all torrents, indiscriminating as it sweeps deadwood and debris along with live flora and fauna. Always vigorous and pungent, he is at times needlessly coarse. The length of the book begins to be tiring, and many of the episodes, though superficially varied, seem only to repeat each other. Yet with all its faults, this is a very powerful book, and Günter Grass is definitely one of the more impressive talents to emerge in recent years. The German imagination has always had a special penchant for the grotesque and the Gothic, and Grass, despite his bag of modern literary tricks, belongs solidly in the mainstream of this tradition. The grotesque may not be styled to the taste of all readers, but, like every style, it has its distinctive attractions. "Exuberance is beauty," Blake declared — almost as if to justify works, like the present one, which may shock good taste but nevertheless live in virtue of their feverishly energetic imagination.

If Grass's narrative is murky in spots, **UWE JOHNSON'S SPECULATIONS ABOUT JAKOB** (Grove Press, \$4.50) is as difficult to piece together as a jigsaw puzzle. The story, so far as one can make it out, has to do with Jakob Abs, a humble railroad worker in East Germany who becomes involved in a plot to recruit for Soviet espionage a girl who works for the allies in NATO. Thereafter, however, the details of the plot become as tangled as a jungle thicket. Figures enter and exit, voices speak and are silent, and we return again and again to the arresting image of Jakob slowly making his way across the elaborate sidings and intersections of the railroad yards. Despite all the comings and goings, we are left with the sense that nothing really has happened and that the novel stands still in its own labyrinth — not unlike the cold war, whose endless negotiations leave everything just about as it was.

Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, however unsure one may be of just what is taking place, one has no

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doubt of the talent of the author or the merit of his book. Such, too, was the experience in first reading Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, but with many rereadings all the details fell into place. Johnson, who is something of a scholar in English literature and has translated into German several American novels, has obviously come under the influence of Faulkner as well as of the French experimental novelists, particularly Alain Robe-Grillet. Yet his talent is his own, and markedly original.

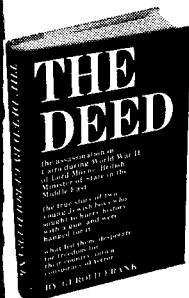
Only twenty-nine, he has already had considerable European recognition. Last year he plucked one of the newest and most posh of literary plums — the International Publishers Prize of \$10,000. Johnson is a native of East Germany, and lived most of his life under the Russian occupation, until he moved to West Berlin in 1959. Experience of the Nazi and Communist regimes seems to have left him with a very definite political disenchantment. Where political talk appears in this novel, it is usually in the form of dead tags or slogans that never quite jibe with reality. Grass and Johnson are welcome signs of a resurgence in German letters after the long night of the Nazis. Yet this new generation, if these two writers are typical, would seem to be curiously suspicious of all politics. Both these novelists now live and work in the West, not out of faith in any political ideology, but because without the Communist censor they are free to write the kind of novels they wish. There could, however, be worse reasons for taking sides in the world struggle.

DREAM OF RUSSIA

THE GIFT (Putnam, \$5.95), **VLADIMIR NABOKOV**'s first novel and the last book he was ever to write in Russian, strikes a doubly poignant note of hail and farewell. Written in the 1930s, when he was living in Russian émigré circles in Berlin, and now translated by Michael Scammell in collaboration with the author, it reveals, perhaps more than any later work, that Mr. Nabokov was a genuine poet for whom the abandonment of his native language was a loss that has never quite been compensated for by his subsequent brilliant career as a novelist in English.

In a brief foreword the author tells us that the real protagonist of the novel is Russian literature itself.

New books from Simon and Schuster



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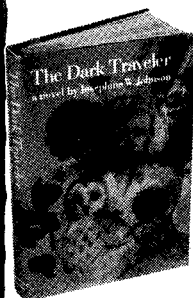
One of the most eagerly-awaited books of the spring is **LILLIAN ROSS'S Vertical and Horizontal**. Contents: all the avidly read and talked-about *New Yorker* stories about Dr. Spencer Fifield and his analyst, Dr. Blauberman — plus a new, concluding story never before in print. Just out. \$4.50

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS has been called, by Thomas Mann and Albert Schweitzer, one of the great writers of this century. His early and important novel, **The Rock Garden**, is now published for the first time in English. Just out. \$4.50



"An invaluable record of the American past," says the *New Yorker* about **MY LIFE: The Memoirs of Claude Bowers** — historian (*The Tragic Era*), politician, newspaperman, diplomat and key figure in the rebirth of the Democratic Party in the 30's.

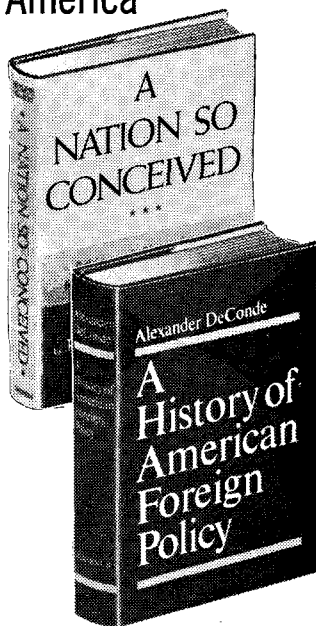
Among those he recalls: FDR, Debs, Swope, Dreiser, Al Smith, Harry Truman. Price \$6.50



JOSEPHINE JOHNSON has written her finest novel since the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Now in November*. **The Dark Traveler** will be treasured by connoisseurs of poetic, unsentimental, deeply-felt fiction. \$3.95

And coming in June: **Portrait of Myself** by **MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE**, her autobiography, with 70 of her photographs. \$5.95

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930 pages, 62 maps, 31 illustrations; \$12.00 (also available in a College Edition)



SCRIBNERS

Actually, there is a flesh-and-blood hero, Fyodor, a young poet living in the émigré circles of Berlin; but his adventures, such as they are, have to do mainly with language, the assimilation of his Russian past, and his development as a literary mind. Fyodor has just published a small book of poems; and by a technique of commentary and quotation that foreshadows his last novel, *Pale Fire*, Mr. Nabokov evokes through these verses wonderful and disturbing memories of the Russian homeland. The most vivid character is Fyodor's father, an entomologist and explorer, whom the young man must remember and come to understand if he himself is to grow up. And, threading his way through the émigré salons, Fyodor meets a young girl, Zina, with whom he carries on a romance as spectral and evocative as autumn mist.

Technically, this is Mr. Nabokov's most realistic novel. Yet, in dealing with the vanished life of the Russian exiles, those wandering tribes dispersed over the earth, it creates a world as phantasmal as any in the author's other works. As always, Mr. Nabokov's sheer literary virtuosity is prodigious. When Fyodor writes, as part of his attempt to master his Russian past, a little book on Chernyshevsky, a liberal hero of the nineteenth century, Mr. Nabokov not only tells us about the work but gives it to us entire in one long chapter, and it turns out to be a splendid biographical sketch. However, it is not literary fireworks that hold us throughout, but the finely sustained mood of tender nostalgia, a personal warmth never again so present in Mr. Nabokov's writings, after he had given up the love of his life, his "beautiful Russian language."

ENEMIES OF MIND

When the first sputnik was launched in 1957, many Americans were shocked into the realization that brains and scientific knowledge might be ultimately decisive in the contest with Russia, and there began a slow and groping re-examination of our national attitudes toward intellectuals and the intellectual life. Appropriately enough, the blow fell during a decade that had also witnessed some of the most raucous public sallies against intellectuals in our recent history. It was at the height of the McCarthyite crusade,



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THE INNER WORLD OF CHOICE Frances G. Wickes

This new book, by the noted analyst and author of *THE INNER WORLD OF CHILDHOOD*, is a light piercing the shadows of inner confusion and conflict. To read it is to start the long journey out of darkness, to find at last a way to the definitive choice in life; whether to remain a mirror of one's environment, of outer circumstances — or to break through these and find authentic, creative selfhood.

Dedicated to C. G. Jung and written at his request, Mrs. Wickes' book is perhaps the clearest, most perceptive account of the implications of Jung's psychology for understanding the self and its relation to the world.

\$5.00 at your bookstore

HARPER & ROW, Publishers



Professor RICHARD HOFSTADTER tells us, that he first got the idea of his *ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE* (Knopf, \$6.95); and some of the juicier contemporary items with which he begins his long and careful historical study would make funny reading if they were not even now so painfully close at hand.

The word "egghead," with all its contemptuous connotations, entered our vocabulary during the campaign of 1952 and set the tone for much that was to follow. Louis Bromfield offered a notorious definition, implying that the egghead was not only an ineffectual but possibly an effeminate character. A year later, when Maxwell H. Gluck, who had been nominated as ambassador to Ceylon, appeared before the Senate's examining committee, he was scarcely embarrassed at not knowing the names of the Prime Ministers of India or Ceylon. In retrospect, one can only gape with admiration and awe at this sublime intellectual self-assurance (or indifference) that did not think it worthwhile to bone up for a few minutes to fix these names in mind. President Eisenhower himself got into the act when he offered his definition of the intellectual as "a man who takes more words than are necessary to tell more than he knows."

The peak of the frenzy, however, was reached during the brief period of McCarthyism, when the nation no longer merely snickered at the intellectual as ineffectual, effeminate, or generally out of touch with reality, but thundered at him as downright subversive.

Such epidemics have been recurrent through our history. Unfortunately, they have often been mingled with good causes as expressions of genuinely democratic and egalitarian feelings. Indeed, their chief source, Mr. Hofstadter thinks, lies in the peculiar nature of our religious inheritance. Contrary to the usual cliché, the American religious tradition was not so much puritan as evangelical. The Puritans were an austere minority, deeply involved with theology, and their preachers were often as intense intellectuals as Calvin himself. Evangelical religion, on the other hand, eschewed the intricacies of theology and stressed the heart over the head; and when this attitude passed into the secular sphere, it became a disparagement of mind altogether.

The extraordinary life of "the little lady who made the big war"

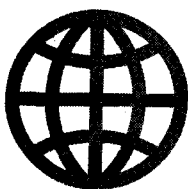
The author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* may not have actually started the Civil War — but no American woman has ever wielded as powerful an influence on history as Harriet Beecher Stowe. Daughter, wife, and mother of pious New England ministers, she scandalized her contemporaries by first revealing Lord Byron's affair with his sister . . . and shocked her abolitionist allies by being the first Yankee to winter in Florida. First reviewer Virginia Kirkus writes: "Strong as a horse and convinced of her frailty, a successful woman who laughed at the suffrage movement, a passionate woman who lived primly and wrote with a suppressed raciness — Harriet Beecher Stowe's multitude of contradictions make for fascinating reading in a well written and beautifully organized book." Illustrated, now at all booksellers, \$5.95

RUNAWAY TO HEAVEN

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In his last chapter Mr. Hofstadter finds things looking up a bit for the intellectuals, but they are still running a bit scared. They had better be, too, if they take a good look at Congress, where the old lethargy still prevails. Maybe we shall have a bill on education after every legislator is convinced that our survival in the technological race with Russia is at stake. But so long as the life of the mind is judged on so barbarously pragmatic an issue, it would seem that the land of the know-nothing and the home of the mugwump may belong to the free and the brave, but certainly not to the enlightened.

MELODRAMA, ALL KINDS

JOHN BOWEN, one of the more engaging younger English novelists, in *THE BIRDCAGE* (Harper & Row, \$3.95) gives us an amusing satire, sharply observant and gracefully written, with a fine quality of comic understatement.

Norah Palmer and Peter Ash have been living together without benefit of clergy for nine years because the arrangement is practical from the point of view of taxes but does not imprison them in the cage of marriage. A couple in that strange border territory between vanished youth and the settling of middle age, both work in television, and both claim to be intellectuals of a sort. In those nine years they have, naturally, quarreled many times, but the quarrel that really does it is the one in which Norah lets out her carefully guarded secret — she does not take Peter's talent seriously! Exit Peter, followed by the Furies. But away from the other, each goes from bad to worse until, in the inevitable course of things, modern living brings together those whom God and nature wished to sunder.

Norah and Peter are posturing and melodramatic bores, but Mr. Bowen is not the least bit boring as he pins them neatly down like two tarnished butterflies. While some comic writers twist your arm to get a laugh, Mr. Bowen, writing easily, lets the comedy come as and where it will. He has caught, delicately and sharply, that fringe world of culture, television programming, inhabited by the pretentiously semiliterate and semibohemian, which in England, at least to judge by this book, seems not so very different from what we have on this side of the Atlantic.

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At many moments during **MARK RASCOVICH'S THE BEDFORD INCIDENT** (Atheneum, \$5.95) the reader will wish that the author had never read *Moby Dick*. But since the parallel to the Melville classic is a contrivance more necessary to the author than the reader, Mr. Rascovich is to be forgiven, and this tight and exciting melodrama can be read for itself without so much as a side glance at the *Pequod* and its tormented crew.

The *Bedford*, a destroyer on duty in the North Atlantic, is engaged in hunting out Russian ships, submarines particularly, that are trying to pry into our radar defenses. Though she cannot fire on these vessels, she can dog them enough to make their spying difficult. This hunt builds up all the aggressions of warfare, but, unlike a shooting war, does not permit their release in the act of destroying the enemy. Hence, an unbearable tension builds up within the *Bedford's* crew, and the captain becomes as mad as Ahab in pursuit of *Moby Dick* — which is what the crew actually christen the Russian submarine they are pursuing. In the end the destroyer meets as drastic a fate as the *Pequod's*, and only one survivor, like Ishmael, is washed up alive to tell the tale.

Mr. Rascovich, who did a hitch in the North Atlantic and also engaged in ocean towing and salvage, obviously knows ships and the sea very well, and most of the excitement in this chase has to do with the action and machinery of sailing, to which the human agents become accessories. Oddly enough, the one character who towers above all the others is an ex-Nazi U-boat commander who in his time has sunk many ships but emerges now as the sole voice of sanity and reason among the doomed crew. How fashions do change! In any popular yarn a few years back, the only good ex-Nazi would have been a dead one.

Admirers of **WIRT WILLIAMS'** previous novels — and there have been many, including Ernest Hemingway — may find themselves disappointed by **A PASSAGE OF HAWKS** (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95). The book, to be sure, is entertaining as a thriller, but most of the time Mr. Williams seems to have traded insight for slick sensationalism, and his characters degenerate into stereotypes or puppets.

The trouble seems to be that Mr. Williams has become mired in that

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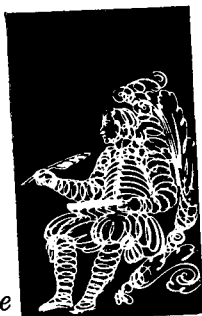
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The National Book Awards are presented annually for three books which panels of judges consider the most distinguished books of fiction, of non-fiction, and of poetry written by American citizens and published in the U. S. in the preceding year. Donors of the \$1000 awards are the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers Institute.

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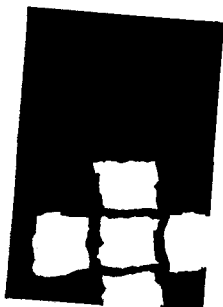


**THE
HIDDEN GOD**

HEMINGWAY,
FAULKNER,
YEATS, ELIOT,
AND WARREN

by *Cleanth Brooks*

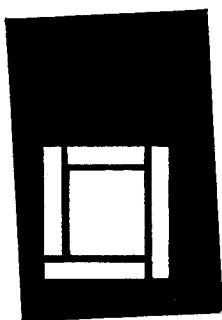
With the clarity of style for which Mr. Brooks has long been noted, here is a fresh perspective on five distinguished literary figures whose Christian commitment has long been regarded as nonexistent or nebulous. \$4.75



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SAVANT AND POET

A refugee from the war, HENRI FOCILLON died in the United States in 1943. His death did not create much stir; though he had an international reputation as a scholar of the fine arts, his fame was confined to a fairly small circle. Only one of his books, a small one, *The Life of Forms in Art*, had been brought out in English before his death. Now, at last, **THE ART OF THE WEST IN THE MIDDLE AGES** (Phaidon Press, New York Graphic Society, 2 vols., \$7.50 each), edited by his devoted pupil Jean Bony, provides a richer sample of this great scholar's work.

More than a specialist, Focillon was also something of a poet, whose interpretations always bring us close to the artist himself. Focillon's father had been a well-known engraver, and he grew up in the company of artists like Monet and Rodin. Throughout his teaching career at the Sorbonne, he remained intimate with artists, visited their studios, and shared their problems, and in imagination he was able to project this vivid intimacy with art into the periods of the past.

The present work is a dense and scholarly text, but one need not be a scholar to read it with pleasure. Detailed as his discussion of the cathedrals may be, Focillon nevertheless distills a sense of the whole life of the Middle Ages. He was acutely conscious that no period in history is a simple solid block, but that it has multiple facets and strata, that traditions, influences, and experiments work together at one and the same time; and, in consequence, he communicates a sense of the past as vital and full of conflict as the life we know in the present.

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In **THE CRUSADES** (Random House, \$4.95), **HENRY TREECE**, novelist and historian, has written an admirable condensed account of two centuries of complicated action. Beginning with enough previous history to explain how European society had arrived at its eleventh-century condition, Mr. Treece accounts for the Crusades as a social, political, and economic phenomenon as well as a religious enterprise. Undistracted by such fascinating byways as the circumstances that led Robert Guiscard to besiege Rome, Mr. Treece pursues the main course of the Crusades to the fall of Acre and the destruction of the Knights Templar. It is an amazing tale, told with style, wit, and a sharp eye for human foolishness.

REGINE PERNOUD'S THE CRUSADES (Putnam's, \$5.00) makes an interesting companion piece to Mr. Treece's book. It is an anthology of excerpts from contemporary documents, both Christian and Muslim, and is full of unexpected detail along with large lumps of sober reporting. As editor of this material, Miss Pernoud is learned and graciously self-effacing. Her notes and connecting passages have an almost uncanny way of telling precisely what the reader needs to know and absolutely nothing else.

JOHN MULHOLLAND'S BOOK OF MAGIC (Scribner's, \$6.50) explains such mysteries as how to stack a deck of cards, cause a marked quarter to vanish from the victim's hand and reappear in a sealed letter, build trick boxes, and rejoin pieces of cut string. It is designed for amateur, or would-be amateur, magicians, but the information it contains is so catholic, and Mr. Mulholland's advice on how to deal with hardware merchants or keep an audience at bay is so amusing, that the book deserves a wider public.

THE SKY FALLS (McKay, \$3.75) is a short novel by **LORENZA MAZZETTI**, a very young writer and director of film and television scripts. Translated from the Italian by Marguerite Waldman, it proves to be a child's view of the last days of the German retreat through northern Italy. The

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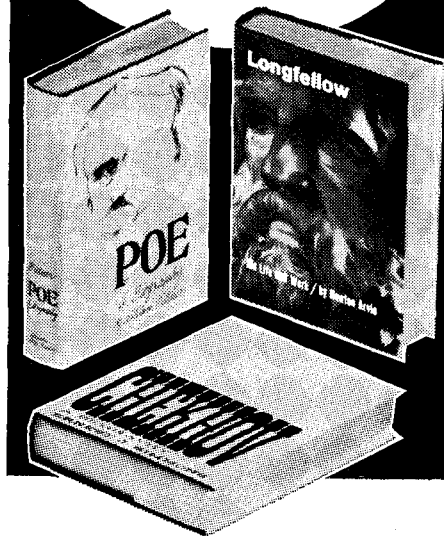
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Among Friends

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By HENRY KNOX
SHERRILL

With candor and humor one of America's great churchmen, formerly Rector of Trinity Church in Boston, Bishop of Massachusetts and Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church tells his own story. "The book is fundamentally a serious account of important events and issues, but it is enlivened by a great many amusing anecdotes." — *LISTON POPE, N. Y. *Times Book Review*.

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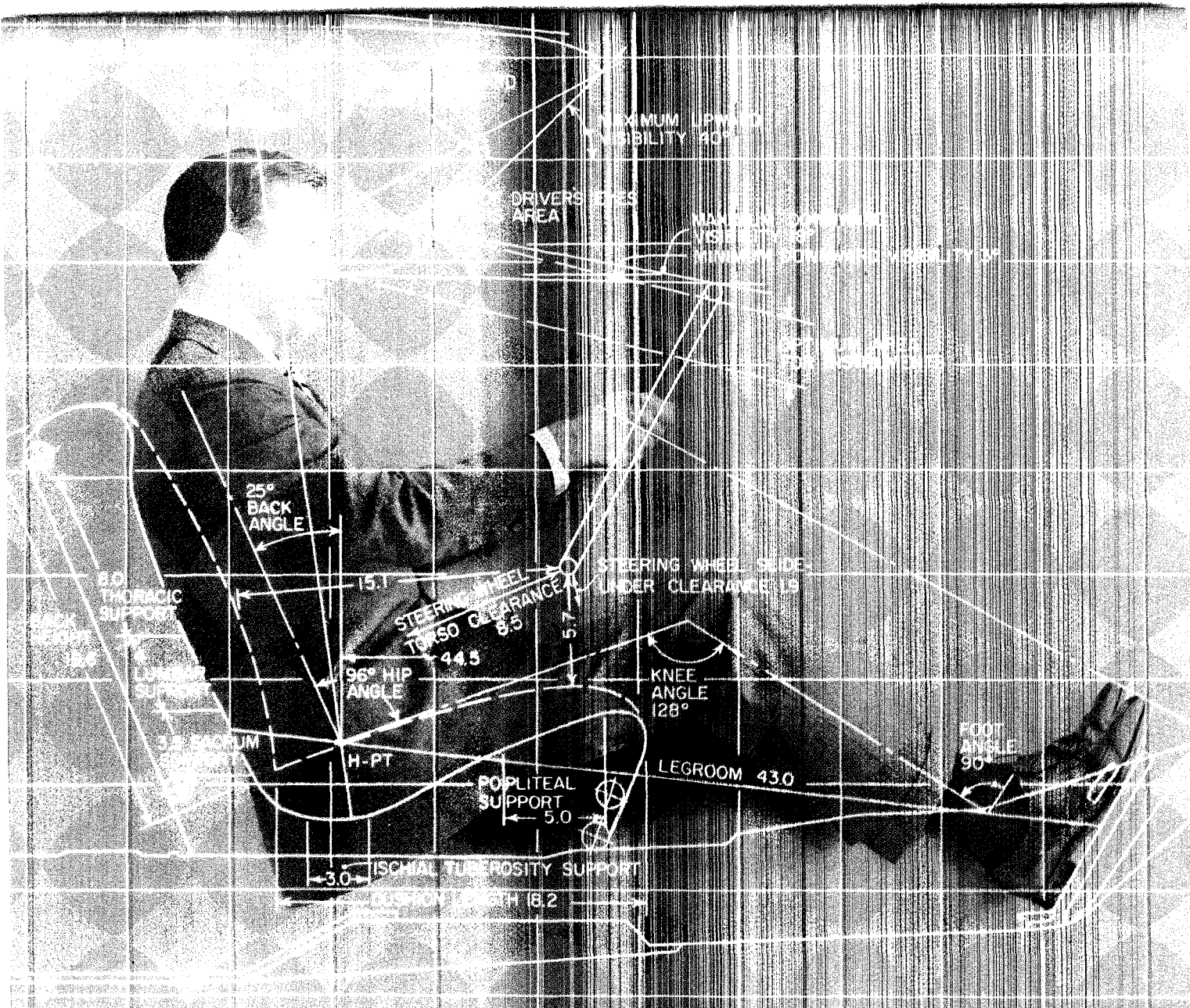
narrator is presumably about nine years old, an energetic, emotional, gullible girl who reports low comedy and brutal tragedy with the same open-minded incomprehension. Miss Mazzetti is completely successful in telling what her terrifying story requires without exceeding the limitations of the child's knowledge and vision. *The Sky Falls* is not pleasant reading, but it is an able, promising first novel.

QUAIL IN ASPIC (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.00) is another of CECIL BEATON's spoofs of the memoirs of aristocratic nonentities. In this case, the non-entity is Count Charles Korsetz, and his photographs all look remarkably like Miss Elsa Maxwell in trousers. "Relaxing after polo" is a particularly effective pose. Just how funny this sort of joke can be depends on the reader's enthusiasm for Edwardian charades. Rereading Saki strikes me as more rewarding.

PAUL HORGAN's prose is always readable, and his account, in CONQUISTADORS (Farrar, Straus, \$5.50), of the high points of the Spanish conquest in North America has the merits of liveliness and superficial lucidity. There seems, however, to be no particular point in retelling a story that has been told many times before.

THE STORY OF WINE IN CALIFORNIA (University of California Press, \$15.00) is a pretty book with handsome photographs by Max Yavno and a text by M. F. K. FISHER which, although sometimes engaging, never really tells anything about the subject. At the end of the book, one has heard a great deal about casks and bottles, but one knows no more about wine in California than one did at the start. The question of how to get really good wine outside the state is not raised, let alone answered.

THE CHERRY TREE (Vanguard, \$5.95) is an anthology of poetry compiled by Geoffrey Grigson. It is designed "for the young of any age," and for once the publisher's blurb is dead right. Disorderly, unscholarly, erratic in its approach to dates and spelling, the book has one rare and splendid merit: it is full of lovely poems, so arranged that the reader is enticed to rummage among them. A fine book to arouse, or indulge, a love of poetry unencumbered by critical theory, fashion, Freud, or the dreary urge to make something useful of the stuff.



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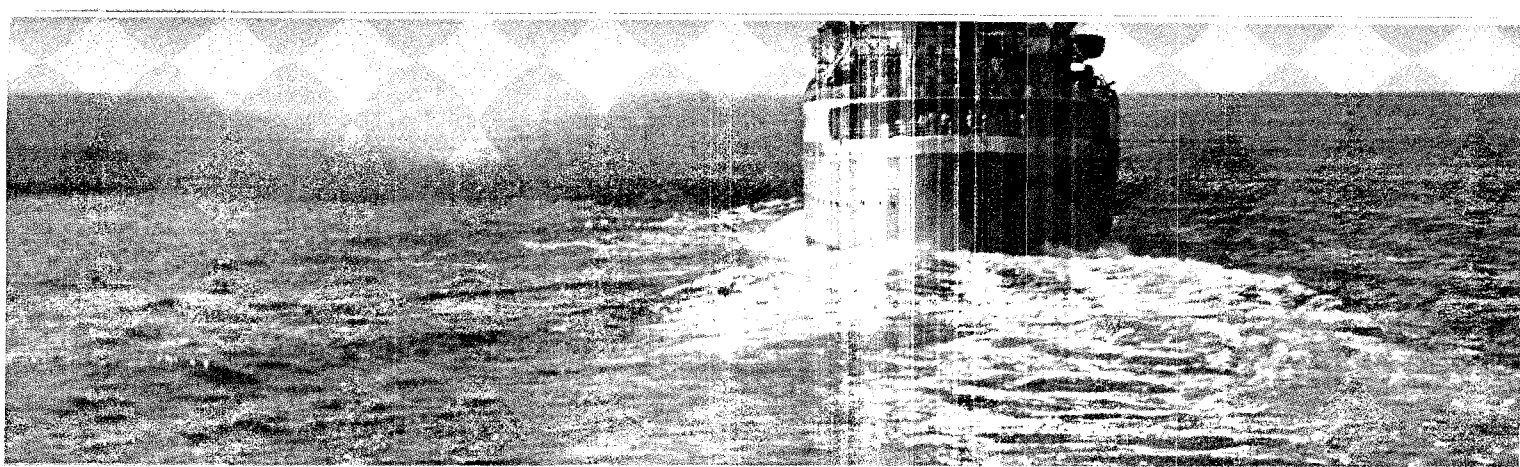
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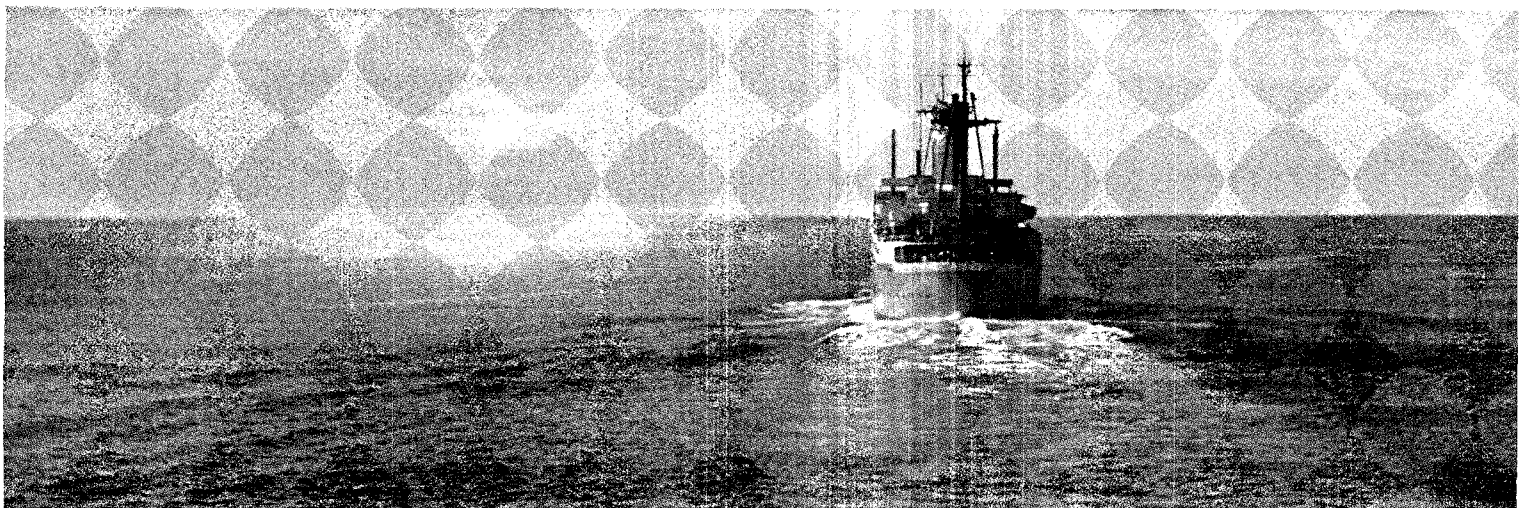
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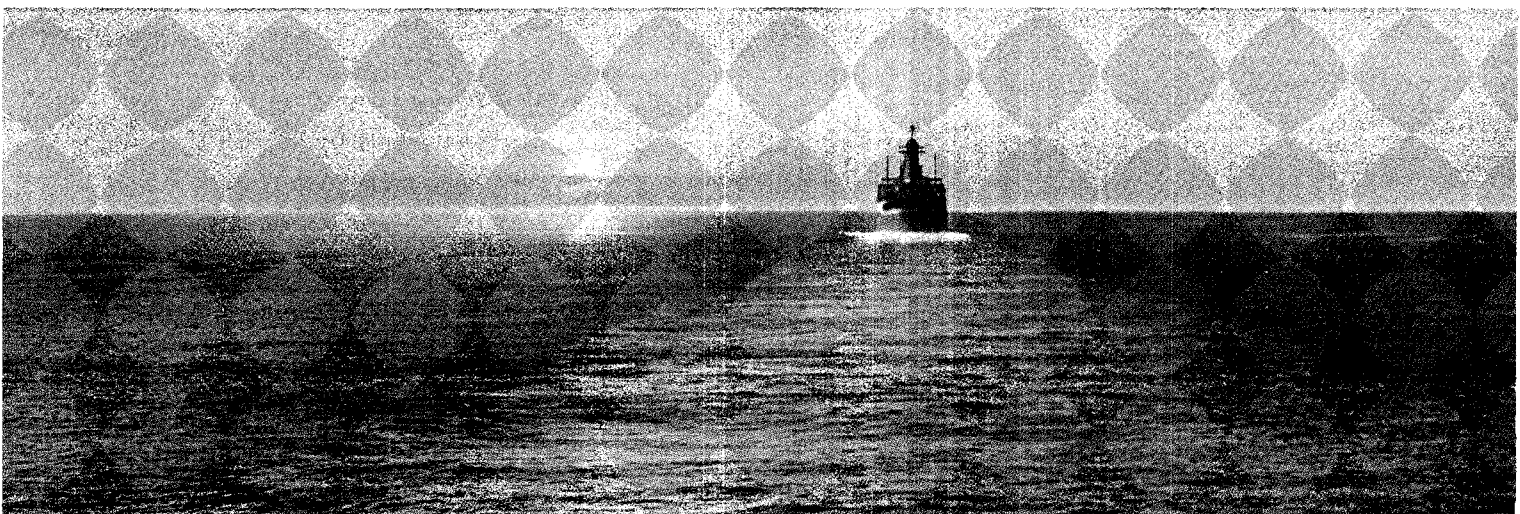
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